

Current Literature

A Magazine of Record and Review.


Vol. V, No. 2. *"I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."*—Montaigne. Aug., 1890

In making up the fall and winter lists of periodicals, we respectfully suggest to subscribers a consideration of the merits of the new publication, *Short Stories*. This periodical is planned to cover the story-telling field of the world, and its selections will be of the best and most varied, procurable in all the various languages. It is already admitted to be "the best compendium of brief fiction ever printed." For the 300 selections for the first year, over 5,000 stories have been read and passed upon; this gives an idea of the service and value to the reader. The September number of *Short Stories* will contain Rudyard Kipling's best story, *The Reincarnation of Krishna Mulvaney*, and twenty-four other choice tales of love, romance, and adventure. *Current Literature* and *Short Stories*, in combination, to one or different addresses, \$5.00 per year.

The Rise and Fall of Books—The Chautauquan

There were published in the United States, last year, 4,014 new books; in England, 6,067, including new editions. If the average general reader will attempt to recall those of this number of which he has heard and those he has read and cares to remember, he will be surprised at the paucity of the result. If he will go through one of the great reviews which find in the books published in the leading intellectual countries motifs for elaborate articles, he will be surprised to find how few, comparatively, were selected by them. Let him examine the French *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1889, and he will discover that the books of a year old, or less, which furnished topics to the volumes of that period were only about forty. Of these *Gouverneur Morris' Diary and Letters* was the only one which we contributed, and from English current publications less than ten were chosen. In technical journals he will find the percentage of really noteworthy issues is never large. He may be convinced, as he carries on his examination of the year's returns, that the publishers have been engaged in producing a "fountain of folly," whose spray rises only to fall. But this will be hasty judgment. We believe that a smaller percentage is really "folly"—that is, bad, useless, inane—than is generally supposed. That the great mass of books scarcely outlasts the year in which they are produced is true; but that they are, therefore, useless, does not follow. A large percentage of the short-lived books serve a current purpose. They discuss questions of the day, and lose their interest when the question is settled or is quiescent. In 1889, the question of negro emigration, of trusts, of creed revision, of civil service, of realism and idealism in literature, led to the publication of many books which, in another year, or ten at

most, will have no value save to those who wish to trace the evolution of opinion on that particular subject. These current topics lead even to much of the novel writing of the day. Thus the interest in capital punishment was the cause of *Would You Kill Him?* and there are many such examples. As a rule such novels die with the subject. They serve their purpose, why should they live? They should not, unless, rare thing, they have artistic merit. Take the case of *Robert Elsmere*. The sensation it caused was quite out of proportion to its artistic quality. It took because it was timely. It described forcibly and truthfully an experience through which a great number of persons had gone and in which a great number were floundering. It found a response in the public religious life. But the book has had its day. *Looking Backward* has reached its three hundred and fiftieth thousand, it is said. But this height cannot be kept. The public was ripe for an ingenious scheme which would let it out of its social disturbances. Bellamy's fascinating dream did it. When the social mind shifts its position, the book will fall out of sight. Among transient useful books must be included those Ruskin so well describes: "The good book of the hour is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person, whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of questions; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful or necessary to-day; whether worth keeping or not, it is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and roads and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a book at all, nor, in the real sense, to be read. A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a

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written thing; and written not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could you would; you write instead; that is mere conveyance of voice." There is always a respectable amount of each annual output explained by new discoveries and by new theories. Old subjects, on which new facts have been gathered or of which new interpretations have been made, may demand fresh presentation. Text-books and books of reference must be up to the latest knowledge, and so we have new ones coming out as rapidly as advance is made. When a "new school" in anything arises, fresh books must represent its peculiar doctrines. Thus the rise of the ethical or historical school of political economy has been followed by a shelf full of treatises on the subject. As this school gives way, as it undoubtedly will in future, to a new point of view, the fresh book will displace those now in vogue. Literary taste changes, and in response come volumes to represent the new style. So general is this displacement of books by books that one may say that every book has its day. There are, however, books whose day never sets, and each year sees a few—a very few of them. The books which do not fall, embody the very essence of somebody's close thought, high imagination, laborious study. They are the best there is in that somebody. A short time ago an editor set some of the prominent men of the time at telling what books had influenced them. Gladstone named Dante, Bishop Butler, Aristotle, and St. Augustine; Philip Gilbert Hamerton named as chiefs Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Montaigne, Emerson, and Thackeray; Archdeacon Farrar mentioned, among others, an anthology of English poetry, Hooker, Butler, Coleridge's prose, Milton, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Dante, and Robert Browning. It was noticeable in nearly all cases that the books were what are called classics—those which have arisen not to fall. Such permanent treasures may be infrequent, but they do come. The great danger in the multiplicity of books is that those of the hour will usurp the place of those of time; that the reader cannot distinguish those which rise to fall and those which rise to stay; or that if he does distinguish he will not have the nerve to neglect the first for the second class if he must make a choice.

Popular Poetry—Andrew Lang—New York Independent

There is a standing question as to whether popularity—true popularity—is a proof of excellence in poetry. Perhaps the answer is that permanent popularity is a real proof, and that temporary popularity is, at least, a presumption in favor of excellence. Clearly enough, to be popular, poetry must be obvious. It must move the most universal feelings, it must deal with emotions which all the world has felt, and can readily recognize. The Muse must be of flesh and blood. She must appeal to the passions of love, regret, remorse, religion, patriotism, pugnacity. She must not dwell in shades, and *nuances*, and delicacies, and perversities of passion, and have reflective, emotional experiences. She must not be content with manner alone; the utmost beauty of style, the most exquisite research of expression, will never make poetry popular. The refined, the curious, are few—a mere remnant; their approval

alone cannot stamp verse as good and permanent. The true and lasting success will be when, to the obviousness and universality of the passions is added the charm of style, as especially in Shakespeare and Burns. But the want of universality and obviousness in Keats, for example, the remote delicacy of his ideas, will leave him a great, but never make him a really popular poet, in spite of all his magic. On the other hand, his majestic, learned manner will render Milton always dear to students, though what really made his popularity—his religion, or rather his theology, and his lack of humor in *Paradise Lost*—will inevitably deprive him, more and more as time goes on, of his larger public. The long-winded harangues of the serpent, for example, are already *rococo*, and all but ludicrous. It is in his sonnets that his religion and his poetry can never part company. Obviousness and universality of emotions made *In Memoriam*, Lord Tennyson's first really popular success, in spite of what were felt as difficulties. All could not understand all the turns and allusions, but all have known grief, *desiderium*. On the whole, a poet who deals, in a manner however little inspired, with perfectly familiar and even commonplace ideas, has a far better chance than all the *ruffins* who ever rhymed, without having some general plain moral notion, or general experiences to rhyme about. The lack of distinction in such a man will insure his mortality certainly enough, but he will not die sooner than his refined rivals, who, indeed, can hardly be said ever to have lived, and he will, at least, have had his day. He is secure for his hour, as soon as commonplace people have exclaimed in ecstasy, "My very ideas!" A curious guide to popularity in verse is Dr. Mackay's *One Thousand and One Gems of Poetry*, a very favorite collection. You and I, being depraved critical persons, would not have looked for our gems in Thomas Haynes Bailey, or in Bowles, or in Beattie, perhaps.

"'Twere well would all learn wisdom,
Who behold the first gray hair."

'Twere very well; but one might have fancied the remark too obvious. It is not. In Byron's "He who hath bent him o'er the dead," the grammar is not obvious—perhaps it is inextricable; but what the poet has in his mind is common as sunlight, or love of freedom, or memory of noble deeds. He stirs the blood, though we cannot parse him. So does Campbell in

"Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,"

though we doubt about the glory, still more, to be sure, about the morality of the transaction. Elsinore is not a "wild and stormy steep"; the beech trees trail their boughs in the water. But it always remains stormy to Englishmen. It is pure commonplace to say that

"The mermaid's song condoes,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave."

But we overlook all this, for the energy of the poem. "Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave," by all means; and if the last line "Shall be a soldier's sepulchre" breaks the scheme of the work, and if "shall be the soldier's cemetery" would save it, we very much prefer the sepulchre. Alaric Attila Watts may not be the chosen bard of the refined; but he sang *My Own Fireside*, and it was enough. That jewel is among the gems, and glitters wherever there is a hearth.

"Be still an eden bright to me,
My own, my own fireside."

This takes the world, cold to Lovelace's beautiful Platonism: To Lucasta.—Going Beyond the Seas.

"If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering winds, or swallowing wave.
"But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell the saile,
Or pay a tear to swage
The foaming blue-god's rage:
For whether he will let me passe
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.
"Tho' seas and land be 'twixt us both
Our faith and troth,
Like separated soules,
All time and space controules;
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.
"So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate;
And are alive i' th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthly bodies left behind."

The spiritual and consolatory beauty of this poem, which is placed first in Lovelace's collection of his own works, has not made it a favorite with collectors. Indeed, the sentiment lacks the necessary obviousness, yet it is not unnatural. One has met with it elsewhere, in a strange place, in a Red Indian love-song, printed and translated recently by Dr. Brinton. The ill-starred cavalier and the untutored squaw found the same comfort in that spiritual union which time and space and even death can never break. Miss Eliza Cook, like the poet of *My Own Fireside*, is immortal in *The Old Armchair*. But Thackeray, who sang of a cane-bottomed chair, too, is not represented in Mackay's book.

"Would you learn the spell, a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair,"

writes Miss Cook. This suggests the fondness which "spirits" have for inhabiting chairs and tables. Why should this be more popular? it is not more obvious nor better written than

"She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair."

Crabbe one might think a popular poet. Perhaps he is too austere, and we have twenty poems of Cowper's to one of Crabbe's, though both sang of the newspaper. "To all men something, and to some men all," Crabbe says. He might have said "to most men all." Did you ever see anybody reading poetry in a railway carriage? Crabbe is outdone, it seems, even by Erasmus Darwin, "a good man and not a bad poet," as has been said of Southey. Dobell is only represented by *Tommy's Dead*; his lovely song to Sleep is left out in the cold, and in the cold is she whose

"Shadowy hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine.
Oh, Keith of Ravelstone,
The sorrow of thy line."

Dobell is very little known; not popular at all. His *Sleep-song* is the most beautiful that, as a hunter after poems on Sleep, I have found; but it is not in Mr. Ward's collection of English poems. Mr. Gerald

Massey seems to be more popular than Hogg, which is strange; and, by the publisher's desire, Charles Mackay than Marlowe, which is amazing. Oddest of all, perhaps, Edgar Poe contributes but a single gem out of all his smoky opals and mysterious sapphires. That particular jewel is *The Raven*, so far from his best piece, and yet so mysteriously the best known by people who admire Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*. The passage about footprints on the sands of time is nonsense, as has often been said and shown, but the moral purpose is manifest. The public, like the Lincolnshire farmer, feels that the poet "has said what he ought to have said," and goes away contented. Mrs. Hemans is in great force; "O call my brother back to me" is ever dear to sentimental little girls. The boy still stands on the burning deck; it is not a very good poem, but the lesson is stirring, like

"Agincourt! Agincourt!
Who knows not Agincourt!"

like Sir Francis Doyle's *Red Thread of Honor*, like Thomas Pringle's memories of Teviotdale in the spicy groves of Malabar. How all such things touch us with dear, familiar names of native land that themselves move us more than music, more than song.

"'Are these the links o' Forth?' she said,
'Are these the crooks o' Dee,
Or the bonny woods o' Warrothead
That I sae fain would see?'"

The simple words affect one more than a wilderness of threnodies; we lend them the sentiment of our own country-side, and perhaps the best poetry is that which makes most people feel the poet within themselves. For he is there, not dead young, as Sainte-Beuve said, but sleeping in all of us. For us the true poetry is the poetry that wakes again the true self; the wistful soul, slumbering undisturbed in the tumult of the world, and only aroused, like the Sleeping Prince in the Scotch fairy tale, by the magic song,

"Seven lang years I served for thee,
The glassy hill I clamb for thee,
The bluidy shirt I wrang for thee,
And wilt thou no wauken and turn to me?"

Mothers in Fiction—Helen Fay—Collier's *Once a Week*

In the study of mothers, as Dickens has portrayed them, we discover that it is the fate of some women to be misunderstood until their children's lives interpret their character. Mrs. Dombey is weak and insipid until her daughter Florence vindicates her mother, and reveals an inheritance of mighty love and fidelity to trust. It was the mother's soul in the sister's body that prepared little Paul for "that old, old fashion of death, and that older fashion still of immortality." In Agnes Wickfield the same truth is evident. Even the self-blinded father says to Daniel, "I have always read something of her poor mother's story in her character." The glorious twins, the Cheeryble brothers, acknowledge that they have built on foundations mother hands laid. Dickens's recognition of the law of heredity is shown in nothing more strongly than in his delineation of motherhood. You do not gather "grapes from thorns." The villainous Mrs. Brown is the mother of the vile Alice. Mrs. Steerforth at her son's birth gave him the qualities which made his pride and passion. Mrs. Heep in her humility brings forth the 'Umbles. Mrs. Micawber has a progeny of caricatures. Mrs. Jimiwin's ferocity and low cunning make Mrs.

Quilp a frightened fool. The children of Mrs. Wilfer have to pay the price of that sepulchral dame's "abilities and information." Bella grows into the "lovely woman" only because of "R. W.'s" blood and Mrs. Boffin's influence. Here is another phase of motherhood in which Dickens excels: he makes "the barren woman become the joyful mother of children." Perceiving the fact that a woman may have children and yet never know the maternal instinct, and that from the cradle some girls have that divine tenderness which is inborn, he gives us Mrs. Boffin, Betsey Trotwood, Peggotty, Esther, and Little Dorrit. In almost every case where a bad woman's child develops into a noble life, the father's lineage or some mother of souls is his saving clause. Mrs. Rudge, Mrs. Wubbles, Pollie Toodles, old Mrs. Rouncewell, and Betty Higden "were not logically reasoning women; but God is good, and hearts may count in heaven as high as heads," and a diamond is a diamond still, if we find it on a dust heap. The great tragic poet who cries across the ages, "How mighty is the force of motherhood!" is rivalled by the novelist of humanity as he says: "O woman, God-beloved in Old Jerusalem! The best among us may deal lightly with thy faults, if only for the punishment thy nature will endure in bearing heavy evidence against us on the Day of Judgment!" The pen that adds to this testimony these words, "A mother's pride in her children is surely not sinful, for it is compounded of the cardinal virtues, Faith and Hope," was guided by an understanding heart. Thackeray's finest mothers are Rachel Esmond and the two Mesdames Pendennis. There is about them that adorable purity that never seems to do or think wrong. Nothing can be more refined and clear-cut than these portraits of the English gentlewoman. Pendennis said he was sure of going to heaven, for his mother never could be happy there without him, since "to love and to pray were the main occupations of this dear woman's life." Only a little lower than the angels, Thackeray's good mothers are almost supernatural beings, "all wisdom, love, and beauty." His bad mothers are atrocious, but satisfactorily labelled. No mixed motives make them dangerous enigmas. Becky Sharp is unmistakable, and her son disowns her at the early age of seven. The mother he adopts in her place, Mrs. Barnes, is a sweet soul, and shows to great advantage when contrasted with Mrs. Hobson Newcome. Mrs. Gashleigh, Timmins's mother-in-law, and Mrs. Mackenzie are embodied horrors. Mrs. Sedley, poor cross old lady, is a bell jangled out of tune by the loss of her Lares and Penates. George Eliot's most satisfactory mother from a literary standpoint may be Mrs. Garth, in *Midlemarch*. But who does not love to look at Amos Barton's wife Milly, "softly pacing up and down by the red fire-light, holding in her arms little Walter, the year-old baby, who looks over her shoulder with large, wide-open eyes, while the patient mother pats his back with her soft, white hand." How inimitable is the touch that shows us "Dicky" stroking and kissing that same white hand because "it is so lovely." Dolly Winthrop, Mrs. Rayner, Mrs. Dempster, and Mrs. Irvine are in their various types admirable creations. Mrs. Tulliver's fan-shaped cap went out of fashion years ago, Mrs. Poyser's English is not the queen's; yet we never see a hen brooding her chickens but we think of these good dames. This physical motherhood, which in Mrs. Tulliver was care for Maggie's

hair and pinafores and pride in Tom's fair skin, and became in Mrs. Bede anxiety to save Adam "the taters and gravy," may be a low type, but it is very genuine. Charles Reade, who prided himself, and not without reason, on his ability to make a diagnosis of feminine characteristics, has sometimes forgotten that motherhood is not a formulated science, but a force that sets all known laws at defiance. In *Put Yourself in His Place*, however, Mrs. Little atones for many omissions and positive violations. No novelist has given a finer sketch of that interesting period of a mother's life, the courtship of her son, than is found here. The apprehensive fear growing into jealousy and hatred of the girl who dared love her "boy" is equalled in its portrayal only by the altogether motherly capitulation, "That sweet girl has come, and I must be dethroned." Mrs. Oliphant's mothers are strong women who forge the swords with which they fight their children's battles. Margaret Maitland, and her mother before her, were "like lanterns holding great lights—gifted with minds that drew others to them." A Country Gentleman contains a bit of wonderful delineation in Mrs. Warrender. Disappointed in her marriage, she places her last hope on her children, only to discover that they are his children, not hers. "She nursed them, ruled them, breathed her life into them in vain. They were their father's children—they were Warrenders born." Wilkie Collins and Scott have dealt slightly with mothers. The mental processes of the former demanded creation rather than evolution, and the best and happiest women have no histories. Miss Mulock has perhaps described the ideal mother in *My Mother and I*, although *A Brave Lady* is unparalleled in the heroic elements of motherhood. She, together with Thackeray, has touched on a type of character the finest thing outside heaven—the maternal instinct perfectly developed in a man. Colonel Newcome and John Halifax are revelations of what the perfect union of the sexes may do for the race. Edna, in *A Woman's Kingdom*, "is well fitted to be the mother of boys." Bright, brave, active, decided, she holds her own, and, as her children say, will never be an old woman, "for while her heart beats it will be a young heart still." Hawthorne has dared to step aside from the beaten track, and show us "Hester Prynne loving her child with the intensity of a sole affection," and yet fearing that child's condemnation. Surely of all unhappy mothers since time began she is chief. Only in *Twice Told Tales* does a sentence now and then betray the fact that for the Wizard of Literature the genuine mother exists. In direct contrast are the New England mothers of Mrs. Stowe—Mrs. Katy Scudder, with "faculty," and Mrs. Badger, who mothered everybody, black and white, within a radius of fifty miles. Their personalities are like electric currents, clean and stimulating. Mrs. Whitney is the portrayer of the mothers of girls. "With Mrs. Holabird it was always we girls in her heart, since girls' mothers never can quite lose the girl out of themselves." Mrs. Goldthwaite, Mrs. Strong, Cousin Delight, Mrs. Gartney, and Aunt Faith are fine examples of mothers after the flesh and spirit. Howells, in *A Modern Instance*, writes of a type possible only in this country. A silent effaced woman going into the kitchen when her daughter entered the sitting-room, and leaving her to manage the social affairs of the family. In these delineations of unfortunate actualities Howells excels. It is a relief to read *Little Men and Women*.

Jo and her mother are wholesome souls, and the family history is sweet with true maternity. In *Work*, Mrs. Wilkins, though minus teeth and many-freckled, has a face glorified with mother love, and a heart large enough to hold her own brood and all orphaned ones. As we read modern fiction we are impressed with the fact that the domestic novel is dying out. The spirit of individualism characteristic of the age gives us the novel embodying some scientific truth, some physiological problem, or some spiritual struggle. The heroes and heroines, God help them! are incubated by man's invention, not brooded over by mother love. No wonder Haggards arise to plead for the blessings of barbarism, return to nature, the mother of the race!

Mistakes of Great Critics—Archdeacon Farrar—Forum

Horace Walpole called Dante "extravagant, absurd, disgusting; in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam!" Samuel Pepys, Esq., thought *Othello* a "mean thing"; and *Midsummer Night's Dream* "the most insipid, ridiculous play I ever saw in my life." Bacon's *Instauratio Magna* was described by an eminent contemporary as "the silliest of printed books." Hacket, in his *Life of Lord Keeper Williams*, calls Milton "a petty schoolboy scribbler;" and another contemporary spoke of him as "the author of a profane and lascivious poem called *Paradise Lost*." The critics have shown themselves very poor judges of style, either in literature or art. As a general rule an author of any merit or seriousness could not possibly do a more foolish thing than take their advice. Turner was incomparably the greatest painter of his age, yet his style during the greater part of his life furnished a common joke to every scribbler, and fledged the callow plumage of every would-be wit. Carlyle's effect upon his age was produced in great measure by his style; yet his style was for some time denounced as a travesty of English which was perfectly intolerable. Mr. Ruskin is now almost universally regarded as the greatest living master of English prose, yet many critics at first received his style with unmeasured ridicule. When Mr. Browning published his first poem—*Pauline*—some critic or other called him "verbose." Unfortunately—as he has told us—he paid too much attention to the remark, and in his desire to use no superfluous word, studied an elliptic concentration of style which told fatally against the ready intelligibility of *Sordello* and other later poems. Surely the record of the past aberrations even of illustrious critics should teach every earnest man that he need not be afraid to hold his own. Dr. Johnson was looked up to as the literary dictator of his day, yet he said of the author of *An Elegy in a Country Churchyard*: "Sir, he was dull in a new way, and that made many people call him great." And, shrewd as he was, Horace Walpole, had nothing better to say of Dr. Johnson than that "he was a babbling old woman. Prejudice and bigotry, and pride and presumption and arrogance are the hags that brew his ink." Of Horace Walpole, in his turn, and of his play, *The Mysterious Mother*, which Byron so extravagantly admired, Coleridge remarked that "no one with a spark of true manliness, of which Horace Walpole had none, could have written that most disgusting and detestable composition that ever came from the hand of man." Of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* even his friend Southey said: "It is the clumsiest attempt at German simplicity I ever saw." De Quincey was eloquent and learned,

but he thought that "even Caliban in his drunkenness never shaped an idol more weak and hollow than modern Germany has set up for its worship in the person of Goethe." We all know how Coleridge was abused like a pick-pocket; how Shelley was almost goaded to madness; how the *Quarterly Review* (March, 1828) said that the poems of Keats had been received "with an all but universal roar of laughter," and how the young poet was brutally told "to go back to his gallipots;" how Jeffrey began his article on Wordsworth with "This will never do;" called his poems "a tissue of moral and devotional ravings." Some of us are old enough to remember how the most powerful journal of the period mixed up its criticism of one of the noblest and tenderest poems of the present day—*In Memoriam*—with sneers at "the *Amaryllis* of the Chancery Bar;" and to recall the violent diatribes which were expended on the poem of Maud. Mrs. Barrett Browning's *Aurora Leigh* lives by its intrinsic worth, though "foul words were used to blacken, and stupid wickedness to strangle it." Mr. Browning was over and over again insulted and browbeaten by hosts of critics for fifty years. He himself told me how any recognition of him was probably retarded for twenty years by the sheer accident of his receiving for one of his early poems two words, "pure balderdash," in place of an elaborate and appreciative essay on the poem by John Stuart Mill, which would have been inserted by the editor with equal readiness, if the previous review had not appeared. I would rather have written *Proverbial Philosophy*—though I never admired more than two lines in it—than have shared in the common baseness of incessantly heaping insult on a defenseless and amiable man, who, like the rest of us, may have had his foibles, but who had done his little best in life. Truth compels me to say that I have seen but few reviews from which I could gain even the least information or adopt the most trifling hint. But, though I think, with Mr. Ruskin, "that a bad critic is probably the most mischievous person in the world," not even against the least honorable do I cherish a particle of rancor.

The Imperishableness of Literature—London Spectator

The best replica is but inferior work, lacking at least something of the spontaneity of the original, while from almost every copy the life once there has departed; but if, ten thousand years hence, the printer should reproduce *Crossing the Bar*, it will be the same as when Tennyson threw his swan-song, all unconscious of its surpassing beauty, even when judged by his own work, before an instantly appreciating world. We mention that little poem because the world cannot so change, while man retains his present nature, as to cease to understand its meaning or fail to sympathize with its emotion; and as to all other conditions of intelligibility, and therefore of imperishableness, literature has before it novel chances. Mr. Morley's speech at the Academy banquet may be understood five thousand years hence. It is just conceivable that "anarchy" may win, and that civilization may be buried amid the hot lava thrown out in an outburst of the social volcano which some think exists below modern society; or that the Chinese, getting rifles, may overwhelm Europe under showers of bullets poured upon her from human machines. It is, however, more probable that the brain will govern the hand, as it has always hitherto done; that Spartacus will be defeated

when triumph seems inevitable; and that the white man will successfully call on Science to hurl back his yellow adversary. The locusts are never less than millions, but they never extinguish anything, not even the grass of the fields. If no such catastrophe occurs, literature should endure as it has never yet endured, for its former grand enemy, the alteration of human speech, has been shorn of half its power, or even conceivably of all. There will be, failing the Chinese, no such cataclysm in the means of transmitting human thought as was produced by the barbarian conquest, and the inrush which accompanied it of Northern speech upon the old literary tongues. Language, no doubt, used even in peace to alter rapidly; but that was when its form depended mainly on oral tradition, and when districts could be so secluded that the utterance of each could grow unintelligible to any other in one generation, as it does, they say, among the negro tribes of Africa, and the wandering warrior clans which still survive in North America. Language alters slowly now, and we understand Shakespeare almost every word, though the time which has elapsed since he wrote—say three hundred years—sufficed to change Anglo-Saxon into the tongue of Chaucer, a tongue so nearly our own that five-sixths of his poetry would be understood if read aloud in a London Board school. Printing, among its other services, has fixed language; intercommunication is making the fixity greater; and while the spoken dialects vary quickly, the language of literature may become as persistent as printed character. We are hardly conscious of change as we read the *Paradise Lost*; nor, as every school hands on the tradition, is it certain that in the year A.D. 5000 any one who calls his language English will need, if he wishes to study Locksley Hall, to seek the assistance of a glossary. New words there will be in thousands; but the old will be comprehended still. That, if we are right, is a guarantee for the imperishableness of literature such as the world has never yet enjoyed. So, too, we may fairly hope will be the enormously increased number of those who can understand. We all forget, when we speak of the preservation of written literature, how exceedingly small in all ages but our own must have been the caste to which that preservation was due. Before the invention of printing, was the *Iliad*, think you, ever accessible to ten thousand persons all living at any one time—persons, that is, who could at once read, obtain the manuscripts needful, and understand them when read? Fifty millions now possess, can read, and understand the English translation of the Psalms, and before two centuries have elapsed there will be two hundred millions in the same position. That all should lose that wonderful possession, that all should fail to hand it on, that all should lose interest in its study, is almost inconceivable; and till they do, that small body of poetry at least must retain the quality Mr. Morley intended his epithet to imply. He did not quite mean "imperishableness" in its literal sense, for that is not a quality to be predicated even of a potsherd, the despised thing which, of all known products of human skill, endures the longest, being in fact, as indestructible as the clay of which it is made; but he did mean durability beyond any period to which man can clearly see. We use the translation of the Psalms as our illustration designedly, because it is almost sure, or quite sure, to escape the only new danger which threatens the durability of

books. It will not be buried under the mountains of printed matter which, as the centuries roll on, will accumulate until the world grows weary, and the tired brain of humanity exults in its forgetfulness of literature as it exults in sleep. Already men are subdividing their attention to books, and within a few hundred years that subdivision will be carried so far that some works which ought to live may drop, as it were, accidentally down through the chinks. The mass of good poetry, for example, may be so overwhelming that Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam*, a little volume in its way unique and priceless, may be as if neither the Persian Sufee nor his English adorer had ever set foot on earth. That danger will, however, spare most great books; and we agree with what we believe to have been Mr. Morley's thought, though he used words which half-conceal it in their unavoidable exaggeration, that a great book produced to-morrow would have every chance of surviving every other artistic work of this generation.

Scientific Reading—A Selected List—Indianapolis News

The best scientific works are often difficult to obtain by the independent student and interested reader. So many valuable scientific books are now offered the public that it is often puzzling to find just what is wanted or needed. The following list gives the best books on the subjects stated:

Physical Geography—Guizot, Marsh, Maury, Michalet, Rectus, and Somerville.

Physics—Arnott, Deschanel, Ganot, and Lardner.

Forces of Nature—Faraday, Guillemin, Buchner, Stewart, and Youmans.

Mechanics, Dynamics, and Engineering—Ball, Ewbank, Lardner, Rankin, and Todhunter.

Acoustics—Blaserna, Helmholtz, and Tyndall.

Optics—Brewster, Lockyer, and Tyndall.

Spectrum Analysis—Lockyer, Roscoe, and Schiller.

Microscopy—Beale, Carpenter, Frey, Gosse, Hogg, Lankester, and Somerville.

Heat—Tyndall, Clark, and Box.

Electricity and Magnetism—Faraday, Franklin, Jenkin, Hospitaller, Maxwell, Prescott, Schellen, Siemens, and Tyndall. Benjamin's Age of Electricity and Mendenhall's Century of Electricity are popular manuals.

Meteorology—Abercrombie's Weather, Greely's American Weather, Blodgett's Climatology, Flammarion's Atmosphere, and valuable government works.

Chemistry—Bloxam, Faraday, Fresenius, Liebig, Miller, Muspratt, Roscoe, Silliman, Wayner, and Watts. Roscoe and Schorlemmer's Treatise on Chemistry, now in course of publication, is the fullest and latest presentation. The new chemistry has been well treated by Cooke, Eliot, Storer, and Remsen. For chemical analysis the works of Fresenius take high rank.

Astronomy—Airy (the astronomer royal), Arago, Ball, Chauvenet, Guillemin, Herschel, Kepler, Laplace, Lockyer, Newcomb, Procter, Somerville, and Whewell. Serviss's Astronomy with an Opera Glass and Langley's New Astronomy deserve high praise.

Natural History—Abbott, Burroughs, Thoreau, Jeffries, and Humboldt's Cosmos and Views of Nature, are good in cultivating the love of nature and outdoor life. Darwin has left record of how much these authors had to do in giving him his love of nature. White's Natural History of Selborne has a more general interest than its title would indicate. Pliny, the elder, the father of natural history, should not be forgotten.

Agassiz's *Methods of Study in Natural History* and *First Lessons in Natural History*, Darwin's *Natural History and Geology of the Voyage of the Beagle*, Gosse's *Romance of Natural History*, Pouchet's *Universe*, and *The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, the author of which, since his death, is known to be Robert Chambers, are books of interest.

Geology—Dana, Agassiz, Geikie, Miller, Murchison, Winchell, Page, Figuier, and Lyell.

Mineralogy—Dana and Phillips, and Simonin's *Underground Life*, a very interesting presentation.

Paleontology—Owen and Nicholson.

Botany—Asa Gray, Darwin, Hooker, Linnæus, La Maout, Decaisne, Figuier, and Sach's *Text-Book of Botany*, which is the fullest treatise.

Biology, Evolution, etc.—Darwin, Wallace, Haeckel, Huxley, and Romanes.

Ethnology and Archæology—Lubbock, Haeckel, Tyler, Waitz, Wood, Brace, Buchner, Latham, Lyell, Nott, Glidden, and Prichard.

Entomology—Figuier, Wood, Packard.

Ornithology—Miller, Merriam, Ingersoll, Burroughs, Ridgway, Audubon, Coues, Jardine, Figuier's *Mammalia*, *Reptiles*, and *Birds*.

Ocean—Michelet's *The Sea*, Figuier's *Ocean World*.

Zoölogy—Agassiz, Buckland, Buffon, Cuvier, Gosse, Huxley, and Wallace. Jardin's *Naturalist's Library*, in forty volumes; Kingsley's *Natural History*, Wood's *Popular Natural History*, and Homes *Without Hands*, Packard's and Orton's *Zoology* are good works.

The Songs of Other Days—New York Evening Sun

From dawn to dewy eve the sound of his whistle used to enliven the air. With the early milk came the brisk strain of Dandy Jim of Caroline; the morning rolls were handed in to the air Old Dan Tucker; the butcher's boy rendered the pleasing melody of Lucy Long, or Lucy Neal; the thoughtful schoolboy measured his pace schoolward to the solemn strains of Uncle Ned, and returned thence to the livelier measure of Oh, Susannah! In the domestic group, he speeded the evening hours with Stop dat Knockin', Sich a Gittin' Up Stairs, Wait for the Wagon, Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny, and the Swanee Ribber. Folks then didn't look up their g'ography books to learn whether somebody had spelt the word "Suwanee." He had a melody or two from the Mexican war, The Maid of Monterey, whistled to a hymn tune. Our excellent grandfather used to regale himself, while he sat overlong at table taking more wine than was good for him, by warbling such ditties as The Derby Ram, The Fine Old English Gentleman, Since We're In Good Company, No, Sir, No, Old Resin the Bow, 'Twas Off the Blue Canaries, Cruiskeen Lawn, The Lighthouse, The Bottle, with a choice assortment of hunting songs. Meantime, the young ladies at the piano—they were grandma and "the girls," as she calls them—lifted their voices to Meet Me By Moonlight, We Met: 'Twas in a Crowd, Blue-eyed Mary, My Heart and Lute, Long, Long Ago, Home, Sweet Home, with assorted serenades and the like artless compositions. After the gentlemen appeared, not a little flushed, the melodies of Mr. Thomas Moore were in order, along with songs of the arch type: Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be? Lords of Creation, and Miss Myrtle. How many old heads ought to wag now as they recall a stanza of Miss Myrtle:

"She can sing like a bullfinch or linnet,
And talk like an archbishop, too;
She can play you a rubber and win it,
If she's got nothing better to do;
She can chatter of poor laws and tithes,
Of the value of labor and land,
What a pity when charming women
Talk of things which they don't understand" [*bis.*]

And it was upon this condition of affairs that negro minstrelsy arose and for a few brief years carried nearly all before it. Most of the little that was left of the old singing was swept before the airs of Donizetti, Bellini, Balfe, and the rest of that tuneful choir. These were forthwith set to the barrel organs, whence they were learned by the delightful small boy. He did not then, more than now, attend grand opera, but his Pescatore Ignobile, his Soldier's Life, his Il Segreto, and a favorite something from The Crown Diamonds, shrilled on all airs. His attention was divided by Jeannette and Jeannot, Blue Juniata, Roll On, Silver Moon, Gayly the Troubadour, and a certain Napolitaine of whom he was dreaming. These gems glowed in their glory at the same time as the opera pieces and the first score or two of the "minstrel" tunes. The small boy whistled them all with vigor and precision, and he whistled them all the time. The more expert of him cultivated trills and improvised variations, and altogether he was a good deal of a canary. Then appeared the dramatic lyric Willikins and his Dinah, which for a brief season banished all other musical compositions from the face of the earth. When this blast had blown itself out, the bowed flowers of harmony lifted their heads again; but meantime John Brougham and others had been presenting Irish comedy, and some blooms from that field, Widow Machree, The Bould Soldier Boy, and others, were added to the musical posy. And our father, it is painful to confess, he was addicted to nocturnal vocalization. His skill in execution may be inferred from his taste in selection. It is the appalling truth that he would chant his Landlord, Fill, his Smoking Song, his Cheer Up, his Rolling Home, his row. Perhaps least crude of his performances was his U-pi-dee. He would lend a mighty chorus to the young gentlemen from The Point, while they sang songs of triumph about Tampico's Fatal Shore, The Land of Sun and Flowers, and invoked benedictions on the memory of Gallant Brady. Then came the war. And still the small boy whistled bravely enough. He Hanged Jeff Davis, he Touched the Elbow, he Kissed Him for his Mother, he was Johnnie Came Marching Home, he Marched Through Georgia, he Tramp, Tramp, Tramped, he Shooed his Flies. And then came peace; and amid its cankers, first, the old minstrelsy declined; then the barrel organs took up with new tunes; and as the sum and end of it all—and this is the one odd feature of the business—the small boy lost his whistle. There is no more music in him now than in a moulted catbird. Silently the baker's lad delivers the morning rolls. No mute at a funeral is stiller than the butcher's youth. The milkman pursues his round with an air as of conviction of sin. Even the tom-girl wears her hat on her head instead of swinging it by one of its strings, and the spirits that used to effervesce in whistle are now corked up and work on her moral nature. The time is out of joint, and

"It's oh! for the sound of a time that's dead
And the note of a pipe that is still."

CHOICE VERSE—FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

In Glad Weather—Charles B. Going—Scribner's

I do not know what skies there were,
Nor if the wind was high or low;
I think I heard the branches stir
A little, when we turned to go:
I think I saw the grasses sway
As if they tried to kiss your feet—
And yet, it seems like yesterday,
That day together, sweet!

I think it must have been in May;
I think the sunlight must have shone
I know a scent of springtime lay
Across the fields: we were alone.
We went together, you and I;
How could I look beyond your eyes?
If you were only standing by
I did not miss the skies!

I could not tell if evening glowed,
Or noonday heat lay white and still
Beyond the shadows of the road:
I only watched your face, until
I knew it was the gladdest day,
The sweetest day that summer knew—
The time when we two stole away
And I saw only you!

The Temptation of St. Anthony—Bentley's Miscellany

There are many devils that walk this world,
Devils large, and devils small;
Devils so meagre, and devils so stout;
Devils with horns, and devils without;
Sly devils that go with their tails upcurled;
Bold devils that carry them quite unfurled;
Meek devils, and devils that brawl;
Serious devils, and laughing devils;
Imps for churches, and imps for revels;
Devils uncouth, and devils polite;
Devils black, and devils white;
Devils foolish, and devils wise;
But a laughing woman, with two bright eyes,
Is the worst devil of all.

The Song of the Sea—Harriet Whitney—Belford's

Their world was a world of enchantment;
A wonder of luminous light
Came out with a flaring of carmine,
From all the black spaces of night;
The music of morn was as blithesome
And cheery as music could be;
But all through the dawn and the daybreak
I mourned for the song of the sea.

They showed me the marvellous flowers
And fruits of their sun-beaten lands;
They said, "Here are vine-tangled valleys;
Forget ye the barren white sands;
For a weariness unto the spirit
The dash of the breakers must be;
So dwell ye beside our blue waters;
Forget the sad song of the sea."

And I wrapped me about in the sunlight,
On the marge of a dimpling stream,
And there, in a tangle of lilies,
I wove me a wonderful dream;
And a song from my dreamland went floating
Far up where the angels must be,
But deep in its under vibrations
I heard the sweet song of the sea.

And the stream from the tangle of lilies
Came winding its way through the sedge;

And a silvery nocturne it rippled
Among the tall flags on its edge;
But its babble I fain would have given
For the sleep-wooing sea voices' lull,
And the nightingale's song would have bartered
For a desolate cry of a gull.

Their world was a world of enchantment;
And they laughed with the laughter of scorn,
When I turned me away from its beauty
In the light of the luminous morn;
But I heard a grand voice in the distance
Insistently calling to me,
And I rose with a jubilant spirit
And followed the song of the sea.

The Cloud—Francis S. Saltus—Shadows and Ideals

When light first dawned upon the startled Earth,
In storm and wild confusion I had birth;
Tossed by impetuous winds on every side,
I traversed countless leagues of fiery air
Filled with dull thunder or the lightning's glare,
Wondering at God's omnipotence and pride.

From chaos and from nothingness I came,
Borne on the wings of a creative flame;
While far below me I could hear the roar
And exultation of the new-born seas,
Moaning their joy of life unto the breeze,
Beating with jubilant waves upon the shore.

God willed that I for centuries should roam,
With rest denied, upon their breasts of foam,
Gazing upon a sad unpeopled strand,
Until the glory of His might appeared,
And rugged trees with swaying boughs upreared
Their leafy loveliness at His command.

Sweet birds were born and flew for shelter there;
Blithe carolings of rapture filled the air;
And, lo! upon the grassy slopes below
I saw strange monsters in the rivers wade,
And hideous serpents writhing in the shade,
Or basking in the sunlight's freshest glow.

Drifting from mountains of eternal ice
To balmy islands redolent with spice,
I marked the silent progress of His power,
And from my bosom on the pregnant plain
Issued the fecund ripple of my rain,
While the young Earth became one blooming bower.

I could not know the fate God held for me,
And, passive, wandered over land and sea,
Now black with storms, now lurid with swift fire;
And when the tempests ceased and were no more,
To starry heights in silence I would soar,
A slave of God, unconscious of desire.

Of gold auroras I would form a part,
Or linger, swooning, in the torrid heart
Of angry Hecla thundering forth its praise
In fiery showers ascending to God's throne;
And then again for countless years alone,
I passed in calm the uneventful days.

The glorious bow of Heaven in luminous light
Lent me its various hues, and in the night
The gentle stars guided my path through space,
And I enjoyed the inestimable boon
Of floating o'er the white brow of the moon,
And gazing on the marvel of its face.

Strange changes came, but brought me no release;
My endless journey was not doomed to cease,
And ages passed before I saw the Earth

By God into an Eden of beauty wrought;
While Man, created like myself from naught,
Had in this awful lapse of time found birth.

His seed had flourished, and on every side
I, marvelling, saw the traces of his pride,
Cities and temples, monuments and towers!

Music was born, while mirth usurped dull fear,
And from my azure birth-place I could hear
Melodious reeds that charmed the weary hours.

No longer was I hurried by the storms,
But over Babel I could count the forms
Of rebel mortals who had dared aspire
To scale high Heaven, and I saw their woe
When God no more withheld the avenging blow,
But filled their fields and cities with His fire.

And, lo! base Sodom, in its odious shame,
I saw destroyed in vivid sheets of flame,
That volleyed through me rushing through the skies;
And after, by a sceptred king's command,
I saw grave nations toiling in the sand,
From which gigantic Cheops was to rise.

Wafted by shifting winds from shore to shore,
I gazed upon the splendors of Lahore,
Its golden domes, and avenues of palms,

Where dusky bayadères, with jewelled hands,
Danced by the moon lascivious sarabands,
Reeking with unguents and delicious balms.

Where Nankin's porcelain turrets pierce the sky,
Free from alarming storm, I wandered by
And saw the haughty dragoned flags unfurled
O'er golden kiosks, where Mongol warriors pass,
And where the Hoang-ho, through the flowery grass,
Like some huge, silver serpent, idly curled.

Bel-Shar-Uzzur upon his ivory throne
In mighty Babylon I saw alone;
And in the spicy temples of great Bel
I saw each virgin that was once Ishtar's,
With eager lips, and eyes that beamed like stars,
Pray that Mylitta would her bliss foretell.

Karnac and Memphis, Nineveh and Tyre,
Taught me their life, their tumult, their desire;
And o'er the sparkling seas of misty foam
I saw great Caesar in his chariot stand,
A glaive victorious in his valiant hand,
Hailed by the exultant clamorings of Rome!

Then came a day of wonderment and pain
To me, poor wanderer, over hill and plain,
To me, who trembled at the odious sight;
For subtle powers urged me from lea to lea,
Until, beneath me, I again could see
Jerusalem all glittering in light.

And, lo! great crowds of frenzied people crushed
The paths of Pilate's palace as they rushed,
Driving before them with atrocious cries
A pale, meek, suffering man, who made no sign,
But stood in sorrow, beautiful, divine,
With thorn-crowned brows, and pardon in His eyes.
They dragged Him forth to Calvary and death;
I heard the hurried flutter of His breath,
And saw Him bend beneath the cross He bare.
Helpless I heard the crushing of each nail,
Piercing His palms, and saw His brow turn pale,
But no appeal for mercy rent the air.

The bearded soldiers pricked Him with their spears,
The rabble laughed and shouted at His tears,
While gall was tendered to His blistered lips,
Till, suddenly, he prayed—and then the skies
Were rent asunder, and His suppliant eyes
Gazed on the heavens' wrath in strange eclipse.

The florid day changed to a sudden night,
While people fled in tumult and affright,

And dizzy lightnings warned them of their doom;
But He was left upon the cross to die,
Without a guardian, prayer, or pitying eye,
To cheer the odious pathway to the tomb.

And, lo! He perished in His nameless pain,
While from my breast there fell consoling rain,
Too late, alas! His sufferings to allay;
And in the midnight those who loved Him came,
His tortured body as their own to claim,
And with hot tears they carried it away.

* * * * *
Then I remained in wonder and surprise,
Deprived of motion in the sultry skies,
Until three dawns had passed; then subtler change
Passed through me as I lingered calmly still,
Mute and obedient to a higher will,
Filled with presentiments divine and strange.

A something sweet, and mystic, and divine,
A feeling all-mysterious was mine:
I felt a buoyant gladness uncontrolled,
While, lo! a dazzling change came over me,
And people on the plains below could see,
With marvelling eyes, that I had turned to gold.

Radiant, resplendent, I hung breathless there,
When, lo! approaching through the silent air,
A resurrected shape forsook the sod,
And, ere I knew my happiness unpriced,
I felt the pure and spotless form of Christ,
Pass through me on the way to meet His God.

In Clover—Charles Warren Stoddard—Poems

O Sun! be very slow to set;
Sweet blossoms kiss me on the mouth;
O birds! you seem a chain of jet,
Blown over from the south.

O cloud! press onward to the hill,
He needs you for his failing streams:
The Sun shall be my solace still
And feed me with his beams.

O little humpback bumble-bee!
O smuggler! breaking my repose;
I'll slyly watch you now and see
Where all the honey grows.

Yes, here is room enough for two;
I'd sooner be your friend than not;
Forgetful of the world, as true,
I would it were forgot.

To My Canary—Cornhill Magazine

O Lady Betty, pert and bold,
In dainty gown of palest gold,
And fine pink stockings showing;
To me your eyes, so round and bright,
Recall some other eyes to-night—
Black eyes, too, just as knowing.

You eat and drink with mincing geste,
But only of the very best,
With waste of seed unlawful;
And though, forsooth, you think you sing,
Your voice is but a sorry thing—
And *her* top notes are awful!

You treat your mate with proud disdain,
Although he tries your love to gain
In simple, honest fashion.
Your prototype was just as stern,
But trodden worms at last will turn,
And love outlast its passion.

Ah! Lady Betty, take your ease,
And flirt and twitter as you please;
Your life is brief and sunny.
I sit close and I watch you here.
The other Betty? Ah! my dear,
She married—and for money!

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Joaquin Miller, having calmly endured the various accounts of his early and romantic life among the Indians from the "squaw man" insinuation, to the declaration that he was the real Joaquin Murrietta, the famous bandit, has at last published *My Own Story*. And it is indeed worth the reading. The book is really a recast of a London publication at the time of the Modoc War, written in defense of his best friends, the Indians. "This book," the author says, "I expected to quietly die when it had done its work; but, as it seemed determined to outlive me, with all its follies and fictions, I have taken it severely in hand, cut off all its fictitious growth, and confined its leaves to the cold, frozen truth: 'the truth, and nothing but the truth,' if not 'the whole truth.'" This is the history of *My Own Story*. It is simple, straightforward, interesting, and, in its descriptive passages, poetically beautiful. It is a truthful and a just tribute to the Indian. "Among these people," says the author, "I had friends—true and brave friends. And they are as faithful to their friends as any people on earth. Yea, let me say this now at last over the graves of these dead red men—I owe them much. I owe no white man anything at all. Looking back over the long, dubious road of my life, I say this, surely I owe no white man for favor, or friendship, or lesson of love, or forbearance of any sort. Yet, to the savage redmen that gathered about the base of Mount Shasta to battle and to die, I owe much—all that I am or can ever hope to be."

T. C. De Leon, the author of *Ye Doleful Prince: a Travestie on Hamlet*, *Cross Purposes*, and *Creole and Puritan*, which appeared in Lippincott's a year ago, has long been a resident of Mobile, Alabama. He is of medium height, thin and wiry, with an eye keen, restless, and alert, and features almost Jewish in cast and sombre coloring. His hair and mustache are plentifully streaked with gray, yet he is hardly fifty years of age, and is still termed a bachelor. Volubility and wit characterize his conversation. In carnival-lore he is an authority, and Mobile and other cities, north and south, owe much to his managerial faculties and indefatigable energy. A curious and interesting little volume from his pen, entitled *Creole Carnivals*, has recently been published. His predominant characteristic is a love of parody, strongly shown in his travesty on *The Quick or the Dead?* with *The Rock or the Rye*. The book ran through eighteen or twenty editions. Mr. De Leon's latest work is a romance, *Juny: or Only One Girl's Story*, and is more ambitious than anything else he has written. His new book, now in press, is *Four Years in Rebel Capitals*. Of the subject matter, some of which has been already published, Henry Watterson, editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, says: "They are most interesting sketches of men and things connected with the late war. Nothing like them has ever been written."

The experience of Mr. F. L. Eaton, the winner of the Youth's Companion's prize of \$1,000 for the best story for girls, in the recent competition, is a striking illustration of the successes that are occasionally won at a bound by wholly unknown writers of fiction. His prize story, *Way Out 'n the Prary Kentry*,

which appeared in the Memorial Day issue of the Companion, was the second short story he ever wrote, and the first one that he ever submitted to a publisher. Mr. Eaton is thirty-three years of age, married, and a lawyer by vocation. He enjoys a lucrative practice at Olean, N. Y., the place of his birth, and is now serving his seventh term as city attorney. In his fifteenth year Mr. Eaton received a severe gunshot wound, while hunting pigeons, which deprived him of the end of one finger and filled an arm with birdshot. At the age of nineteen he conceived the idea that a farmer's life would perhaps restore his health, and accordingly he went to Skaneateles, N. Y., "hired out" to a farmer, and officiated as a farm-hand for six months. There seemed to be so little money in the farming business, however, that he resigned, and in 1877 began the study of law at Olean. The pecuniary rewards of a law student are not usually great, and to swell his income Mr. Eaton went to Clermont, Pa., and taught school among the miners for a time, keeping bachelor's hall in a little cabin. In 1880 he was admitted to the bar. Mr. Eaton has always been an omnivorous reader and a great admirer of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Lux Mundi, a collection of twelve theological essays by men who stand high in the English church, has taken orthodox ecclesiastical England by storm. Not since the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, a volume issued more than thirty years ago, with the intent to closely reconcile the Bible and scientific progress, has any such startling work from the orthodox standpoint been published in England. Canon Liddon, of Oxford, spoke strongly against the work, from the university pulpit, on a recent Sunday, and sought to clearly define the position of true Biblical criticism against the advance thinkers. His text was, "Ye shall glorify Me," and in the course of his sermon he said, if the Holy Spirit was really concerned in the production of the contents of Scripture, they might, at least, be sure that language was not used in it to create a false impression, and that that which claimed on the face of it to be history was not really fiction in an historical guise. "This sermon," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "will be the last which Canon Liddon will ever address to an Oxford congregation. He had something to say, and he said it well. From henceforth—so the rumor goes—he shakes the dust off his feet against an Oxford whose last word in Biblical criticism is contained in *Lux Mundi*." Mayo W. Hazeltine, in the *New York Sun*, says: "The volume published under the name of *Lux Mundi*, and reprinted from the fifth English edition, by the John W. Lovell Co., contains twelve essays, contributed by eleven clergymen of the Church of England, all of whom were at one time (between the years 1875-1885) engaged in the work of university education at Oxford. By their educational functions they found themselves compelled to attempt to adjust the Christian faith to the undisputed data of modern science and modern criticism. They believed the Christian faith to be as adequate now as it ever was to interpret life and knowledge in their several departments; but they were also conscious that, for this purpose, the true meaning of the faith needed

to be disencumbered, interpreted, explained. To do this the first condition is that a man should appreciate the times he lives in, and accordingly the authors of this volume have approached the work of readjustment with the knowledge and conviction that the present epoch is one of profound transformation, intellectual and social, abounding in new points of view, and certain therefore to involve great changes in the outlying departments of theology where it is linked on to other sciences, and to necessitate a general restatement of its claim and meaning. The contributors to *Lux Mundi* begin by accepting the theory of evolution, alike in its cosmological and its biological aspects, by acquiescing in a broad construction of the hypothesis of Scriptural inspiration, and by liberal concessions to modern criticisms of the Old Testament. They recognize that such admissions cannot be made without a new formulation and exposition of some Christian doctrines; and they contemplate consequently a development of theology which they regard as no less legitimate than it is indispensable. Even by the most inflexible defenders of orthodox dogma it is frankly acknowledged that *Lux Mundi* is inspired by the most edifying motives, and embodies an exemplary effort to put the Christian faith into an acceptable relation to modern intellectual and moral progress. If its authors have failed in the endeavor to put the new wine into the old bottles, it is because in the opinion alike of the agnostic and of the orthodox theologian, the nature of the materials renders the adaptation impracticable."

Miss Hester Crawford Dorsey, one of the clever and capable young writers of the South, lives in Baltimore, where she is a society favorite. She is tall, blue-eyed, and distinguished-looking, thoroughly informed upon current topics, and a fine conversationalist. Her journalistic work on the *Baltimore American* and *New York Herald* has been very successful. Her special talent, however, lies in the direction of story-telling—stories full of life and color. A few years ago she wrote a poem called *Dethroned*, a strong bit of writing on the last days of the Emperor Maximilian. Miss Dorsey has now in her possession an autograph letter from Francis Joseph of Austria, thanking her for the pleasure received in reading her production. The *Woman's Literary Club* of Baltimore, a society that holds the brightest literary lights of the Monumental city, owes its existence to her enthusiastic efforts. She is its vice-president, and an indefatigable worker for its welfare.

Monroe H. Rosenfeld, author of some of the most popular ballads of the present day, is a man of medium stature, very thin, and of a nervous temperament. In fact, he is never still for five minutes at a time. He is possessed in a high degree of the creative faculty, as is shown not only in the number of songs he writes every year, but also in his frequent contributions to the daily papers. Mr. Rosenfeld was born in Richmond, Va., twenty-nine years ago, and is the eldest of three brothers, all associated more or less with journalism. This author's songs have obtained a world-wide celebrity. He it was who, under the noms de plume "F. Heiser" and "F. Belasco," wrote those unique compositions *Climbing up the Golden Stairs*, and *Johnnie, Get Your Gun*. He is also the author of *With All Her Faults I Love Her Still*, one of the most phenomenal successes in ballad literature of the present day. The publisher of this song has realized a small

fortune from its sale. To Mr. Rosenfeld is due the credit of having introduced popular music into the Sunday press, nearly every prominent paper in the United States having within the past five years printed some of his compositions. Mr. Rosenfeld's vigor as a song-writer is still unimpaired, and he is constantly at work upon new songs, one of which will shortly appear under the title of *The Song of the Steeple*, in the columns of Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper*.

Ed. Mott, author of *The Old Settler Sketches* which have appeared in the columns of the *New York Sunday Sun* during the past fifteen years, is short, stout, and old-fashioned. He is about forty years old. Mr. Mott has the enviable reputation of being "a most polished garnisher of the truth." As a writer of snake, coon, eel, bear, deer, trout, chub, rat, and bull-head stories, he stands unrivalled in American journalism. He was born in Pike County, Pa., and what he does not know about that locality is hardly worth knowing. Out of his prolific brain he manages to earn about \$4,000 a year, nine-tenths of his work being pure fiction of the most delightful kind. In journalism Mr. Mott is known as possessing the rare and enviable faculty of always having, as they say, a "nub" to his stories.

Mrs. Mary Spear Tiernan, who recently published her novel of *Jack Horner*, is one of the executive committee of the newly founded *Woman's Literary Club* of Baltimore. She has intensely blue eyes, is tall, and exceptionally fine-looking. Her girlhood was spent in Richmond, where she found the material for her three well-known creations, *Suzette*, *Homoselle*, and *Jack Horner*. Her books have been pronounced, by competent critics throughout the country, the finest of their kind, vivid with color, interest, and good writing.

The literary event of the month is the simultaneous publication, in America, England, and other countries, of Stanley's volumes *In Darkest Africa*. London has lionized the author, and no honors that society at large or the learned societies of Great Britain could shower upon him have seemed too great for his admirers. W. T. Stead, in his *Review of Reviews*, gives this sketch of his life: "Mr. Stanley seems to bear a charmed life. No one has been 'more in perils oft,' and yet here he is to-day, after half a century of rough and tumble, as tough and sound and vigorous as ever. What a picture of vicissitude is there not presented by his life, from the time when, as a baby, he was carried to the Welsh workhouse, down to his triumphal reception at Zanzibar! His life is one long romance. When a mere boy he ran off to sea from the butcher's shop where he was sent to earn his bread, and found his way to New Orleans. There is something very characteristic in his first utterance that is recorded. Seeing an announcement in the shop of one Henry Mortlake Stanley that a boy was wanted, he entered and asked for the situation. 'And what can you do, my lad?' said a kindly-looking tradesman. 'Anything,' was the reply, 'that a boy of my age and strength could be expected to do.' He got the situation, and on the death of his employer, who had adopted him as his son, assumed his name. That is how John Rowlands became H. M. Stanley. He seems always to have been smart. His grandfather named him 'My man of the future.' 'We missed him at home "oncommon,"' said the relative who carried him, on his father's death, to the

workhouse of St. Asaph; 'he was a very sharp child.' Thanks to the reports of the schoolmasters as to 'the extraordinary talents of Betsy's little son,' he was placed on a farm as a shepherd, and it was from the farm that he went to Liverpool, from whence he worked his passage, at the age of sixteen, to New Orleans. When his adopted father died, he enlisted under the Confederate flag. After taking part in many engagements without injury, he was made prisoner near Pittsburg. He escaped, swam across a river under a hail of bullets, and ultimately made his way to Wales, where he turned up at his mother's house, 'tattered and torn and all forlorn.' His mother had married a butcher by the name of Jones, and was very glad to see her son, who, in a strange freak, had written to his sister announcing his own death at the time when he assumed the name of Stanley. He did not rest long in Wales, but, returning to America, plunged once more into the war, this time on the Northern side, and on sea, not on land. Here he soon distinguished himself by swimming, under fire, with a rope to a Confederate ship whose crew had deserted her under the fire of the enemy, but which could not be approached so as to make her a prize. Mr. Stanley made her fast, and she was towed away in triumph. This gave him an ensigncy, and as ensign he began his career as newspaper correspondent by occasionally contributing to the New York Herald. When his ship was at Constantinople he made an excursion to Jerusalem, and he travelled through Asia Minor, suffered many things, first of pachas and then of brigands. He was arrested at Smyrna, and, after being released, was first plundered by brigands, and then handed by one of them over to the authorities as a robber. In these early encounters with the primeval forces of Oriental savagery, Stanley displayed the *sang froid*, the ready wit and resource, which have distinguished him through life. He succeeded, by the aid of the Levant Herald, and the United States Minister, in extorting compensation from the Turkish Government, and he left Constantinople with flying colors. When he returned to America he quitted the navy and devoted himself to journalism. His first professional commission was to accompany General Sherman in a campaign against the Sioux Indians. His letters gave satisfaction, and when Lord Napier was ordered to march against King Theodore of Abyssinia, Mr. Stanley was told off to accompany the English army on behalf of the Herald. This may be said to mark the commencement of his international career, and it may be well to pause to ask to what qualities are we to attribute the success which has made him *facile princeps* of the profession. He has nothing approaching to the literary gift of Mr. Forbes. As a writer he cannot be ranked as among the first. He writes easily and writes rapidly, but nothing he writes stands out in the memory. He is a man of untiring assiduity. 'There's a beautiful saying in the Old Testament,' Mr. Stanley once told an interviewer, 'which I have always kept before me. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." From the time when I was a reporter on the New York press to the present day I have done what I had set myself to do with a will.' On arriving at Zanzibar he said: 'Looking back over what has been accomplished, I see no reason for any heart's discontent. We can say we shirked no task, and that good-will, aided by steady effort, enabled us to complete every little job as the circumstances per-

mitted.' That element of shirking nothing, of doing everything with his might, was the commonplace foundation of all his subsequent success. Many men might be industrious and persevering, and yet few would arrive at the summit which Mr. Stanley occupies. The man has unquestionably great natural gifts—first among which is a great faculty of self-possession. He blazes up now and then, no doubt, but he speaks slowly as a rule. His words give you the impression of deliberation even when his actions are as instantaneous as the lightning. A cool, self-composed man, he always had his wits about him. He said on one occasion:—'I have always found tobacco a solace and an aid to concentration. I remember on one journey down the Congo, we were just about to enter a most dangerous country. I knew that a fight was inevitable, and I told my men to make ready. I took an observation, lighted my pipe, and smoked for five minutes, to settle myself for the action. We were fighting for our lives a few minutes afterward, and the battle went on for hours. Livingstone never smoked.' The capacity of deliberately smoking for five minutes to settle himself for the action may be less enviable than the capacity of not needing tobacco or any external help to internal calm; but it is thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Stanley. If he has not the best, he will tranquilly put up with the second best, and make the best of that."

A writer in Collier's Once a Week says of Mayo W. Hazeltine, whose book reviews in the New York Sun over the initials "M. W. H." have made him famous: "Mr. Hazeltine is a high-shouldered and keen-featured man of close-shaven face, and belongs to the courtly and polished scholars of the high-bred old school. He wears a *pince-nez*, and having learned all that Harvard and Oxford could teach him, got called to the New York Bar, of which he might now be the leader had he not drifted away into the paths of literature and developed into the most brilliant book reviewer and editorial writer in these United States. He helps the New York Sun to shine. He is said, by those who know him intimately, to be the best all-round talker in New York, and if not the best he is certainly among the best; yet, despite the immense burden of learning which he carries, his manner is singularly quiet and unobtrusive, and there is an ornate *finesse* about his diction that fascinates the most careless listener. He understands the rare art of ordering a perfect dinner, and he buries himself among his books in the backwoods of Staten Island. He ought to be in the Senate."

One of the new writers whose work is receiving prominent place in the magazines, is Viola Roseboro, author of *The Reign of Reason*, in the July Century. The Times-Democrat says of her: "Miss Viola Roseboro is the daughter of a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, and was born in Pulaski, Tenn. She is a niece of Col. A. S. Collier, a well-known lawyer of Nashville, and a cousin of ex-Gov. Marks, of Tennessee. The first essay of her ambitious nature was for dramatic laurels, and she went on the stage as leading juvenile in Kate Claxton's company. She was successful as an actress, and still speaks lovingly of the art, but it failed to satisfy her. She went into journalism in New York about five years ago, and for some time wrote for the Graphic, all her articles being marked by a charming sprightliness of style. Her short stories published in the Century have had a great success of

smiles and tears—the popular compound. They are neither dialectic nor erotic, and she is possessed of a style charming in its simplicity. In the centennial number of the *Century* appeared *A Jest of Fate*, a tale of the backwoods of Tennessee. It immediately attracted the attention and comment of such men as Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Brander Matthews, and since that time several tales from her pen have appeared in the same magazine, and others have been accepted for publication. In appearance Miss Roseboro is a modest, attractive young woman, with dark-brown hair, strongly-marked eyebrows, and frank gray eyes sparkling with intelligence and humor. The same traits which mark her pen—simplicity, force, and directness—are always present in her conversation."

Tom Masson, of the American Press Association, is beginning to attract attention by his humorous paragraphs, peculiar for their clearness and perspicuity. Mr. Masson is also a remarkably apt versifier in a light and playful vein. His efforts in this line have been widely copied. In his short career of twenty-two years he has visited nearly all the countries in the civilized world, and has thereby gained a wide and valuable experience. In personal appearance, Mr. Masson is below the average size, has black hair, and an olive complexion. His philosophy is just a trifle pessimistic, still he manages to successfully infuse a good deal of genial humor and optimism into his work.

Of J. K. Jerome, author of the recent successful books, *Stageland* and *Three Men in a Boat*, and *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, of which last book over a hundred thousand copies have been sold, the *London Figaro* says: "Like most men who have succeeded on the stage, Jerome K. Jerome has had some varied experiences. He is only twenty-eight now, and has already made himself a decided favorite with the public who wish to be amused. He was born on the fringe of the Black Country in 1861, and had the misfortune to lose both parents when he was only fourteen. His father owned the Jerome Pit at the Cannock Chase Colliery. When Jerome was four years of age his father suffered ruin, owing to an inundation in the mine, and the family came to London. On the death of his parents he obtained a situation as clerk in the head offices of the London and North-Western Railway Company at Euston, and for four years devoted himself assiduously to his duties at the desk. But he never liked being a railway clerk, and at eighteen he came to the resolution to try his luck in an entirely different sphere of activity. He determined to become an actor, and having arrived at this decision it was not long before he exchanged his stool at Euston for an engagement at Astley's Theatre. Here he remained for nine months, and among other feats played four parts in *Mazeppa*, being twice killed before the last act. His career as an actor was completed by twelve months' experience in the provinces, during which time he undertook almost every conceivable part, from that of a servant to that of a heavy father. He next turned his attention to journalism, though prior to this he had written tales and sketches which had been rejected by various publishers. But at this juncture he found newspaper reporting answer better than stories, and for six months he was a 'liner.' That is to say, he earned three-halfpence a line for his contributions to the daily and weekly newspapers. The net result in

six months suggested the necessity of trying yet another calling, and Mr. Jerome accordingly adopted the profession of a schoolmaster, and after six months gave that up and tried journalism again. Then he thought he might supplement his income by canvassing for advertisements. Having tried canvassing for a month and got nothing, he abandoned it, and procured an appointment as a shorthand writer for a firm of Parliamentary agents. This occupation was alike more profitable and more certain than sending in 'flimsies' to the newspapers. His next move was into a solicitor's office, and here he stayed until the middle of last year, when he felt justified in devoting the whole of his attention to literary work. As it has been intimated, his ambition had always been to distinguish himself in literature. His initial efforts were distinctly discouraging. The first thing he published had been refused so often that a less persistent man would have yielded to despair. Mr. Jerome did not despair, and *On the Stage and Off* was ultimately accepted by *The Play*."

One of the most progressive of the younger newspaper men in New York is Willis Steell. He is New York correspondent for the *Albany Press*, *St. Paul Dispatch*, *Chicago Times*, and *Nashville American*, and at the head of a syndicate of Southern papers. He is a fluent writer and very popular in literary circles. In 1887 and 1888, he was New York correspondent for the *Chicago Times*, after having represented that paper a year in Europe. His novel, *Isidra*, was one of the most popular novels in the summer of 1888, when it was published. Belford, Clark & Co. will soon issue *Mortal Lips*, another novel, highly spoken of by the publishers. He is twenty-seven, about five feet seven, has frank blue eyes, and a blond complexion. He is a nephew of Sir John Steell, the sculptor, and a cousin of Gurney Steell, the painter. He was born in Michigan.

The announcement of the collaboration of Mrs. Campbell-Praed and Justin McCarthy in a new novel gives timeliness to this paragraph from the *London Star*: "Mrs. Campbell-Praed, as most people know, is an Australian. Her father was a squatter in Queensland. Her maiden name was Rosa Murray-Prior, and she was born at Bromelton Station, on the Logan River. On her father's side she is of Irish descent, and she is a granddaughter of Colonel Murray-Prior, who fought at Waterloo in the 18th Hussars. When Queensland was enrolled among the Australian colonies, Mr. Murray-Prior was appointed postmaster-general, and he afterward served in various Queensland Ministries. It was thus that his daughter acquired the knowledge which she afterward utilized in *Policy and Passion*, and *Miss Jacobsen's Chance*. The picture drawn in the latter novel is scarcely flattering to Australian statesmen, but the story is so cleverly told as to condone some possible touches of exaggeration in the portraits of Mr. Jacobsen and his colleagues in office. It was in 1872 that Miss Murray-Prior married Mr. Campbell-Praed, son of the well-known banker, and nephew of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, the poet. Her husband took her to live upon an island off the Queensland coast, and there the young couple spent the first three years after their marriage. There are not many women in whom the adventurous instinct is sufficiently strong to carry them through a period of such solitude and physical hardship as fell then to the lot of Mrs. Campbell-Praed. It was almost literally a desert island."

Charles W. Johnson, the Chief Clerk of the United States Senate, is an old newspaper man. He served an apprenticeship as a compositor many years ago on the old Missouri Republican, then published by George and John Knapp at St. Louis. Of late years he has been connected with leading papers through the Northwest, for which he has done a great deal of editorial writing. He claims Minnesota as his home, and much of his best writing has been done on St. Paul and Minneapolis papers. Mr. Johnson is at present engaged in compiling a history of the 6th Minnesota regiment during the war of the rebellion, under authority from the State of Minnesota. The state legislature voted \$14,000 for the compilation and publication of the history of all the Minnesota regiments during the war. Mr. Johnson's official position in Washington gives him every opportunity to assure himself of the accuracy of the facts and figures which he uses. Mr. Johnson is a handsome man of medium height, with close-cropped iron-gray whiskers and a heavy head of gray hair. He has a clear ringing voice whose quality is due largely to training. As Mr. Johnson has a great deal of reading to do for the benefit of the Senate, a clear voice and a distinct enunciation are indispensable.

Frank Hatton, who was Postmaster-General under Arthur, is making a very breezy paper of the Washington Post, of which he became half-owner and editor a year ago. Mr. Hatton's very audacity makes him popular with his readers. He does not hesitate to print the criticisms as well as the praises which fall upon the shoulders of himself or his paper. When an editor alluded to him recently as "the itinerant journalist whose pathway is marked by the wrecks he has left behind him," Mr. Hatton thought the paragraph of sufficient local interest to bear republication, and he gave it a prominent place on the editorial page of the Post. Mr. Hatton has been waging war for some time on the Civil Service Commission at Washington with some effect. He admits that he is a "Spoilsman," and that he has no sympathy with the Civil Service Reform movement, but his attack recently has been made not so much upon the law as upon the law's administration. Mr. Hatton tells a good story, is an agreeable listener, and a thoroughly delightful dinner-companion.

Eugene Field, in the Chicago News, writes of an interesting English literary man: "Thomas Hutchinson, author of *Ballades of a Country Book-Worm*, and other dainty little volumes (always issued in very limited editions), lives at Pegswood, Morpeth. He is a pedagogue, or, to use his own words, he teaches the young idea how to shoot. He is thirty-four years of age and was born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne; is married and has five little ones. The literary work he does is not for any remuneration he might hope to receive therefrom. His essay on Burns paid for its publication; the *Ballades* brought him \$25, his *Jolts and Jingles* about \$10, and he has a well-defined suspicion that his volume now in press will show a deficiency of \$20. Mr. Hutchinson is given to book-collecting; his library includes about nineteen hundred volumes, the interest and value of about three hundred of which have been enhanced by the insertion of autograph letters from the authors thereof. This bright, ambitious, and most lovable young man has no personal acquaintance with the literary men of his native country; he is exceedingly

retiring; although he hungers for companionship, he hesitates about 'intruding into the presence' of other literary workers. Mr. Gosse is soon to read a lecture at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Hutchinson is going to hear the lecture, and, if he can muster up courage, he is going to introduce himself to Gosse, with whom he has had some pleasant correspondence."

Here is a list of distinguished American wits and humorists, their names and noms de plume:

"Josh Billings"—Henry W. Shaw.
 "Andrew Jack Downing"—Seba R. Smith.
 "Artemus Ward"—Charles Farrar Browne.
 "Bill Arp"—Charles H. Smith.
 "Gath"—George Alfred Townsend.
 "Fat Contributor"—A. Miner Griswold.
 "Hawkeye Man"—Robert J. Burdette.
 "Howadji"—George William Curtis.
 "Ik Marvel"—Donald Grant Mitchell.
 "John Paul"—Charles H. Webb.
 "John Phoenix"—Capt. George H. Derby.
 "Mark Twain"—Samuel L. Clemens.
 "Max Adler"—Charles H. Clark.
 "Eli Perkins"—Melville D. Landon.
 "Petroleum V. Nasby"—David R. Locke.
 "Bill Nye"—Wm. Edgar Nye.
 "Nym Crynkle"—Andrew C. Wheeler.
 "Old Si"—Samuel W. Small.
 "Orpheus C. Kerr"—Robert H. Newell.
 "Pelig Wales"—Wm. A. Croffut.
 "Peter Plymley"—Sidney Smith.
 "Miles O'Reilly"—Charles G. Halpin.
 "Peter Parley"—H. C. Goodrich.
 "Ned Buntline"—Col. Judson.
 "Brick Pomeroy"—M. M. Pomeroy.
 "Josiah Allen's Wife"—Marietta Holley.
 "Philander Q. K. Doesticks"—Mortimer Thompson.
 "Mrs. Partington"—Benj. P. Shillabar.
 "Spoonendyke"—Stanley Huntley.
 "Uncle Remus"—Joel Chandler Harris.
 "Hosea Bigelow"—James Russell Lowell.
 "Fanny Fern"—Sara Payson Willis.
 "Grandfather Lickshingle"—Robert W. Criswell.
 "M. Quad"—Charles B. Lewis.

Among those who use no noms de plume are W. L. Alden, John Habberton, H. C. Dodge, Fred Nye, Eugene Field, Alex. Sweet, Bret Harte, George L. Catlin, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and John G. Saxe.

Frank A. Burrelle is a lawyer by profession and a journalist by instinct and association. He was born at Painesville, Ohio, in 1856, and was graduated at the university of New York upon attaining his majority. During the flush times growing out of the mineral discoveries at Leadville, he was manager of the Chrysolite mine, owned by ex-governor Tabor, of Denver, Marshall Field, of Chicago, and others, but subsequently resigned that position and returned East. In November, 1888, he purchased from Gen. F. L. Hogadom the nucleus of the Bureau of Press Clippings, an undertaking which, through his management and direction, has steadily grown in importance and influence, now employing thirty-four persons and supplying the best known papers, leading professional men, commercial and manufacturing establishments, and political and social organizations, with information on every subject. In addition to this, he supplies editors with data of events to come, to the end that they may be aided in their work, and avoid the necessity of keeping watch for what is to be. He is also part-owner and publisher of the *Western Journalist*. He is a practical man of business, and his success has been pronounced and deserved.

RANDOM READING—CURRENT THOUGHT AND OPINION

Our Great Debt to Science—The Chicago Herald

"He who discovers a new dish," said Savarin, "does more for humanity than he who discovers a new star." The witty author of *Physiologie du Gout* did not stop to think that navigation is the outcome of astronomy; nor do the wearers of the many colored fabrics of commerce stop to think that chemistry is the mother of the art of dyeing—just as much so as engineering is the daughter of mathematics and physical science. "Indeed," says the learned Sir Lyon Playfair, the scientific commoner of England, "nothing is more certain than that every abstract truth given to the world constantly leads to the most unexpected and most useful applications to humanity." There are many thousands of short-sighted people that raise a utilitarian cry against the investigators in pure science. Yet these people use the telephone, the telegraph, the electric light, ride on electric cars, and sigh for further applications of electricity to the needs and uses of every-day life. But they never think of Galvani and his frogs' legs. Take out of the world all that science—studied for the pure love of it—has done, and the habitable globe would be in just the state of uncivilization that Central Africa is to-day. Science does not create labor, nor the industries flowing from it. On the one hand, science is the progeny of the industrial arts; on the other, of the experiences and perceptions that gradually attach themselves to these arts. Industrial labor is one of the parents; and science is the child; but, as we often see in the commercial world, the son becomes richer than the father, and raises his position. Man is the ward of science, and from his necessities spring the industrial arts; the mole can mine and tunnel under the ground; the tailor-bird can sew; the fishing frog can throw out a line and bait that nature gives him; the beaver can plaster his house; the spider can spin and weave; but neither in his hands nor feet has man the tools for such work as he must perform in order to live. How have the arts received their great impulses from science? In the early ages the raw material at hand led to its industrial application; and later on the country possessing the raw material became impressed with the character of its industries. The mound builders of America became coppersmiths, because they found native copper, which they considered a variety of stone, and chipped and hammered it into tools without knowing how to forge it hot. Savages living out of the region of native minerals became workers in stone, flint, horn, bone, or shell. As civilization advanced and commerce became established, the mere possession of raw materials was not the only condition of industry. Possessed of what they considered good weapons, barbarous nations broke through the barriers that shut them from the outside world. While the Thracians were scalping their enemies, and spending much time in tattooing their bodies, their neighbors, the Phœnicians, sailing the Mediterranean as the Tyrians had done before them, found their way out into the Atlantic, and thence to the British Isles. The natives of these isles, dressed in skins, and with their bodies daubed over with yellow ochre or wood, were living and fighting over mines of tin and other minerals that they knew not of. The Phœnicians found these mines, took back tin and other

minerals with them, and established metallurgic industries. They were acting under the guidance of an infant science. As intelligence rose in the British Isles, and an initiatory science was developed from industrial pursuits, the people no longer sold their raw mineral material to distant nations, but manufactured it for themselves. So long as the growing intelligence of a nation equals or exceeds that of any neighboring nation its prosperity is secure. The moment any nation allows the intellectual element of production to fall below that of its neighbors, a mere local advantage no longer insures superiority. Science and commerce having opened up paths of rapid intercommunication around the globe, the cost of carrying raw material is lessened; and, given an intellectually inferior nation with raw material, the intellectual superiority of another nation far outbalances the possession of that raw material. Intellect is the great factor in commercial success, whether of individuals or nations. Take the case of the skilled brick-layer and of the hod-carrier: The first is using brains in his work; the second is using brute force. When he goes up the ladder with his hod of bricks he has to carry also his own weight—thus wastefully expending force. Some one notices this, and substitutes for the brute force of the human that of the horse; then the horse is displaced by the mechanical force of a steam engine, which can do the work of fifteen men or of two horses in the same time. Coal converted into heat is doing all the work. The coal mined each year in the United States represents in actual work more than the sum of the force of the total population of the globe, assuming all to be strong men. Thus the substitution of a natural force for human power vastly increases the productive capacity of the human race. Guided by an intellect taught by science, the natural forces can do in a few hours what the unaided labor of many men could not do in a lifetime. It was not prophecy, but a flash of genius, that drew from Stephenson the assertion that it is the sun that drives the locomotive engine, by being liberated from the coal in which it has been stored for ages. But man can neither create forces nor endow anything with properties; all that he can do is to convert and combine them into utilities. The man that does this with knowledge is spared the dismal failures of ignorance, but he that tries to use powers without understanding them is inevitably punished for his rash presumption. It is this presumption that causes the mortality and disease that follow in the wake of civilization. Natural law, like the civil, never admits ignorance as an excuse. In this century three scientists have revolutionized commerce—Oersted of Copenhagen, and Faraday and Wheatstone of London. It was of Faraday that Huxley said, in effect, that any nation would do well to spend \$500,000 in discovering such a man, and an equal amount in educating, and setting him to work. Bessemer, studying away at steel, has revolutionized ship building. Dr. Joule's studies in the mechanical equivalent of heat produced the compound engine, by which the necessary amount of coal for carrying a given cargo has been reduced more than forty times; that is, a steamship that in 1850 carried a cargo at an expenditure of 14,500 pounds of coal to a ton, now does the

same work by burning about 350 pounds. Joule's studies in heat have made it possible for a cube of coal that will pass through a ring the size of a twenty-five cent piece to drive one ton of cargo for two miles in one of the most improved steamships. In 1880 the rate on grain from New York to Liverpool was 9¼ pence; in 1886 it was 1 penny a bushel. The reduction was primarily due to the scientist Joule. Every time we strike a match we are indebted to the men that have studied science for the mere love of it. The men that worked away at coal tar "just to see what was in it" made the whole world their debtors by discovering alizarin, the coloring principle of madder. And to these men the world is indebted also for aniline, antipyrine, and more than a hundred other coal-tar products. Scientists, wondering what was in crude petroleum, found paraffin and vaseline. Pasteur wondered what caused fermentation; he found out, and brought a new era to wine-making. The singing and dancing of a tea-kettle attracted the attention of a brain, and we have as a consequence all the applications of steam. The swinging of a chandelier in an Italian cathedral before the eyes of young Galileo, was the beginning of a train of thought that resulted in the invention of the pendulum, and through it to the perfecting of the measurement of time, and thus its application and use in navigation, astronomic observations, and in a thousand ways we now pass by unnoted, has been of so practical and unceasing value that the debt to scientific thought, even in this one instance, can never be known. Science, in its study of abstract truth, is ever giving to man new beginnings. While the devil is engaged in finding mischief for idle hands to do, science is eternally at work finding something useful for them to do. Perhaps not eternally, but so long as there is an earth, so long as there is a human race, and so long as there remains unrevealed one secret of nature, there will be the scientist studying for the pure love of investigation, and discovering abstract truths that shall benefit humanity. If the world shall ever be at peace in a brotherhood of mankind, that peace will owe its existence to the student of nature—the scientist. Science is knowledge; art is skill in using it. A principle of science is a rule in art. Art may make mistakes by wrongly applying or by ignoring the truths of science. Railways, ocean steamships, all the uses of steam and electricity, gas, our huge buildings, our manufactories, and all that add to our material comfort, are due to the practical application of scientific principles.

Marriage and Celibacy—Count Tolstoi—New York Herald

I have received, and still continue to receive, numbers of letters from persons who are perfect strangers to me, asking me to state in plain and simple language my own views on the subject handled in the story entitled *The Kreutzer Sonata*. With this request I shall now endeavor to comply. My views on the question may be succinctly stated as follows:—Without entering into details, it will be generally admitted that I am accurate in saying that many people condone in young men a course of conduct with regard to the other sex which is incompatible with strict morality, and that this dissoluteness is pardoned generally. Both parents and the government, in consequence of this view, may be said to wink at profligacy and even in the last resort to encourage its practice. I am of opinion that this is not right. It is not possible that the health of one

class should necessitate the ruin of another, and in consequence it is our first duty to turn a deaf ear to such an essentially immoral doctrine, no matter how strongly society may have established or law protected it. Moreover, it needs to be fully recognized that men are rightly to be held responsible for the consequences of their acts, and that these are no longer to be visited upon the woman alone. It follows from this that it is the duty of men who do not wish to live a life of infamy, to practise such continence in respect to all women as they would were the female society in which they move made up exclusively of their own mothers and sisters. A more rational mode of life should be adopted, which would include abstinence from alcoholic drinks, from excess in eating and from flesh meat, on the one hand, and recourse to physical labor on the other. I am not speaking of gymnastics, or of any of those occupations which may be fitly described as playing at work; I mean the genuine toil that fatigues. No one need go far in search of proofs that this kind of abstemious living is not merely possible, but far less hurtful to health than excess. Hundreds of instances are known to every one. This is my first contention. In the second place, I think that, of late years, through various reasons into which I need not enter, but among which the above-mentioned laxity of opinion in society and the frequent idealization of the subject in current literature and painting may be mentioned, conjugal infidelity has become more common and is considered less reprehensible. I am of opinion that this is not right. The origin of this evil is twofold. It is due, in the first place, to a natural instinct, and in the second to the elevation of this instinct to a place to which it does not rightly belong. This being so, the evil can only be remedied by effecting a change in the views now in vogue about "falling in love," and all that this term implies, by educating men and women at home through family influence and example, and abroad by means of healthy public opinion, to practise that abstinence which morality and Christianity alike enjoin. This is my second contention. In the third place, I am of opinion that another consequence of the false light in which "falling in love" and what it leads to are viewed in our society, is that the birth of children has lost its pristine significance, and that modern marriages are conceived less and less from the point of view of the family. I am of opinion that this is not right. This is my third contention. In the fourth place, I am of opinion that the children (who in our society are rather an obstacle to enjoyment—an unlucky accident as it were) are educated not with a view to the problem which they will be one day called on to face and to solve, but solely with an eye to the pleasure which they may be made to yield to their parents. The consequence is that the children of human beings are brought up for all the world like the young of animals, the chief care of their parents being not to train them to such work as is worthy of men and women, but to increase their weight, to add a cubit to their stature, to make them spruce, sleek, well-fed, and comely. They rig them out in all manner of fantastic costumes, wash them, overfeed them, and refuse to make them work. If the children of the lower orders differ in this last respect from those of the well-to-do classes, the difference is merely formal; they work from sheer necessity, and not because their parents recognize work as a duty. And in overfed

children, as in overfed animals, sensuality is engendered unnaturally early. Fashionable dress to-day, the course of reading, plays, music, dances, luscious food, all the elements of our modern life, in a word, from the pictures on the little boxes of sweetmeats up to the novel, the tale and the poem, contribute to fan this sensuality into a strong, consuming flame, with the result that sexual vices and diseases have come to be the normal conditions of the period of tender youth and often continue into the riper age of full-blown manhood. And I am of opinion that this is not right. It is high time it ceased. The children of human beings should not be brought up as if they were animals, and we should set up as the object, and strive to obtain as the result of our labors, something better and nobler than a well-dressed body. This is my fourth contention. In the fifth place, I am of opinion that, owing to the exaggerated and erroneous significance attributed by our society to love and to the idealized states that accompany and succeed it, the best energies of our men and women are drawn forth and exhausted during the most promising period of life; those of the men in the work of looking for, choosing, and winning the most desirable objects of love, for which purpose lying and fraud are held to be quite excusable; those of the women and girls in alluring men and decoying them into *liaisons* or marriage by the most questionable means conceivable, as an instance of which the present fashions in evening dress may be cited. I am of opinion that this is not right. The truth is, that the whole affair has been exalted by poets and romancers to an undue importance, and that love in its various developments is not a fitting object to consume the best energies of men. People set it before them and strive after it, because their view of life is as vulgar and brutish as is that other conception frequently met with in the lower stages of development, which sees in luscious and abundant food an end worthy of man's best efforts. Now, this is not right and should not be done. And in order to avoid doing it it is only needful to realize the fact that whatever truly deserves to be held up as a worthy object of man's striving and working, whether it be the service of humanity, of one's country, of science, of art, not to speak of the service of God, is far above and beyond the sphere of personal enjoyment. Hence it follows that, not only to form a *liaison*, but even to contract marriage, is, from a Christian point of view, not a progress, but a fall. Love, and all the states that accompany and follow it, however we may try in prose and verse to prove the contrary, never do and never can facilitate the attainment of an aim worthy of men, but always makes it more difficult. This is my fifth contention. How about the human race? If we admit that celibacy is better and nobler than marriage, evidently the human race will come to an end. But if the logical conclusion of the argument is that the human race will become extinct the whole reasoning is wrong. To that I reply that the argument is not mine; I did not invent it. That it is incumbent on mankind so to strive, and that celibacy is preferable to marriage, are truths revealed by Christ nineteen hundred years ago, set forth in our catechisms and professed by us as followers of Christ. The same truth is confirmed by our reason, which tells us that the only solution not repugnant to the sentiment of humanity of the problem of over-population, is afforded by the systematic striving after chastity which, though

distasteful to animals, is natural to man. It is a most extraordinary thing when you come to think of it; Malthusian theories can be broached and propagated; millions of children may be allowed to die every year of hunger and want; millions upon millions of human beings may be butchered in war; the State may strain every nerve to increase and perfect the means of killing the people, and look upon this as the main aim and object of its existence—all these things may be done under our eyes without striking us as in any way dangerous to humanity, but let some one hint at the necessity of celibacy, and immediately the cry is raised that the human race is in danger. When a person asks you his way to a place there are two methods of directing him. You may either point to a distant tree, and tell him to make straight for that, thence on to the village, and from the village along the river bank till he comes to an the hill, etc., or else you may give him the general direction, telling him to walk due eastward and to let the inaccessible sun or the stars serve him as finger posts. The former of these methods is that of transitory religions with their detailed prescriptions and instructions; the latter is that of the inner consciousness of eternal, inconvertible truth. In the former case certain actions are described as having to be performed or avoided, in the latter the goal only is pointed out—a goal which, though forever unattainable, is recognized by our inner consciousness as the true one, and communicates the right direction to our life work. Keep holy the Sabbath day, perform the rite of circumcision, drink no spirituous liquors, do not steal, give a tithe of your goods to the poor, commit not adultery, make the sign of the cross, receive the sacrament of communion, etc. Such are the formal precepts of Brahminism, Buddhism, Israelitism, Mohammedanism, and the ecclesiasticism called Christianity. "Love God with all thy heart, all thy soul, and love thy neighbor as thyself." "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." "Love your enemy." Such is Christ's doctrine. He gives no definitions of acts; He only points to that imperishable ideal which every man finds in his own heart the moment it is revealed to him. For him who professes the formal doctrine, the scrupulous fulfilment of the law is attainment of perfection, and puts a stop to all further aspirations. Thus the Pharisee gives God thanks that he has fulfilled the law, and the rich young man is satisfied because he, too, has obeyed it. And it is impossible that they should think or feel differently, for having reached their actual level there is no other height visible toward which they might wend their way; whereas for him who professes Christ's doctrine the ascent of one summit is but a fresh incitement to climb to one still higher, whence another pinnacle is seen in the distance, and so on without end. The Christian is always in the position of the publican; ever painfully conscious of his own shortcomings, ever eager to advance as he looks at the long stretch of road before him that lies between him and his goal. The man who follows the outward, formal law may be aptly likened to one standing in the light of a lantern attached to an immovable post. He cannot see to go further than where he stands. On the other hand, he who hearkens to the promptings of his inner conscience is as one who carries a lantern before him on a long pole; the rays are always dispelling the darkness in advance of him, ever lighting him forward, ever leading him on to new spheres. Chastity and celibacy, it is urged,

cannot constitute the ideal of humanity, because chastity would annihilate the race which strove to realize it, and humanity cannot set up as its ideal its own annihilation. It may be pointed out in reply that only that is a true ideal which, being unattainable, admits of infinite gradation in degrees of proximity. Such is the Christian ideal of the founding of God's kingdom, the union of all living creatures by the bonds of love. The conception of its attainment is incompatible with the conception of the movement of life. What kind of life could subsist if all living creatures were joined together by the bonds of love? None. Our conception of life is inseparably bound up with the conception of a continual striving after an unattainable ideal. But even if we suppose the Christian ideal of perfect chastity realized, what then? We should merely find ourselves face to face on the one hand with the familiar teaching of religion, one of whose dogmas is that the world will have an end; and on the other, of so-called science, which informs us that the sun is gradually losing its heat, the result of which will in time be the extinction of the human race. If the lives of us Christians are characterized by such a frightful contradiction between our consciences, and in reality it is because we fail to understand the doctrine of Christ, which points to an unattainable, imperishable ideal, and in consequence allow ecclesiastical prescriptions, wrongly called Christian, to be substituted for the Christian ideal. This has been done in the matter of divine service of apostleship, of power, and of much else. The same thing has been done in respect of marriage. Christ not only never instituted marriage, but if we search for formal precept on the subject we find that He rather disapproved it than otherwise. ("And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for My name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold and shall inherit everlasting life."—Matt. xix. 29; Mark, x. 29, 30; Luke, xviii. 29, 30.) He only impressed upon married and unmarried alike the necessity of striving after perfection. The churches, however, by endeavoring, contrary to Christ's teaching, to establish marriage as a Christian institution, failed to create a solid institution, and yet deprived the people of the guiding ideal set up by Christ. The upshot of this ill-advised effort was that people flung away the old before receiving the new; they lost sight of the true ideal of chastity pointed out by Christ and embraced outwardly the ecclesiastical dogma of the sacrament of marriage, a doctrine that has been built up upon no foundations whatever and in which men do not really and sincerely believe. This affords us a satisfactory explanation of the fact, which at first sight seems a strange anomaly, that the principle of family life and its basis (conjugal fidelity) are found to be more firmly rooted among peoples who possess clear and minute external religious prescriptions on the subject—among Mohammedans and Jews, for instance—than among so-called Christians. The former have a code of clear, detailed, external precepts respecting marriage, whereas the latter have nothing of the kind. It is only over a very insignificant fraction of the unions which they contract, that the men and women of our society have a ceremony performed by the clergy to which they give the name of sacramental marriage; they then live on in polygamy and polyandry, and giving themselves up to vice, in the belief that they are practising the monogamy they profess. But this is

not sacred marriage, pure sanctified love, it is not the divine sacrament they appear to believe it. Now, there is not and cannot be such an institution as Christian marriage, just as there cannot be such a thing as a Christian liturgy (Matt. vi. 5-12; John, iv. 21) nor Christian teachers, nor church fathers (Matt. xxiii. 8-10), nor Christian armies, Christian law courts, nor Christian States. This is what was always taught and believed by true Christians of the first and following centuries. A Christian's ideal is not marriage, but love for God and for his neighbor. Consequently in the eyes of a Christian relations in marriage not only do not constitute a lawful, right, and happy state, as our society and our churches maintain, but, on the contrary, are always a fall. Such a thing as Christian marriage never was and never could be. Christ did not marry, nor did He establish marriage; neither did His disciples marry. But if Christian marriage cannot exist, there is such a thing as a Christian view of marriage. And this is how it may be formulated:—A Christian (and by this term I understand not those who call themselves Christians merely because they were baptized and still receive the sacrament once a year, but those whose lives are shaped and regulated by the teachings of Christ) a Christian, I say, cannot view the marriage relation otherwise than as a deviation from the doctrine of Christ—as a sin. This is clearly laid down in Matthew, v. 28, and the ceremony called Christian marriage does not alter its character one jot. A Christian will never, therefore, desire marriage, but will always avoid it. If the light of truth dawns upon a Christian when he is already married, or if, being a Christian, from weakness he enters into marital relations with the ceremonies of the church, or without them, he has no other alternative than to abide with his wife (and the wife with her husband, if it is she who is a Christian) and to aspire together with her to free themselves of their sin. This is the Christian view of marriage; and there cannot be any other for a man who honestly endeavors to shape his life in accordance with the teachings of Christ. To very many persons the thoughts I have uttered here and in *The Kreutzer Sonata* will seem strange, vague, even contradictory. They certainly do contradict, not each other, but the whole tenor of our lives, and involuntarily a doubt arises, "on which side is truth—on the side of the thoughts which seem true and well-founded, or on the side of the lives of others and myself?" I, too, was weighed down by that same doubt when writing *The Kreutzer Sonata*. I had not the faintest presentiment that the train of thought I had started would lead me whither it did. I was terrified by my own conclusions, and was at first disposed to reject it, but it was impossible not to hearken to the voice of my reason and my conscience. And so, strange though they may appear to many, opposed as they undoubtedly are to the trend and tenor of our lives, and incompatible though they may prove with what I have heretofore thought and uttered, I have no choice but to accept them. "But man is weak," people will object. "His task should be regulated by his strength." This is tantamount to saying "My hand is weak. I cannot draw a straight line—that is, a line which will be the shortest line between two given points—and so, in order to make it easy for myself, I, intending to draw a straight, will choose for my model a crooked line." The weaker my hand the greater the need that my model should be perfect.

VANITY FAIR—FADS, FOIBLES, AND FASHIONS

A Reason for the Brunette—From the Philadelphia Press

The dark colors of the Southern beauty are explained by savants as due to carbon not thrown off by the lungs. These are less active in hot climates, and the respiratory function is less complete. The pulmonary action is replaced by cutaneous transpiration, and the carbon, instead of being thrown off with the expired air, is deposited in a layer of the skin, which, in greater or less degree, gives it shading. The chyle of herbivorous animals is said to contain three times as much carbon as that of flesh-eating ones, and the vegetable diet which chiefly supports life in the tropics is the supposed cause of the deep pigmentation ruling there. The difference in complexion and coloring of various races is probably due to certain principles in their food, which introduced into the body, by contact with atmospheric air, produces divers colorings, just as light is known to decompose certain vegetable products, and darken some salts. The peculiar tints of the Indies and the Antilles are said to be due to the saffron, roucou, cayenne, and other savories used in food, which are dyes as well, and partly to the bilious maladies prevalent there. The opaque cornea of the eye is yellowish in tropic races and their fat the color of wax, showing its affinity to the bile. The color of eyes and hair follows that of the skin naturally, the same being the great colorist in these cases. Eyes grow darker with healthy exercise, as well as more brilliant. The most beautiful races are always to be found in the finest climates. The Circassians live on the table-lands of the Caucasus, a climate southern as Rome or Constantinople, but refreshed by the snows of the Caucasus and the vicinity of the Caspian and Black seas. They formerly conserved their beauty to a great age. Two thousand years ago the climate of Greece was as perfect as the beauty it gave the world for models. To-day in some of the highlands of Greece the old charm of climate remains, and the antique beauty of face and form looks forth and makes natural the old Greek salutation, "Rejoice." The favored climates of the world are always the homes of its chief beauty. But one can modify ordinary climates to a far greater degree than is supposed, and in our own houses, at least, maintain the tempered warmth or coolness, the living freshness of air, the moisture and fragrance of growing plants, and the light which should render our homes milder Floridas and Californias. We will yet learn the secret of making our own dwellings fit climates for invalids, who need not be driven to die in strange regions, for the sake of purer air. Then there will be fewer invalids and more beautiful women.

Girls of the Period—Mrs. Philip H. Welch—N. Y. Press

To be a fashionable young woman in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and ninety is a complex and intricate thing. Time was when to look pretty was about all that was expected of a maiden just emerging from her teens, but that alone in New York society to-day is not sufficient. The "four hundred" have an inexorable if unwritten code that the young belle must be thoroughly cognizant of before she is eligible to the hall-mark of fashionable guarantee. The tyrant of her world really penetrates her bedroom and presides over

her toilet, directing the process from the moment she opens her dewy eyes beneath the lace-trimmed canopies of her brass or satinwood bedstead, until she leaves the chamber, rosy from the perfumed bath, glowing after the vigorous massage, and radiant in the freshest of morning robes. And from then until the hour, any time after midnight, that she sinks again into slumber to dream of her triumphs, there has stood at her elbow a little monitor more potent than conscience itself, which has ceaselessly pointed out the way in which she must walk. Fashion is sensible just now in a great many things, so sensible, indeed, that one almost forgives her the great many other things in which she is a foolish and an unreasonable arbiter. For instance, it is the fashion at present to be neat, wholly and exquisitely neat, with a neatness that begins at the skin and extends to the last accessory of the costume. No frayed hems, no boots destitute of buttons, no torn gloves, no ragged edges, no mussy furbelows, are permitted. The dress must display the care of a maid, even if that useful personage does not exist in the home establishment. In all this neatness, however, the line of demarkation from primness is exact and well defined. Hair that is frequently washed and carefully brushed may be loosely put up with charming grace, while no amount of plaiting and pinning back will give a tidy appearance to the locks that are grimy with dust or dull from lack of brisk brushing. In her care of herself personally the modern belle can give many points to her predecessor of fifty years ago. It is also quite à la mode at the present time to be healthy. The pale, delicate creatures who were supposed to be ultra-refined and extremely elegant three or four decades ago, would find themselves met with an exasperating pity or a half-concealed contempt should they parade their fragile selves along the fashionable line to-day. Bright eyes, a fresh complexion, and cheeks that have the hue of health, whether it be a ruddy tinge or a clear pallor, are good form for this age, however little they may have been admired by Sir Charles Grandison, or affected by Lady Pamela. But the girl of fashion must be more than neat and healthy. There is a stylish way, or the reverse, for her to accomplish every movement, however simple. The way she sits or stands, how she walks, enters and leaves a carriage, carries a parasol or muff, gathers a wrap about the shoulders, adjusts the lorgnette or opera glass—all these require to be done fashionably, which, it must be confessed, is not always properly. Everybody can recall, if he must, the atrocities of the "Grecian bend," and New Yorkers saw enough to be disgusted with the "Alexandra limp," the stylish walk of a much more recent date. To-day the swell girls are treading upper Fifth Avenue, "as far as the flagging goes," with an erect, supple carriage and springing gait, that betokens a knowledge of and practice in pedestrian exercise, for all of which we have the athletic fad to be grateful to. Accent and intonation are two prominent factors in the curriculum of the four hundred. There are really two voices in use in fashionable society to-day, either of which is considered quite proper. One swell girl speaks rapidly and without much inflection, and while her voice is not loud there is a penetrating timbre to it which makes it very distinct and easily heard. It is a

pleasant voice when it is not too manifestly an artificial one. Some girls overdo the matter and acquire a nasal tone that is objectionable. The other equally swell girl has, or thinks she has, the English drawl. She pitches her tones in a considerably lower key than her fashionable sister, and it would seem that in crossing the water this production imbibed the wave motion of the sea, for it undulates gently but regularly as its Anglo-American possessor lets it glide sinuously from her pretty lips. It is a detestable affectation unworthy an American girl. Let him admire it who will. But, having the pose, the gait, and the voice of Murray Hill, the art of acquisition must still be carried on. American girls have lovely hands, small, soft, and beautifully shaped; but the fashionable girl takes great care not to care too well for hers. "It is vulgar," she says, "to have them too much manicured. Care for your nails punctiliously, of course, but avoid," she continues oracularly, "the dazzling polish and brilliant pink of the manicure's assistant." And then we know it must be avoided. The aim of the really fashionable New York belle is to keep free from the "madding crowd." "Oh, we don't do that; it's so common," she says, and she no longer counts her ball-bouquets by the dozens, because it savors too much of stage trophies, and she takes out, with something of a sigh, her little bunch of flowers from her street costume, because everybody wanted to wear it, and because straightway it got beyond her refined and dainty class; it became a huge corsage that could be seen a block away. A great many fashions are put down as practised by the metropolitan daughter of the four hundred which she would almost faint with horror to be accused of. Her fad, particularly on the street, is simplicity. She has run the gamut of display and ostentation. She has found, too, that the effect if not the substance of these can be imitated, and she takes refuge in the other extreme. It is the girl who thinks she is stylish who puts forty bangles on one wrist, sticks an amber or gilt dagger, ten inches long, through her hair, draws a white veil with black dots just over her pretty nose, and, hugging a tightly strapped silk umbrella, with an aggressive handle, to her breast, starts out to shop. The really swell girl, by the way, does not "shop." She drives out with mamma to order things—always before 2 o'clock. In her speech the fashionable young lady has her vocabulary as she has her code. Latterly she has permitted herself the use of a good many English expressions. She says "fancy" always for "suppose," and she never says "guess"; she says "chemist" for "druggist," "stop attome," for "stay at home," and she "tubs" oftener than she "takes a morning bath." "Function" with her means any sort of social gathering, and a very gay ball becomes a "rout." "Smart" expresses a considerable degree of excellence, which she applies equally to a wedding or a bonnet; "an awfully fetching frock or gown" is very English for an especially pretty dress. She likes the word "clever," too; when she sees a fine painting she says: "That's a clever bit of canvas." She thinks Marshall Wilder is an "awfully clever fellow," and if you ask her does she bowl she replies modestly: "Yes, but I'm not at all clever with the balls." Some phrases she leans rather heavily upon, notably "such a blow," when a rain postpones a visit or a friend dies, and "such a pleasure" alike to hear Patti and spend a tiresome evening at the house of some acquaintance. She has, too, an in-

dex expurgatorius which she is very careful to respect. There are no more "stores" for her, they have become "shops"; "servants" also have ceased to exist as such, they are "men servants" and "maids," although she permits herself to designate as laundress, housemaid, or butler; "gentlemen" she avoids; "a man I know," she says, referring to a male acquaintance; or "there were lots of delightful men out last night," she confides to some sister belle who missed the opera; "all right" she never says, making "very well" do much better service, nor does she add "party" to dinner, speaking of such an entertainment. Her home no longer has a "parlor," pure and simple, but a "blue room," a "red room," a "Japanese room," or possibly an "east parlor." Getting beyond the manner to the matter of the fashionable girl's discourse one finds it has practically no limitations on the surface—at least so said one of them not long ago to the writer. "Why," remarked this young woman, "we have to know everything, only we don't have to know it all at once nor for very long at a time. If we did we could not stand up under the accumulation. We take our knowledge in periods. For instance, I have been out four years, and during that time I have learned to play the banjo, mandolin, and zither, as every one of these accomplishments had its brief run, all in addition to what I knew of harp, guitar, and piano at my débüt. "To the French and Italian with masters before I finished, I have acquired a smattering of German, Volapuk, and Russian successively; I bowl, ride, and fence equally poorly, but I do every one a little—I had to, you know. What I do well is to swim and to play tennis. One season I belonged to a Shakespeare class, the next I had mornings with Shelley, and for two Lents I was a member of a Browning club. This winter we are contemplating Ibsen, and some of us have to stand on tip toe to do it. "One has to know music, too, from 'Die Walküre' to 'Pinafore,' and to discuss art with the confidence of the Quartier Latin. I have been through several art sieges, the Morgan and Stewart collections, the Verestchagin display, and the Barye exhibit, and for every one I have faithfully crammed. Ceramics, tapestries, heraldry—these are merely a hint of the subjects one may be called upon at any moment to discuss intelligently, and I really will not go to a flower show now, for orchids are a sealed book to me. The different imported entertainments are another tax upon one's knowledge. Just when you know a kirmess from a May dance you are asked to participate in a Venetian fashing, and when you have read up to go to see a Greek play somebody lectures on Buddhist ceremonials for a fashionable charity, and you have to show there. It is really very fatiguing sometimes to keep up with the procession." All of which tends to fully confirm the original proposition that to be a fashionable young woman in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety is a complex and intricate thing.

Secrets of Beauty—Shirley Dare—Syndicate

What the modern cosmetic art does not hold for women is hardly worth looking for. One might fancy the old Duchess di Medici and her ladies uneasy in their graves to be allowed out to see the wonders of that toilet art they studied and practised with so much care three or four centuries ago. Lady Avilion, one of the high-born dames of the Primrose League in "Syrclin," says that "shopkeepers all ought to go to Paris, Flor-

ence, or Dresden to see how shops ought to be set out." But a New York toilet house which I have in mind has little need of lessons from anything but the excellent taste of its owner. Let us pay another visit together and see what we want that we have never thought of before. How easy these ground floor shops are to enter, tempted by the inviting windows! No stairs to climb, as with the unthinking complexion specialists, who oblige their customers to mount some of the steepest stairs in the city. A page opens the door to the shadowy, scented interior, deliciously fresh and cool, with its tea-rose tinted walls, polished floor, bare but for a Turkish rug here and there, and the harmonious bric-à-brac which fills without crowding the room. The semblance of a shop is almost lost, for there are no counters or wall cases, but white and gold tables strewn with luxurious toilet wares, and Louis XVI. cabinets, also white and gold, loaded with charming things, each in its own color—one, violet scent bags, boxes, china pots, and perfume cases, all in the favorite tint; another, jonquil-yellow; a third, robin's-egg-blue; a fourth, jade-green, a pretty and soothing attention to color. A white and gold hamper is piled with pale purple satin bags of lavender flowers for scenting linen, generous bags holding a pint of the sifted flowers, the sweetest, freshest scent in the world. A fashionable woman is buying half a dozen for her closets. Another great basket is heaped with almond-meal bags in white muslin for the bath, yet another with the finest velvety sponges. One glittering case is filled with brushes and combs in embossed silver of rich designs, others with tortoise shell and gold in Mary Antoinette's taste, and you can order a toilet comb set with rubies and pearls, if you like, with your crest in the middle. The manicure sets are complete beyond anything found elsewhere, with big buffers which polish the nails in a turn or two, powders and pastes, delightfully tinted pink and carmine, in charming lacquer boxes one covets for bonbons or jewel holders. Toilet flagons in crystal and silver or enamel; quantities of Japanese and Dresden porcelain; trays, boxes, and pinholders in delicious colorings, meet the eye, for a modern toilet table is decked out with as many pieces as a tea-service, and the glitter and gloss, the tint and tone is all very pleasant. The scent sachets are a specialty. The variety is a credit to the invention of the makers. These lengths of wadded and painted satin, a yard and a half by three-eighths, what are they for but to line bureau drawers, so that every piece of lace laid in them will take the perfumes as it waits the wearing. Longer and broader ones in pale India silk or chinee, with flowers, are to lay in the great boxes, which hold rich dresses, or hang up in closets against the wall, so that gowns and cloaks may take the scent. Long ones are to hang inside the skirts of dresses when worn, thin ones to baste inside jackets, and round ones to wear in the crowns of bonnets to perfume the hair. Glove sachets of white satin, embroidered with the flower whose fragrance they carry, are luxurious enough for the pillow of the loves and the graces together, and ladies have their foot rugs interlined with vertivert and sandalwood dust to keep away moths. As all women know, it is the hardest thing to find a really good and lasting sachet powder that will carry the essence of flower without more of the base, as perfumers call it, the infinitesimal of musk, ambergris, or pimento, which serves to give it body. A lady's perfumes are serious considerations, for they carry her

individuality with them, and it behooves her to be careful what she allows about her. Some women always suggest the odious English white rose sachets, which smell of pepper and musk combined, with a suffocating effect, and others have cheap heliotrope which savors too much of the vanilla bottle in the kitchen, and others use those cosmopolite scents which belong to no flower in particular. The odors of white flowers now suit the fashionable taste, from an idea that they are more delicate than colored ones; at least, the suggestion of flower and scent together is more pleasing. Accordingly, white rose, white lilac, white violet, white iris, jonquil, and white orchid figure on the list of new perfumes, and fresh names are added continually, so that one may have a fair chance at individuality of perfume without duplicating her friend's favorite. The heavy cut crystal bottles, with silver or enamel holders, are the choice at present; but porcelain flagons are the best to keep scents in, for an experienced chemist says they should be kept cool and dark to preserve their essence and prevent their growing flat. The delicate and costly handkerchief extracts are used in spite of the paragraph that everything is scented except the handkerchief—one of those emanations which smells of the brain it comes from. The toilet-waters for spraying rooms and using in the bath are usually tintured with some refreshing herb—lavender, citron, or the East Indian grass vertivert—and a rich, old-fashioned scent breathes of sandal, cedrat, and bergamot in skilful blending, an odor which charms and invigorates. What do you want to supplement your defects, if one may imagine you to have any, madame? Something to whiten and soften the hands, and keep them supple and soft while you are camping out this summer in the Sierras, where one grows so healthy and so brown? Cream of strawberries, if you please, delicious-looking, delicately-scented, tempting one to taste it as some luscious fruity confection. It is unrivalled for the hands, whitening and softening them to perfection, the newest and one of the oldest French cosmetics revived again. I wish anything to eat looked half as good. If confectioners' creams had as many hours' beating as that pink emulsion they might turn out as smoothly. If you want anything to keep your face fair, spite of wind, tan, and freckles, this nearly-colorless liquid is one of the best things known, and will give quite a satin finish to most skins, with the use of a bottle or two. Cosmetic? Of course it is. People have a funny way of decrying the use of cosmetics, having in mind the harm done by lead powders and mercurial paints. But all applications for the skin for the purpose of beautifying are cosmetics, and if you object to them on high moral grounds you must give up using a bit of cold cream for chapped lips, or a soothing wash for a sunburned face, let alone butter-milk to take the freckles off your hands. Some cosmetics are injurious, many are not, and the safe ones are hurrying the others out of the market. You see less of the kalsomine washes, the bloom of youth and magnolia lotion, which left the face coated with fine chalk as it dried, and compelled one to wear a lace veil to disguise the deception. The latest Parisian lotions are colorless liquids which astringe the skin and neutralize its oiliness, or creams with glycerin, which keep the face in a perpetual moisture, plumping the tissues and erasing lines. There is real benefit for wrinkles and sallow complexions in these famous recipes, if intelligently used. This charming little pot

of toilet-cream will last two months, rightly applied, and soften the face to a marvel by its protecting layer on the skin. I saw it made the other day in the laboratory and had a hand in the mixing, just to say so, and for all there was in it I should not be so afraid to eat it now. The freshest of fresh eggs and lemon juice, sugar, almond oil, and rose water, mixed with utmost care and cleanliness, stirred and beaten for hours upon hours, smelling delicately as if a rose had been dipped into it some time, should make a tempting cosmetic to create beauty or restore it to itself. Cosmetic medicines form a separate branch of study, and supplement a toilet dealer's stock in trade as naturally as tooth brushes. I think you asked me awhile ago for something to keep your breath as sweet as your lover's, madame—how did you know it was so sweet? No matter. We all feel the charm of "balmy breath that doth almost persuade justice to sheathe her sword," and this bottle of clear red liquid, with a few drops poured in a glass of water, will so purify the breath and all within the lips that one need not mind how closely the hearer's attention hangs upon them. The same liquid is sovereign for dyspepsia, and reduces the interior to an amiable state very quickly. It is nice to have something one can depend on to neutralize the breath from a decaying tooth in that state where the dentist cannot work at it, or undo the effects of a sleepless night, which never fails to leave the breath affected. A few drops of such a tincture will often prevent the toothache which comes of eating sweets. In short, a really good tooth-wash is the first of cosmetic necessities. But all that is in bottles you can become acquainted with as easily as I can tell you. What you want to know more about, I suppose, are the wonderful mystic performances of toilet specialists who take old society women, jaded, and wrinkled, and thin, with the galley-slave life they lead, and turn them out smooth, rounded, and growing younger as the weeks of treatment roll on. What with electricity, massage, air pumps, and toilet cupping, a really old woman bids fair to be a novelty. We will assume you are old, wrinkled with the tell-tale parentheses each side the mouth and the line across the top of the nose, by which men say they tell a woman's age. They will have to learn more if they think to know a woman's age hereafter by anything but the expression of her eyes, which cannot be counterfeited yet awhile by most people. And beware of those who can imitate the tender, innocent, appealing look as of a stray seraph, for they come from the other place direct. The specific treatment for wrinkles must be kept up for six weeks vigorously and applied afterward as occasions require. At night bathe the face in hot water, as hot as can be borne, and steam it till the pores are opened, when a fine unguent is gently rubbed into the skin, which nourishes and strengthens it. Then the operator begins the massage, which is not rubbing so much as working the parts. She begins by stroking with the thumbs above the eyebrows—you can't do it yourself—pressing outward perhaps twenty-five times. Then she works all round the orbit of the eyes, and you have no idea how it rests the tired nerves of sight. Down the temples is the next pass, then the cheeks are stroked round, which increases their plumpness or their tendency that way. The lines at the side of the nose and mouth are very gently stroked across and upward, and the drooping muscle of the lower cheek has especial attention, and a dash of salt and brandy

lotion sometimes to restore its firmness. A skilful operator will fuss over your face twenty minutes, and if you don't happen to exactly look beautiful immediately, you feel so. All this massage is worth every dollar it costs, for the nervous relief it gives. Many women never know for years what it is to feel rested and soothed till they come under the hands of a masseur. Every motion is aforethought and of purpose, and the quiet, practised touch tells on the fretted nerves like the brush of an angel's wing-feather. The massage alone is enough to take twenty years off a woman's age, but when the wrinkles are deep, after the penetrating unguent has had time to nourish the skin a little, cupping is employed. The apparatus is a glass cup, with rubber bulb attached, which, when pressed, creates a vacuum under it; the skin is drawn into the cup and the suction takes the creases out. The wrinkle-treatment is harmless enough if one wants to bother with it. Taken in time, with enough exercise given the parts of the face, wrinkles will become only a word in the dictionary, or there will be shops to supply them for lady physicians and politicians, as they supply gray hair switches for those who want them. Those dreadful lines in the throat which betray age or wear need only the massage and steaming to destroy them. The hands, too, have their treatment, which teaches the arteries to do their work and relieve the veins which furrow the skin. A very taking scene in the new play of "Beau Brummell" is where the Beau, in his dressing gown of gold-colored brocade, enters his dressing-room, lined with rosebud chintz, and solemnly puts the finishing touches to his toilet. Few in the audience know what he is doing as he walks about holding up both slender hands and working the fingers occasionally, a neat piece of stage business, which shows acquaintance with the old processes of the toilet, when fine gentlemen and gentlewomen held their hands up to let the blood run out and blanch them. Working the fingers was a premonition of the Delsarte method of rendering them unconscious, relaxed, and supple. The Beau finishes by delicately pinching the tip of each finger in turn to render it taper as he sits before the oval mirror. It is all done in such a highbred way that no one would think of accusing the action of frivolity, and Mr. Mansfield, who is so forcible in great parts, shows the ability of genius to be fine in little things. I would advise all who are afflicted with red hands to follow the Beau's practise and try holding them up for five or ten minutes each morning, aiding the process by drawing one hand down over the other, emptying the veins and supplying the skin by slow passes. Red nose, face, or hands usually betray a need of purgatives or the free use of the whole meal-bread, which is in growing demand all over the Union. The most skilful and best informed toilet specialists of the cities make the coarse whole meal-food an indispensable part of their diet, as it aids the work of beauty so effectually. It makes fine flesh, it feeds the nerve, and teeth that have begun to crumble and decay renew themselves on this food, with sound bone and enamel. There is no need to write to me for this bread. It is to be had wherever one can grind good wheat between coarse stones without bolting it, and bake such flour cakes mixed with milk and water in a very hot oven till thoroughly brown. That is all. Such was the bread the patriarchs ate when they lived hundreds of years. It is good solely because it contains the elements needed for the body in the best and most eatable

shape. It is notable when living on sound food how quickly the hair and nails grow, and how the former renews its gloss. I have lately heard, on the testimony of a very creditable and conservative medical man, of hair which had turned gray, regaining its color with health. If any one else has proof of such a phenomenon, it is too interesting not to be made public. Nature has secrets to reveal of her renewing powers, unaided by the skill of even high and intelligent art. We may be thankful to accomplish so much for beauty by means of perfumed and delicate cosmetics. But there is a bolder step to take when we can look to the serene and simple processes of nature for restoration.

Dressing on \$300 a Year—New York Evening Sun

If there is one subject upon which the average man thinks he is well informed it is the subject of woman's dress. If ever he covers himself with glory it is when he descants at length upon the brilliancy and practicability of his theories about how much money a woman ought to spend for clothes, how long she ought to wear a gown, and how much she should pay for bonnets. What Horace Greeley thought he knew about farming, and what General Grant believed he understood about financiering, are insignificant when compared to what every man is positive he knows about woman's attire. He is as conceited as a normal-school graduate, and as opinionated as a schoolma'am, about how women in general, and his own wife in particular, should manage the affairs of the wardrobe. It was a man who knew all about women's clothes that built a women's college without a closet from vestibule to tower, and when some one remonstrated with him he said he had driven a peg in every room. A girl should wear one dress and hang the other on a peg, and that was all the clothes she needed. It was another man equally illustrious and well informed on this subject who has been writing lately in an English paper that a woman ought to be able to dress very well on £60 a year and that on this allowance she should never be without three tailor dresses and several pairs of shoes, which should always be made at the best establishments. This modern "Daniel come to judgment" advises, as the *modus operandi*, that a woman write down exactly the "number of dresses she wants in a year;" not the number she needs, you will notice, which is conclusive proof that he is probably a bachelor living somewhere in quarters, and hasn't a wife, a sweetheart, or even a girl who promises to be a sister to him. The number of dresses a woman wants in a season is only equalled by the number of roses she wants in a summer—all she can have. Well, after the woman has written down the dresses, with the price set against each, she is to set aside a sum for hats, boots, shoes, mantles, underlinen, etc., all of which is very well; but no mathematician has yet arisen who could arrange the items of such an account to equal in the aggregate sum of \$300. I looked over a lady's shoulder the other day and saw her write her check for \$100 in a Fifth avenue millinery establishment, and the receipted bill she obtained in exchange had only the hats of one summer season among its items. She was neither a member of the 400 nor of the demi-monde, but a New York lady in good social standing, who goes to church and to the theatre, drives in the park, has an occasional box at the opera, makes calls, and is invited to dinners, lunches, and receptions. Now the first item in the bill was a "shade hat," so-

called, though how a thing of gauze and open straw and roses, without any crown, and a lace brim, could exercise such a high prerogative it is difficult to determine. Any way it was designed to be worn at "garden lunches," as we call them now. Last year they were "lawn parties," but the world moves on. Then there was a genteel, spring-like little affair of plain straw and delicate blossoms, which was supposed to be a church hat, and the two together mutilated \$50 so that the fragments were hardly worth gathering up. There was a pretty, simple little affair of straw and velvet, fastened together with two big gold pins, for shopping and morning wear, and a black lace and jet atom of gorgeousness for a dress hat. And in this case, as the woman was fair and young, a scarlet sailor hat finished the list. The bonnets suggest in themselves that they must have been accompanied by the daintiest, dressiest of China silks in the first instance, a subdued but rich wool suit or black net gown for church, or may be a dark China silk; the plain, simply-stitched tailor dress for street wear, the rich brocade or lace for dressy occasions, and a rough serge or flannel as a boating and country dress. There are, besides, the gingham and foulards for morning wear, of which several are needed to insure freshness and daintiness in warm weather. The woman who manages to get them all together for \$500 has great economical ability. Shoes made as the wise man advocates, at the best place cost \$10 for street wear, and \$12 or \$15 when made in the fine, soft leather for dress occasions. Slippers and half-shoes range from \$4 to \$8, and fashion now demands that dresses shall be matched in color by shoes, which necessitates the purchase of several pairs. A woman, nice in all the mysteries of dainty frillings and laces, spends \$100 and \$200 on lingerie in the course of the season, and when all the wraps and mantles, to say nothing of gloves and perfumery, are provided, often \$1,000 are required to settle all the bills my lady makes in preparation for the summer season. Double this and add to it a generous margin, and there is the estimate for the year, for in winter, while fewer costumes are needed, they are fashioned of more costly material. Now, there are plenty of women who dress and dress well on \$300 a year, but they don't wear tailor dresses, or, if they do, one gown in the course of two or three years is indeed a great luxury. They are rather the tasty, observing, deft-handed little women who trim and dye and make and remake their dresses, with the aid of a seamstress, and trim their own jaunty little hats from models seen in the shop windows, and they don't have their shoes made at all, but buy them at the cheapest place they can find. And these women are remarkably well-dressed and genteel-looking individuals, for they usually have that happy knack of wearing their clothes well, which is indeed a gift of divine Providence, quite as much as a voice like the great diva's. Five hundred dollars will give a woman of social taste and judgment a handsome dress each season, with its requisite accompaniments of gloves, bonnets, and boots, and enable her to look like a lady born on all occasions, if she has the faculty of lending a hand in the fashioning of her cheaper gowns, remodelling the old ones, and directing the less-expensive mantua makers in the construction of travelling and street gowns. And such a woman, despite her reputation for extravagance, could give any man points on economy that would make his head swim.

IN A MINOR KEY—SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

The Last Good-By—Louise C. Moulton—Poems
How shall we know it is the last good-by?

The skies will not be darkened in that hour,
No sudden blight will fall on leaf or flower,
No single bird will hush its careless cry,
And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh
Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears
In your dear eyes will answer to my fears;
But there will come no voice of prophecy—
No voice to whisper, "Now, and not again,
Space for last words, last kisses, and last prayer,
For all the wild, unmitigated pain
Of those who, parting, clasp hands with despair."
"Who knows?" we say, but doubt and fear remain;
Would any choose to part thus unaware?

Judge Not—Every Other Saturday

Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see,
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
The look, the air, that frets thy sight
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!
The fall thou dardest to despise,—
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.
And judge none lost; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after-days!

Good-Night, Sweetheart—F. L. Stanton—Courier-Journal

"Good-night, sweetheart, good-night, sweetheart."
The words ring out while hot tears start,
And little hands, so fair to see,
Are tenderly stretched out to me;
Yet coldly from them I depart—
"Good-night, sweetheart, good-night, sweetheart!"
Good-night—ah, such a night!—I knew
The sweet lips yearned for kisses too—
Asking no other earthly bliss
Than just one fond, forgiving kiss;
One kiss—and as my steps depart,
Unanswered words—"Good-night, sweetheart!"
Ah, dear! if we could only know
The gentle hearts that love us so,
The angry words that give you pain—
We'd let you kiss them back again!
I answer now, while hot tears start,
"Good-night, sweetheart, good-night, sweetheart!"

Castles in the Air—Francis Elliott—Nashville American

Sometimes in dreamy reverie
I float away on memory,
And drift far back to isles where we
In happy days (long lost to me)
Built castles in the air.
On isles mid seas of heavenly blue,
Which only hope and fancy knew,
Beyond the reach of human view,

Save yours and mine, I dwelt with you
In castles in the air.

O happy clime! So fair and bright!
Where in the purple, golden light,
Through one long day that had no night,
We worked and built to wondrous height
Our castles in the air.

Such happy hours they were withal
We never dreamed our castles all
Would some time into ruins fall,
And only memory recall

Those castles in the air.

For still your scornful laugh I hear,
When once I dared express a fear
These castles might not last a year,
You said, "They'll last forever, dear;
These castles in the air."

Long since from dreaming we awoke;
Yet from the past I oft invoke
Your fair, sweet face as thus you spoke,
Or see it in tobacco smoke,
Mid castles in the air.

Sometimes I dream of you until
I almost think you living still;
Then breaks the spell! With saddest thrill
I realize no more we will
Make castles in the air.

Yet who shall say there may not be,
Awaiting in futurity,
Some other clime, where we shall see
Restored for all eternity
Lost castles in the air?

My Palace: Dreaming of You—Cornhill

High over the lamppost, high over the street,
Remote from the traffic, its rush and its heat,
'Neath a sky now o'erclouded, now sunny and blue,
I dwell in the stillness, my dear one, with you.
My windows are grimy, my walls they are bare.
A wreck is my table, a ruin my chair!
Yet I prize them far better than if they were new,
For they tell me, my dear one, they tell me of you!
Untroubled by visitors, tranquil I brood,
At the chimney top's level folk seldom intrude;
And I heed them but little if ever they do,
For I'm talking, my dear one, still talking to you.
Then as dusk over gable and roof hovers near,
And the first star is faintly beginning to peer,
Half a song, half a sigh, the dim casement steals thro',
And the angel who breathes it, my dearest, is you.

Loneliness—Lida Lewis Watson—N. Y. Mercury

I am tired to-night, so tired,
And you are far away,
And I want you more, if it can be,
Than I have all through the day.
Somehow, when the sun is shining,
And the martin birds sing sweet,
Though I long for your voice, sweetheart,
And the coming of your feet,
It isn't so hard to bear, dear,
For I wake in the sweet, glad light,
And say to restless heart, "Take cheer;
He is coming home to-night!"

And I watch and wait and listen
With a feeling in my breast
That will not be stilled at the nightfall,
When I want you, dear, and rest!
When the daylight softly passes,
And the mist comes up from the sea,

And the tide comes slowly drifting in,
But it brings no sail to me.
I'm tired and I want your kisses
And your arms to fold me tight,
For a strangely homesick feeling
Comes over me to-night;
And I'd give my life to lie in your arms,
As oftentimes I have lain,
And drink from your lips, in one long draught,
The peace to outweigh this pain!
But the tide comes drifting in to-night,
And the mists come up from the sea,
And the skies are dark where the sun went down,
And no ship comes for me!

A Desecration—Susie M. Best—Boston Transcript

This is the bitterest pang I ever bore—
To think that I will sorrow nevermore
Because I've lost you. All that fiery pain
Has burned itself to ashes. Heart and brain
Have both quiescent grown; and if you stood
Before me now, I would not feel my blood
Leap turbulently through my veins. Ah, no!
Nor would I turn again in voiceless woe.

It hurts me, dear, to think I do not care;
That I can look on life and find it fair;
That in my ears once more its music swells,
Sweet as the iterance of silver bells.
I'm half incredulous to think that I
Am glad to be alive, and you not by.
O my one-time beloved! once I thought
Not Heaven itself could soothe my soul distraught!

And now, behold! before my race is run,
I smile in the mid-heavens to see the sun
In splendor shine. Nor does the thought of you
Obscure the golden glory from my view!
And yet, I think that I would rather feel
The agony of passion's burning wheel
Than this content—to me it shameless seems,
And like a desecration of lost dreams!

Love's Attributes—Philadelphia Ledger

I am what love doth make me; if it be
Fair, I am fair, with cheeks where blushes fly
For thought of being fair in love's decree,
And eyes that sparkle deeper when they spy
Their brightest image in another's eye!
If love be joy, I am too-fully blessed;
If love be pain, I am o'er cursed for sins;
And which it is I know not, for they be
So intermingled that, I pray of thee
Canst tell me where joy ends or pain begins?
Hast thou not followed in a Master's song,
A passing strain that seemed from heaven to float,
Hast thou not lost and sought it with a strong
Desire, and found it chained with some low note
That stole one-half its gladness, and returned
A half of pain, till each from each had learned
The beauty and the burden of the song—
Then, in the falling silence, didst thou know
Which gave thee rapture or gave thee woe?

Longing—Willard Fiske—Poems

All the day my door stands open,
But you never enter there!
All the night my arms await you
Till my yearning is despair,
And I clasp the loveless air.
Glad of soul the sun uprises,
And he smiles in guiled bliss,
For he deems, deceived, to greet you
Through my window with his kiss—
Fancy, vain as mine, is this!
Every morn I kiss your picture,
And, in kissing it, I say:

"Yesternight she could not enter,
But I think she'll come to-day"
And, oh, still you stay away!

Every eve again I kiss it,
And again my hopes grow bright
As I see your dear eyes answer:
"I will surely come to-night,
Darling, leave your lamp alight."

And it burns till fainting, fading,
The tired starlight flees the morn;
But, ah me, expectant, anguished,
Sunk in grief of craving born,
You still leave in woe forlorn.

In this City of the Lily,
In this realm you hold so dear,
Where the rose forever blushes,
Still shall us the lotus cheer,
Charming each delaying year.
Here we'll walk with hands enwoven,
Eyes that in each other's gaze,
Soul to soul accordant, pulsing,
Through each season's fairer days—
Sweet Decembers, sweeter Mays.

Oh, come back! my brow is aching
Once to feel your vanished hand—
Dearest hand! my kiss shall free it
From its cruel bond and band—
Love like mine can death withstand!
Oh, come back! and bid me fold you
To my heart so sore and sore—
Sore with sighing, seeking, peering
Vainly through the open door;
Oh, come back! to go no more!

The Sacrament of Suffering—Florence Tylee

We laughed together, dear, you and I,
Many a time in the days gone by;
There was many a jest betwixt us twain,
But never a thought of grief or pain;
And the sun shone bright in the sky above—
It was not the sunshine taught us love.
We often lingered a little while
With a kindly word or a passing smile
(As folks may do who often meet),
Or hand clasped hand in the crowded street;
But with smiling words we still could part,
It was not yet, dear, Heart to Heart.
Love grew up in the after-time,
When life's sweet joy-bells ceased their chime.
My soul was rent with anguish sore,
A kindred sorrow kept your door;
'Twas then, as we knelt and together wept,
That into each other's hearts we crept—
Friends, firm friends, through the passing years,
Friends through the sacrament of tears.

Good-by—Mary Elizabeth Blake—Boston Pilot

Be kind, dear love, and never say "Good-by!"
But always when we're parting,—
"Till to-morrow."
So shall my lips forget to frame a sigh,
And Hope smile fondly in the face of Sorrow.
For if, indeed, it be but little space
Before our parted steps again are meeting,
'Twill cheat the hours to haste their lagging pace
If Memory linger still on thought of greeting.
Or should our feet diverge through weary days
And dreary nights, the changing seasons bringing,
The flinty sharpness of our lonely ways
Will somewhat smooth, while thus the heart is singing.
And if—O saddest chance!—God's pitying hands
Should wide as life and death our paths dis sever,
What dearer thought could mend the broken strands
Than thus to wait, until we meet—forever!

AN AZTEC SACRIFICE—THE DEATH OF THE PRIEST*

Two soldiers stepped forward and grasped Fray Antonio's arms, yet first suffering him for a moment to clasp hands with us in farewell, and so led him toward the open grating.

Behind him Young, and I, and Pablo were conducted in a like fashion by the guards.

As we passed out into the inner court of the temple, where the sun shone joyously—for the day still was young, and the rain-clouds had but begun to gather about the mountain-peaks—we heard a murmur in the air like the distant sound of bees buzzing. As we entered the rear portal of the temple this sound grew louder, yet still was soft and blurred.

In the temple Fray Antonio was separated from us, being led toward the inner entrance of that subterranean passage which opened into the pit of the amphitheatre; and as we went onward toward the great portal in the temple's front we cast toward him sorrowful looks in which all the bitter pain and the sense of approaching loss that was in our hearts was concentrated.

We had in answer from him, as he walked with elate bearing between his guards, only looks of most joyful hope, in which was also a very tender love.

The noise that at first had seemed to us like bees buzzing grew louder as we advanced, until, when we came out upon the open space before the temple, it swelled into a mighty roar.

And there the cause of it was plain to us.

Before us lay the great amphitheatre crowded with a waiting, seething multitude.

All the thousands gathered there were uttering savage cries of delight, fierce and uncontrollable, at thought of the savage spectacle that now in a few moments would gladden their fierce hearts.

In the midst of this tumult we were hurried into a sort of balcony, heavily built of stone, that hung upon the slope of the amphitheatre.

Just behind and above which, was a much larger balcony of richly-wrought stone-work, covered by a canopy of bright colored heavy stuffs, and that had in its midst a sort of throne.

At sight of us a great shout went up.

In a moment it died away into a hush of silence as the Priest Captain, with a company of priests about him, entered the balcony behind us and took his seat upon the throne.

But in another instance the shouting burst forth again—as Fray Antonio came out from the passage that opened beneath us, and in a moment was lifted bodily by his guards and placed upon the Stone of Sacrifice in plain view of all.

I wondered as I saw that only soldiers accompanied him, and that there was no sign of the coming of the priests by whom the sacrifice would be made. But my wonder ceased, and the burning pain that then consumed me was a little lessened, as there came forth

* From "An Aztec Treasure House." By Thomas A. Janvier. Harper & Bros. A band of five men, of which Fray Antonio was a member, exploring the interior of Mexico for a hidden city where a wealthy isolated remnant of the ancient Aztecs is supposed to exist, is taken captive by these Aztecs. Their Priest Captain, Itzacoatl, who rules over them, is familiar with the civilization of to-day, as he makes frequent visits to the outside world. He condemns Fray Antonio to be sacrificed to the gods.

from the underground passage, guarded by four soldiers, an Indian of enormous stature, whose muscles stood out in great knots upon his lithe body and legs and arms, and immediately following him six others no less huge and strong.

Then I knew that Fray Antonio was not to die the tortured death of a sacrificial victim, but was to have, in accordance with the Aztec custom, one chance of saving his life.

This chance of life was to be found in fighting these seven men in turn, and receiving his freedom when he had slain them all.

Yet as I looked at the slim figure of the monk, and then at these burly giants ready to be pitted against him, I knew that but one result could issue from that unequal combat.

A sudden dizziness came upon me, and for a moment all around me was dark.

Nor was this momentary darkness wholly imaginary; for just then—with a low growl of distant thunder, seeming miles away from this awful scene—a fragment broke away from the great mass of black cloud that hung upon the crest of the cliff above us and drifted sluggishly across the face of the sun.

When my dizziness had passed, and I could again see clearly, the warrior was standing, straight and massive, naked save for his breech-clout, upon the Stone of Sacrifice. He was armed with a round shield and a maccuahuitl of hardened gold.

The monk still wore his flowing habit, whence the hood had fallen back so that his head was bare; in one hand he held his crucifix, and with the other he was motioning away the sword and shield that a soldier held out to him.

At sight of this refusal on the part of Fray Antonio to be armed there was a shrill outcry among the multitude that the fight would not be fair.

To this sharp noise of strident voices there was added a solemn undertone that came in a low roll of thunder from the overhanging cloud.

As though to still the clamor, the monk waved his hand; and when at this sign the outcries ceased, he asked—yet addressing not the Priest Captain but the whole mass of people gathered there—if certain words which he desired to utter would be heard. And in answer to him there went up a shout of assent in which was drowned completely (save that we, being close beneath him, heard it) the Priest Captain's order that the fight should begin.

It struck me then that the Priest Captain showed his appreciation of the critical situation with which he was then dealing, and his dread of the forces which an ill-timed word in opposition to the will of the multitude might let loose against him, by refraining from repeating his order when silence came again and all the thousands gathered there leaned forward eagerly to hearken to what Fray Antonio would say.

And what he did say was the most moving and the most exalted deliverance that ever came forth from mortal man. To that great multitude he preached there shortly, but with an eloquence that I doubt not was born directly of heavenly inspiration, a sermon so searching, so full of God's great love and tenderness,

and so full also of the majesty of His law and of the long-suffering of His mercy and loving-kindness, that every word of it falling from his lips seemed to burn into the depths of all those heathen hearts.

My own heart was thrilled and shaken as it never had been stirred before.

The boy Pablo wept as he listened.

Even Young, to whom the spoken words had no meaning, grew pale, and sweat gathered in great glistening beads upon his forehead as his soul was moved within him by the infinitely beseeching tenderness of Fray Antonio's voice.

Most wonderfully did his voice rise and fall in its cadenced sweetness and entreaty, and there was a strangely vibrant quality in his tones that matched the tenor of his words and so held spellbound all that vast multitude, the spectators, that but a few moments before were wild in their shouts of savage joy at prospect of the coming sacrifice.

As he spoke on, a hush fell upon them who listened; and then through the throng a tremor seemed to run, but less a sound of actual speech than a subtle manifestation that in a moment a great outburst of assent would come—all the hatred and savage malice of these people swept away by the strength of the truth.

I felt within me that the work which Fray Antonio had dared death to accomplish already was triumphantly concluded.

I so waited, breathless, to hear this heathen host proclaim its glad allegiance to the Christian God.

But the Priest Captain also perceived how imminent was the danger that menaced the ancient faith, and dared to take the one chance left for saving it, and that a desperate one, by breaking in upon Fray Antonio's discourse with a ringing order that the fight should be no longer delayed—whereat a deep growl of dissent ran through the crowd, that was echoed in a still deeper roar of thunder in the dark sky.

In truth, the gathering of the storm in the heavens above seemed to be wholly in keeping with the storm that with an equal celerity was gathering on the earth below. There was a heavy languor, a dense stillness in the air, and the cloud above us had drifted out from the face of the cliff so far that it now hung over all the city like a vast black canopy. From this sombre mass, that buried all beneath it in gloomy shadows, flashes of lightning shot forth that each moment increased in fiery intensity, and the rolling roar of thunder each moment grew louder and sharper and more terrible in its dark, abysmal depths.

Even as the Priest Captain spoke there came a yet more vivid flash, and almost with it a crashing peal of thunder, that held the air, it seemed, for minutes ere it lost its force in lesser peals, softening and dying away in the distance.

At the word of command, so vehemently given, the warrior faced about upon Fray Antonio and held high aloft his sword; but the monk, firmly standing there, while in his eyes shone so glorious a light that it seemed as though the wrath of outraged Heaven blazed forth from them, opposed to this earthly weapon only his outstretched crucifix.

He confronted the death that menaced him with so splendid a bravery that for an instant his huge antagonist was held still—seeming powerless to move even a muscle while the spell lasted—by a wonder that was born half of admiration and half of awe.

In the breathless hush of that supreme moment Fray Antonio cried out in tones so clear and so ringing that his words were heard by every man of all the thousands gathered there:

"I call for help u on the living and the only God!"

And even as these words still sounded in our ears there shot forth from the clouds above us a swift red flash of blinding light.

With this came a crash of thunder so mighty that the cliffs above strained and quivered.

Great fragments of rock came hurtling down from high up the solid wall of the cliffs.

A shivering trembling surged through the whole mountain so that we felt it swaying beneath our feet.

And as we gazed in awe, through the gloom that from all parts of the heavens was gathering toward the height whereon we were, we saw before us God's wrath made manifest: for the warrior, still holding raised the metal sword that had tempted death to him, trembled, reeled a little, swayed gently forward, and then with a sudden jerk swayed backward again, and so fell lifeless—his bare right arm, and all the length of his naked body to his very heel, marked by a livid streak of bloody purple that showed where the thunder-bolt had passed.

For a moment the monk also seemed stunned; and then, kneeling beside that lightning-blasted corpse, and holding his hands outstretched toward heaven whence his deliverance had come, he cried in a clear strong voice, of which the solemn tones rang vibrant through that awful silence:

"The Christian God liveth and reigneth! Believe on Him whose love and whose mercy are not less tender than is terrible His transcendent power!"

There was no mistaking the sudden sympathetic thrill of movement that ran through the ranks of that vast multitude as these words were spoken.

I drew a long breath of thankfulness; for I felt that Fray Antonio was saved, and that in another instant my ears would be nigh burst by the thunderous roar of all those thousands—won to him by his own most moving eloquence, and by sight of the miracle of the fiery messenger, by which his deliverance had been wrought—that he should be set free.

And in this instant—in the very moment that this sigh escaped me, while yet the pause lasted before that great shout came, the Priest Captain sprang, like lightning, from his seat above us into the balcony where we prisoners stood guarded, on downward into the arena below, and thence upon the Stone of Sacrifice—all with a demoniac agility most horrible to look upon in one of his withered age.

There with a fierce thrust of a spear that he had caught from a soldier's hand in passing, the Priest Captain pierced Fray Antonio betwixt the shoulders, straight through the heart.

The monk, still grasping in his tight-closed hands his crucifix, fell face downward upon the Stone of Sacrifice, and lay there dead.

Then Itzacatl, standing with one foot upon the monk's dead body, and grasping still the spear that he had planted in that noble heart, cried out, wildly and triumphantly: "Behold the victory and the vengeance of our Aztec gods!"

And the multitude, swayed backward from the very threshold of the Christian faith, shouted together in one mighty voice:

"Victory and vengeance for our gods!"

FACTS AND FIGURES—THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA*

There is one pauper in every thirty-seven inhabitants in England and Wales.—The centre of population of the United States is now at Madison, Ind., near the junction of the thirty-ninth parallel and the eighty-fifth meridian.—The most expensive thermometer in this country is in use at the Johns Hopkins University; it is known as Prof. Bowland's thermometer, and is valued at \$10,000; it is an absolutely perfect instrument, and the graduations on the glass are so fine that it is necessary to use a microscope to read them.—The national debt of Germany, which is much smaller than that of any other great country in the world, is, in round figures, \$192,000,000.—Over 64,000 people die in the British Islands every year from consumption alone.—There are 4,041 muscles in a caterpillar.—Switzerland is the only civilized country in the world which grants no patents for inventions.—The principal picture galleries of Europe are ranked according to the number of pictures they contain: 1, Versailles; 2, Dresden; 3, Madrid; 4, Louvre; 5, London; 6, St. Petersburg; 7, Berlin; 8, Vienna; 9, Munich; 10, Florence; 11, Naples; 12, Venice; 13, Antwerp; 14, Turin.

America has 200,000 telephones, more than the rest of the world combined.—The deepest running stream that is known is the Niagara River, just under the suspension bridge, where it is seven hundred feet deep by actual measurement.—Quatrefages reckons up at least one hundred and seventy-two races of men, all, however, reducible to the three fundamental, black, yellow, and white stems.—Dr. Charcot, the eminent scientist at the head of the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, has finished a long series of experiments in hypnotism, and gives it as his opinion that not more than one person in 100,000 is subject to the influence.—The largest library in the world is that founded by Louis XIV. in Paris; there are 1,400,000 volumes, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals.—The pearl-fishing season in Ceylon only lasts twenty-two days, and during that period 11,000,000 oysters are brought to the surface by fifty divers.—Of the one hundred and eight new roses produced during the year just passed, seventy-three are credited to France, and but five to the United States.—The new observatory near Tananarivo, Madagascar, will be one of the highest in the world, as the site chosen is about 4,400 feet above sea level.—There are 208,749 railroad bridges in the United States, spanning 3,213 miles.

The boundary line between the United States and Canada is not "imaginary," as most people suppose; the fact is the line is distinctly marked from Lake Michigan to Alaska by cairns, iron pillars, earth mounds, and timber clearings; there are three hundred and eighty-five of these marks between the Lake of the Woods and the base of the Rocky Mountains; the British placed one post every two miles and the United States one between each British post; the posts are of cast-iron, and cast on their faces are the words "Convention of London, Oct. 20, 1818," where the line crosses lakes, mountains of stones have been built, projecting eight feet above high-water mark; in forests the line is defined by felling trees for a space a rod

wide.—The spread of the English language is indicated by the fact that it was used in the framing of a recent treaty between Russia and China.—As the result of weighing two hundred and three newly-born children, to determine the weight of brain, the male infant's brain weighed 11.9 ounces and the female 11.6 ounces, the weight of the brain being to the body as one to eight or thereabout.—There are about 54,000,000 square miles of land on the globe, of which Europe has 4,000,000, America 16,000,000, Asia 19,000,000, Africa 12,000,000, and Australia and the rest 3,000,000.—The longest American railroad tunnel is the Hoosac tunnel on the Fitchburg railroad, four and three-quarter miles: the St. Gothard tunnel, in Europe, is nine miles long.

The population of Ireland decreases by over 60,000 a year.—The percentage of light lost in passing through window glass is, through clear glass, 12 per cent; slightly ground, 24; half ground, 35; all ground, 40; opal glass, 60.—There are estimated to be 97,790 deaths in the world in every twenty-four hours, and 104,800 births, or about seventy per minute.—It is said that the postage stamps of half the nations of the world are engraved and printed in New York.—The first locomotive was built by Richard Trevithick in 1804, but the first locomotive after the modern idea was built by George Stephenson in 1829; the idea of the construction of a locomotive was given to the world by James Watt in 1769, and patented by him in 1784.—The oyster is one of the strongest creatures on the earth; the force required to open an oyster is more than 1300 times its weight.—The sign of equality was first used in 1557 by a sharp mathematician, who substituted it to avoid repeating "equal to."—Beers, an Austrian sculptor, has succeeded in discovering a process for moulding marble fluid precisely as bronze is moulded.

The largest steam derrick in the world is used by a shipping company at Hamburg, Germany: it is kept at the docks and used in lifting immense weights on and off shipboard; it can pick up a ten-wheeled locomotive with perfect ease.—There are 2,700 courts in the United States engaged in granting divorces, and one marriage in every twenty-eight is thus annulled.—The largest room in the world, under one roof and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg: it is six hundred and twenty feet long by one hundred and fifty in breadth; by daylight it is used for military displays, and a battalion can completely manoeuvre in it; 20,000 wax tapers are required to light it; the roof of this building is a single arch of iron.—The placing of the last stone in the spire of the cathedral at Ulm raises it to a height of five hundred and thirty feet, and makes it the highest cathedral in the world.—According to a consular report, the countries of Europe cover the following areas: Germany, 34,596,000 acres; Russia, 494,228,000 acres; Austria-Hungary, 45,951,700 acres; Sweden, 42,000,000 acres; France, 22,240,000 acres; Spain, 19,709,000 acres; Italy, 9,884,570 acres, and England, 2,471,000.—There are seventy-five American colleges for women.—Trade-marks were known in ancient Babylon; China had them as early as 1000 B.C.; they were authorized in England in 1300; Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, is said to have had a lawsuit over his trade-mark.

* Compiled expressly for CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

The Terror of a Dream—From London Tit-Bits

While it is well known that the most abstruse problems have been worked out in sleep, and the most astounding plots found in dreamland, still the majority of dreams yield nothing that can be converted into every-day power. A fool is not turned into a wise man when he goes to sleep, though the opposite of this does sometimes seem to be true. An artist of repute heard terrible groans, followed by piercing yells from the next room, where a friend was sleeping. Thinking that a burglar must be murdering the man, he ran to the rescue. He found his friend sitting up in bed, asleep, but sobbing and crying like a baby. After a few vigorous shakes, and stern appeals to his manhood, he managed to bring forth the following appeal: "Don't you come! It will get you, too! Get out of the way! It's dreadful!" "What is the matter?" demanded the artist. "Boo-hoo!" wailed the dazed dreamer. "I have been in such awful danger! Boo-hoo!" "It's all right, old fellow. Tell me what it is." The crying man sat up in bed. He wiped his eyes with the sheet, gulped down a sob, and feebly said—"Oh, I've had such an awful time! I've been chased all around the room by a piece of brown paper!"

Superstitions of the Moujiks—Nottingham (Eng.) Express

The Russians were the last European race to be converted to Christianity, and are still within a distance of heathenism that is easily measurable. It is, therefore, little to be wondered at that a number of singular superstitions should still survive among the peasantry rather like those prevailing in France and England during the middle ages. The Russian journals are not much read in this country, but if they were more within the linguistic resources of English readers eager after novelties, they would be much astonished at not a few items. Since the time of Dædalus, flying men have been objects of suspicion, and we should certainly advise aeronauts to hesitate before making an ascent in Russia. Not many years ago a Russian nobleman made a balloon ascent, and had the misfortune to come down somewhere in the Baltic provinces, where not even a picture of a balloon had penetrated. There was, of course, the chance of his being mistaken for a messenger of the gods and honored in consequence, but the peasants who inhabited the district where he alighted were apparently victims of pessimism, and concluded he was the devil descended from the sky to persecute them. They did not stay to wonder what the Evil One was doing so far away from his usual habitat, which is supposed to be remote from the clouds; but in a state of mixed theologic and scientific ignorance the panic-stricken mob tore the aeronaut to pieces. This superstitious terror however, is an amiable weakness when compared with some others. It was only a few weeks ago that the Russian newspapers related how a peasant had, with the approval of his neighbors, murdered his aged aunt because he believed her to be a witch. A still more revolting case of superstition was recently reported in the Kadkaz, a leading Russian journal. The story would be too horrible for belief if the evidence were less circumstantial. An old peasant woman living near

Sookoom, in Caucasus, was suspected of witchcraft. Beyond the infirmities of age, and, perhaps, of ill-temper, the unhappy wretch was no doubt as innocent as the victims of our own "witch finders" were. Her son died, and immediately the rumor ran that she had slain him with the assistance of the Evil One, whose cooperation she had claimed. The neighbors sat in judgment over her and decided that she should be submitted to "the ordeal by fire"—that is to say, she was to be burned and tortured in the hope that she would confess her supposed crime. The terror of the poor old woman deprived her of coherent speech. This was assumed to be a proof of her guilt. She was seized and tied to a pole, and burned to death. What gives a still more fiendish aspect to this carnival of cruelty is that her surviving son was among the most energetic of those who tortured his mother. It will take several generations of education and progress before the peasantry of these remote districts get rid of such bloodthirsty superstitions. As a race they are generally amiable and affectionate, rarely quarrelling. It is only when their supernatural terrors are aroused that they seek what they think is their own safety in malignant manifestations of fanatic cruelty. In the Ukraine, the people believe in all sorts of supernatural beings, from vampires to water sprites. Among the most grotesque of their superstitions is the ceremony performed in some remote places to bring on the rain in a season of drought. An old woman, without a rag to cover her, is at midnight harnessed to a plough and driven through the village, while the male portion of the population is supposed to be sleeping. Her drivers are the village maidens in their nightgowns. If any of the men, except the graybeards, should be tempted by profane curiosity to look on this strange procession, a great misfortune will befall the community. There is a romantic side to these degrading superstitions, fortunately. In south Russia every stream and tree is believed to have its spiritual denizen, bringing mortals to the luck they deserve. Russia is a land of contrasts, where obsolete superstitions jostle with the latest inventions of the nineteenth century.

A Mexican Vampire—From the Springfield Republican

In the early part of June, 1889, I was travelling for a San Antonio paper house, and was just returning on my way from Oajaca to Tuxtla and Vera Cruz, on the Gulf coast. It was one of the most uncomfortable journeys I had ever undertaken. I had ridden for the better part of two days in a volancoche, a vehicle with two wheels and no seat, the bottom being made of ropes holding up a mattress, on which I could either recline or sit Turk-fashion. The motive power consisted of three little mules abreast, spurred on by a swarthy native, José by name, who alternately rode the left-hand mule and ran alongside, reeling off a string of Spanish profanity that was positively shocking. The rocking and pitching of the volancoche reminded me more than anything else of a vessel in a storm at sea, only it was worse. It was nearing night when we drew up at a small place called Oxite. There had, in times gone by, been quite a collection of houses at Oxite, but now, there was nothing there habita-

ble but the posada, or hotel, which, in its day, had been quite a large building. The walls of a court, with sheds and sleeping apartments on the inside, showed its former dimensions, but only four of all the rooms were in a fit condition for a human being to live in. The regular inhabitants of the place were limited to three souls, Señor Don Tivurcio Beltran, his wife, and daughter. After supper I sat on the host's veranda with his family, chatting as much as my limited powers as a linguist would permit. Miss Juanita entertained me by singing several old Spanish and Mexican ballads in a way that thrilled me. She was very piquant, and what of music the dilapidated guitar lacked was made up by her really fine voice and our romantic surroundings. I was charmed, and, though tired from my day's travel, it was with regret that I heard Don Tivurcio's polite offer to show me my quarters for the night. My room was one somewhat removed from the others, and furnished, as well as I remember, with a broken stool, a jar of water, and a bull's hide; the latter, I knew from experience, was my bed, so spreading my blanket upon it I lay down, but sleep I could not. The night was sultry, the apartment poorly ventilated, and there seemed to be a thousand creeping things on my body. I bore this as long as possible, and then, seizing my blanket, rushed out into the open air. After walking about for a while, I spread my blanket under a stunted palm some distance from the house, and, disrobing, I gave each of my garments a good shaking, and, having donned them, I lay down, determined to sleep as much of the night as possible. "Here," I said, "it is cool; I can sleep now." The thousand voices of a tropic night seemed to invite to slumber, and my feet were already on the threshold of dreamland when there came a breezy, whistling sound, and what I took to be a large night bird swept past me, actually brushing my face. I must say this was rather startling, but looking about me and seeing nothing, I lay down again. Scarcely were my eyes closed before the rustling noise was heard again. Though this time its wings did not touch me, the creature passed quite near enough to bring a decided coolness to my face. I am not superstitious, but am ready to confess that just then every wild story and legend of ill-omened birds that I have ever heard or read came back to me with remarkable force, and for the moment I was as much terrified as a child listening to a blood-curdling ghost story. "It will never do," I said, "to go back to the house; I can never sleep in there, and—" those wings again! They came as regularly as the movements of a clock. Yes, with even fascinating precision; and fascinating is the word, for those wings now had an interest for me akin to magnetism. The regularity with which they came and went seemed analogous to the well-timed passes of a mesmerist. Once more—they are here and gone! I was waiting anxiously now each time for their coming, and I remember thinking that the failure of my aerial visitor to put in an appearance at the proper moment would render me wretched. "Now," I said, "I can sleep," and I slept. To my mind there is nothing well defined as regards the remainder of that night. I have a faint recollection of placing my hand on my neck, and being startled when it came in contact with a large, living something—a something that struggled in my hand and was glued to my throat. There was another creature fastened to my cheek, near the left temple, and yet another was clinging to my breast, which I had left bared,

owing to the warmth of the night. Even in my semi-conscious state I was aware that these creatures were drawing the life-tide from my veins, but I had neither the strength nor inclination to rid myself of them. An utter indifference to all things came over me. My mind was troubled by no regrets as to things past or misgivings in regard to the things of the future—it was absolute rest. Another moment and sleep was upon me. Not a dreamless sleep, though. It seemed that I was prone at noontide within some shady grove, while the air was heavy with the breath of countless rare and beautiful flowers. Strange, shadowy forms, borne on huge pinions, circled about me, but their ever-restless wings cooled my fevered frame, and I felt no dread of them whatever. But at last I awoke. I was aroused by the frightened cries of Juanita. She was holding my head in her arms, and I remember hearing her say: "Awake, sir! awake! You should not sleep—My God! The blood! the blood! O mother, come at once. The poor American has been killed by the vampires. My God, what can I do? He is dead!" Then I felt one of her hands as she placed it over my heart. I remember hearing her say, joyfully: "No; he yet lives. God, I thank thee!" And then I lost consciousness. It was five weeks before I recovered sufficiently to continue my journey. Never was I treated with more kindness than by Don Tivurcio, his wife, and daughter.

Various Burial Customs—From Collier's Once a Week

The Thibetians cut in pieces the bodies of their dead and threw them into the lakes to feed the fish. The ancient Bactrians suffered the bodies of their departed relatives to be eaten by dogs specially kept for the purpose. The early Norsemen used to place the Viking in his ship and "send him flaming out to sea" with all his belongings. The Ethiopians disposed of the dead either by throwing them into the river or by preserving them in their houses in statues of gold or baked clay. The Babylonians embalmed their dead in honey, and discountenanced cremation, which they believed to be nothing but a sacrilege to the sun. The Guanches rudely embalmed their corpses, drying the bodies in the air and covering them with varnish. The palæolithic cave-dwellers of France and Belgium buried their dead in natural grottos and crevices of the rocks, similar to those in which they lived. The Peruvians appear to have preserved the bodies of their incas after the Egyptian fashion, and in early times mummies seem to have had an abiding place in Mexico. The Greeks of old were enjoined by law to burn the dead, and the Romans, who in the time of the republic had interred their dead, adopted the Grecian usage in the days of Sulla. The Parsees lay their dead on *da khamas*, or "towers of silence," where the vultures clean the bones, which in a month are removed and deposited in deep wells containing the dust of many generations. On the Himalayan slopes the Sikkim burn the bodies of the dead, and scatter the ashes to the four winds, while the tribes of Oonalaska and Nootka Sound bury them on the hill-tops, and expect every wayfarer to throw a stone on the grave. Herodotus tells us of favorite horses and slaves being sacrificed at the holocaust of the dead chief, and in many countries the wives had the privilege of dying with their husbands, a custom which has continued in the Hindu Suttee down to the present generation. The Burmese, before burying the body of a gentleman,

inclose it in a varnished coffin and, after divers hymns and processions, place it on a pyre of precious woods, which is ignited and allowed to burn until nearly consumed, when the body is taken from the flames and buried. The Cheyenne Indian hangs the dead body of his friend among the foliage of his native forests, a prey to the vulture and the sport of every storm; or else, swathing it with willow branches, places it with the feet southward in some cottonwood tree, together with a plentiful supply of food, arms, and tobacco, to be consumed on its voyage to the happy hunting grounds. The Chinese bury their dead in the fairest spots in the land. They are extraordinarily devoted to the dead, and the labor contract of every coolie emigrant specially stipulates that in case of death his body shall be carried back to China, that his dust may mingle with that of his forefathers and join their spirits in the flowery kingdom. Otherwise, he believes that his soul will wander amid strangers unknown and astray.

The Spell of Hashish—Dr. Wood—Harrisburg Call

About half past 4 P.M. Sept. 23d, I took most of the extract. No immediate symptoms were produced. About 7 P.M. a professional call was requested, and, forgetting all about the hemp, I went out and saw my patient. While writing a prescription I became perfectly oblivious to surrounding objects, but went on writing without any check to or deviation from the ordinary series of mental acts connected with the process, at least that I am aware of. When the recipe was finished I suddenly recollected where I was, and looking up saw my patient sitting quietly before me. The conviction was irresistible that I had sat thus many minutes—perhaps hours—and directly the idea fastened itself that the hemp had commenced to act and thrown me into a trance-like state of considerable duration during which I had been stupidly sitting before my wondering patient. I hastily arose and apologized for remaining so long, but was assured I had only been a very few minutes. About 7:30 P.M. I returned home. I was by this time quite excited, and the feeling of hilarity rapidly increased. I was disposed to laugh, to make comic gestures. One very frequently-recurring fancy was to imitate with the arms the motion of a fiddler and with my lips the tune he was supposed to be playing. There was nothing like wild delirium or crazy hallucinations, that I remember. At no time had I any visions, or at least any that I can now call to mind, but a person who was with me at that time stated that I once raised my head and exclaimed: "Oh, the mountains! the mountains!" While I was performing the various antics alluded to I knew I was acting very foolishly, but could not control myself. I think it was about 8 o'clock when I began to have a feeling of numbness in my limbs, also a sense of general uneasiness and unrest, and a fear lest I had taken an overdose. I now constantly walked about the house; my skin, to myself, was warm; in fact, my whole surface felt flushed; my mouth and throat were very dry. My legs put on a strange foreign feeling, as though they were not a part of my body. I counted my pulse and found it 120, quite full and strong. A foreboding and undefined and horrible fear, as of impending death, now commenced to creep over me. In haste I sent for medical aid. The curious sensations of my limbs increased; my legs felt as though they were waxen pillars beneath me. I remember feeling them with

my hand and finding them, as I thought, at least, very firm—the muscles all in a state of tonic contraction. About 8 o'clock I began those marked "spells"—periods when all connections seemed to be severed between the external world and myself. I might be said to have been unconscious during these times, in so far as I was oblivious to all external objects, but on coming out of one it was not a blank, a mere empty space, but rather a period of active but aimless life. I do not think there was any connected thought in them; they seemed simply wild reveries without any binding cord, each a mere chaos of disjointed ideas. The mind seemed freed from all its ordinary laws of association, so that it passed from idea to idea, as it were, perfectly at random. The duration of these "spells" to me was very great, although they really lasted but from a few seconds to a minute or two; indeed, I now entirely lost my power of measuring time; seconds seemed hours, minutes seemed days, hours seemed infinite. Still I was perfectly conscious during the intermissions between the paroxysms. I would look at my watch and then, after an hour or two, as I thought, would look again and find that scarcely five minutes had elapsed. I would gaze at its face in deep disgust, the minute hands seemingly motionless, as though graven in the face itself, the laggard second hand moving slowly, so slowly it seemed a hopeless task to watch during its whole infinite round of a minute, and always would I give up in despair before the sixty seconds had elapsed. Occasionally, when my mind was most lucid, there was in it a sort of duplex action in regard to the duration of time. I would think to myself: "It has been so long since a certain event"—an hour, for example—since the doctor came, and then reason would say: "No, it has only been a few minutes. Your thoughts or feelings are caused by the hemp." Nevertheless, I was unable to shake off the sense of the almost indefinite prolongation of time, even for a minute. The paroxysms already alluded to were not accompanied with muscular relaxation. About a quarter before 9 o'clock I was standing at the door anxiously watching for the doctor, and when the spells would come on I would remain standing, leaning slightly, perhaps, against the doorway. After awhile I saw a man approaching whom I took to be the doctor. The sound of his steps told me he was walking very rapidly, and he was under a gas lamp not more than one-fourth of a square distant, yet he appeared a vast distance away and a corresponding time approaching. This was the only occasion on which I noticed an exaggeration of distance; in the room it was not perceptible. My extremities now began to grow cold and I went into the house. When I attempted to walk up-stairs it seemed as though their lower halves were made of lead. . . . I felt as though my only chance was to struggle against these paroxysms, that I must constantly arouse myself to an effort of will. That effort was made with infinite toil and pain. I felt as if some evil spirit had control of the whole of me except the will power, and was in determined conflict with that, the last citadel of my being. I have never experienced anything like the fearful sense of almost hopeless anguish and utter weariness which was upon me. Once or twice during a paroxysm I had what might be called nightmare sensation. I felt myself mounting upward, expanding, dilating, dissolving into the wide confines of space, overwhelmed by a horrible, rending, unutterable despair.

JACOB LEISLER'S DEFIANCE—THE NEW GOVERNOR*

Night came at last. A fog crept in from seaward. With ghostly march it stole over the city, climbing the steeples, wrapping the windmills in its spectral drapery, invading every little street and alley till the sparse lanterns looked like fireflies in a mist.

Dank and dripping, a fisherman came groping his way out of the fog up to the Stadthuys.

With scant ceremony he broke in upon the sitting of a half-score anxious gentlemen there gathered, and blurted out his message: "The 'Archangel' has come!"

"And the governor?"

"He is here—yonder, anchored in the Narrows."

"Huzza!" Amidst a wild scurrying a dancing about of lanterns and torches, a clashing of arms—a joyous hurly-burly—a committee was sent post-haste to advise his excellency of the critical state of affairs.

Despite the fact that it was nearly midnight, the governor came directly ashore; and with clangor of bells, blazing of torches, blare of trumpets, and a hoarse babel of voices, his commission was read and he was sworn into office, together with certain councillors.

All within the fort understood these midnight jubiliations and silently fixed their eyes upon Jacob Leisler, their chief. As he sat gazing at a heavy iron inkstand on the table, the flickering candle showed on his gaunt face the expression of one slowly recovering from a shock.

"'Tis fitting you should send him a greeting," said Milborne, the first to rally from his consternation.

The commander waved his hand in denial, with contempt for so feeble and tardy a concession.

"Sooner or later you must recognize him."

The commander made no answer. A silence as of death fell upon the chamber. A small eternity elapsed, when a thunderous pounding at the gates came mercifully to break the suspense. The commander sat as if carved out of stone. There was a bustle outside swelling to a tumult, then a loud voice at the door. After a moment's parley in came striding Ensign Stoll, saying, Ingoldsby was at the gate demanding the instant surrender of the fort in the name of Governor Slougher.

The commander sat doggedly, never raising his eyes.

"What answer shall I make?"

The commander held his peace.

"Some answer must be sent," suggested Milborne.

"Go ye to them, Stoll, and demand to see their authority for this, under the king's sign-manual."

A murmur of protestation arose from his friends and followers. In contempt of all objection, Leisler waved his hand impatiently. Stoll nodded and disappeared.

Waked from sleep by the unusual bustle, Hester Leisler and her mother learned that something of moment was taking place. Following the crowd, they pushed on into the commander's room.

Pressing to the front, they caught sight of Leisler sitting in his chair. They exchanged a look. It was true, then; they both saw it—a shocking change had taken place in him. Vrouw Leisler uttered a spasmodic sound, between a gasp and a sob, and clutched

Hester's hand. Both kept their eyes fixed in fascination upon the transformed figure in the chair. His face, in the candle-light, had the hue of granite; the bony outline of his jaw, his eyebrows, the flaring cartilages of his nose, wore in their hard rigidity the very texture of the stone. As the shadows lay, his eyes were lost in two cavernous pits, while his grizzled locks fell straight and heavy upon his shoulders. Deaf to the buzz of wondering comment in the room, unconscious of the public gaze riveted upon him, he sat with the brooding look of Michael Angelo's figure upon the Medician tomb, and as motionless.

Hester became aware that conversation about her had ceased. Everybody listened. Another parley at the gates. The officer of the guard came in to say it was Ingoldsby again. The man looked at Leisler and hesitated. The latter made a gesture for him to proceed.

"He demands the instant release of Bayard."

A flash came and went in the commander's eyes, and it seemed he grew a shade paler.

"And he further orders your excellency and them you call your councillors—they are his own words—to report yourselves forthwith at the Stadthuys."

There was a pause—a long pause—in which a pin-fall might have been heard. Again Milborne spoke first.

"You have no resource but to go." Without changing his position, without taking his eyes from the iron ink-stand, the commander at last spoke.

"The fort cannot be handed over in the night; 'tis against military law. I will not do it. I am answerable to their majesties. You, Milborne, you, La Noy, go to them yonder and explain."

Both men began with one accord to object.

"No more talk. Go!"

Without further ado, the two envoys set forth. Silence again settled upon the room and its occupants.

Scarcely fifteen minutes elapsed. It seemed a cycle. There came another pounding at the gates. The officer appeared to report. He told his story in few words.

"It is Ingoldsby again. Milborne and La Noy are in irons. He demands immediate surrender of the fort."

Leisler seized the table with a sudden clutch. A throe convulsed his whole frame, and big drops of sweat started out on his clammy forehead.

"What shall I tell him?" asked the officer.

"Tell him to go to Hell!"

A murmur of consternation burst from every lip in the crowded room. This first outspoken indication of revolt awoke the commander to a sudden consciousness of the crowd.

"Away with ye!" he shouted, springing to his feet in a fury. "Coward Papists and time-servers! Go! Go, I say, and leave me alone!"

He drove them before him like a flock of sheep. At the door one dared turn and brave his wrath—a well-known figure, a homely face lighted up with a look of love and tenderness. In this hour of trial and desertion his faithful vrouw still loved and believed in him. He staggered forward and fell upon her neck with an outburst like the sob of a brute beast in distress. It was but a passing weakness; directly his face chilled and hardened, and leading the weeping woman to the door he gently thrust her out.

* From "The Begum's Daughter." By Edwin L. Bynner. Little, Brown & Co. Jacob Leisler, a political adventurer, in 1689, seized the fort and public funds of New Amsterdam, and, as "commander," terrorized the people and exiled those in power. Then his power was overthrown by the coming of the new Governor.

THE SONNET—A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS

The Cliffs—Sir Aubrey de Vere—Sonnets

These iron-rifted cliffs, that o'er the deep,
Wave-worn and thunder-scarred, enormous lower,
Stand like the work of some primeval Power,
Titan or Demiurgos, that would keep
Firm ward forever o'er the bastioned steep
Of turret-crowned Beltard, or mightiest Moher.
Vainly beneath, as though they would devour
The rooted rocks before them, reel and leap
The headlong waves; and, as a plumed phalanx,
Crushed in the assault of some strong citadel,
Indomitable still, its shattered ranks
Cheers to the breach again, and yet again,
So from the battling billows bursts the swell
Of a more awful combat than of men!

Indifference—Alice Gray Cowan—Times-Democrat

Ask not to be forgiven for thy crime!
How gladly had I seen thee still in death:
I could have moaned, "Joy goes with her last breath;
Sorrow shall stay by me until the time
When I shall know the history sublime."
Now, when I look across the lonely heath,
To see the summer stud each swaying wreath,
Or winter clothe it with his frosty rime,
I feel how full my life is of despair,
Through thy unfaithfulness. I cannot hate!
But that, in the dead years, I thought thee fair
Seems utterly unreal. Too late—too late—
That piteous cry of thine, "In mercy, spare!"
I would to God I could commiserate.

The Plains—Christina Catherine Liddell—Poems

The mountain peaks have singers every day.
This is God's hill, whereon he loves, said one,
To dwell forever. But the plain hath none,
Where open country stretches far away,
And the blue heaven environs every way
The strange, round world, until the fading tone,
Of dim blue distance loses at God's throne
Her misty features. Yet the rushes sway
Musical, sighing to the summer wind
Beside the silver stream that, moving slow,
Mirrors the thirsty cattle as they go
Knee-deep among forget-me-nots. And kind
Smiles down the full face of the sun, where red
Ripen the poppies in a waning bed.

Love's Fitfulness—Philadelphia Times.

You say that I am fitful. Sweet, 'tis true;
But 'tis that I your fitfulness obey.
If you are April, how can I be May,
Or flaunt bright roses when you wear sad rue?
Shine like the sun, and my sky will be blue;
Sing, and the lark shall envy me my lay.
I do but follow where you point the way,
And what I feel you doing, straight must do.
The wind might just as well reproach the vane
As you upbraid me for my shiftings, dear.
Blow from the south, and south I shall remain;
If you keep fixed, be sure I shall not veer.
Nay, on your change my changes so depend,
If ends your love, why, then my love will end.

The Night Sky—Charles G. D. Roberts—Independent

O Deep of Heaven, 'tis thou alone art boundless,
'Tis thou alone our balance shall not weigh;
'Tis thou alone our fathom-line finds soundless,
Whose infinite our finite must obey;
Through thy blue realms and down thy starry reaches
Thought voyages beyond thy furthest fire,
And homing from no sighted shore-line, teaches
Thee measureless as is the soul's desire.
O Deep of Heaven! No beam of Pleiad ranging
Eternity may bridge thy gulf of spheres;
The ceaseless hum that fills thy sleep unchanging
Is rain of the innumerable years;
Our worlds, our suns, our ages—these but stream
Through thine abiding like a dateless dream.

Mirage—R. S. T.—Macmillan's Magazine.

I know the mirage—the vague, wandering ghost
That haunts the desert's still and barren sand
With the close vision of a lovely land,
Once blossoming, but now forever lost;
It rises to the eyes of men who bear
Hunger of heart, and thirst of lip in vain—
Mocking their souls with rest. Behold how plain!
Taking the breathless sand and boundless air,
It stands upon the horizon, far away;
Lost fountains flutter under beckoning palm
(Singing, all birds of longing start);
Dear voices rise from homes where children play;
The footsteps lighten, the blest air blows balm,
Then all is sand within a dreamer's heart.

Thistle-down—R. K. Munkittrick—Harper's Weekly

From the cool mead in shifting shadow thrown
Its winsome pinions drift adown the dale,
Over the stream and through its pearly veil,
Under the sombre hemlock, ivy-grown,
By crannied nooks where happy insects drone;
Light as a moonbeam on the dreamy gale,
It eddies onward like the faintest trail
Of a thin cloudlet through dim distance blown;
Fine as the finest floss of Samarcand,
Soft as the kiss of twilight on the wold;
While it is twisting through the pensive gloom,
It seems, some viewless sprite with nimble hand
Spins it with lightest, airiest sun-gold
To a bright fabric on the west wind's loom.

A Sunset Thought—Henry Ellison—Poems

The sun is burning with intensest light,
Behind yon grove; and in the golden glow
Of unconsuming fire, it doth show
Like to the bush, in which to Moses' sight
The Lord appeared! and oh, am I not right
In thinking that he reappears e'en now
To me, in the old glory, and I bow
My head, in wonder hush'd, before His might!
Yea! this whole world so vast, to Faith's clear eye,
Is but that burning bush full of His Power,
His Light and Glory; not consumed thereby,
But made transparent; till in each least flower,
Yea! in each smallest leaf, she can descry
His Spirit shining through it visibly.

APPLIED SCIENCE—INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

Comesso—Florentine Mosaics—The Pall Mall Gazette

The proper technical term for the so-called Florentine mosaics is work in "comesso." They are composed of delicate slices of stones, carefully cut into shape, arranged and joined together (comessi) with a fine cement, and then fitted into a thin slab of marble. The pictures are produced by the natural tints of the stones, the selection of which, to carry out any given design, demands great taste and skill. After the design has been prepared the thin slices of stone selected for the various parts are distributed among a certain number of workmen, each of whom completes the portion of the design intrusted to him, the whole subject being subsequently united. The stones, after being cut into the required shapes, are carefully set together with a cement made of wax and mastic ("pece greca"), heat being used to bind them together. Slate is employed to support the work during its progress, and to line it when complete. At each stage the first lining affixed to the separate parts is ground down, and a fresh one applied, so that an even surface may always be secured. When, finally, the complete design is fitted into the marble slab prepared for its reception, the whole of the base is again ground down to a perfect plane, and is lined with a fresh backing of slate. The fitting is performed with the greatest care, the edges of the several parts being filed until the exact dimensions have been attained. The whole surface is afterward polished, so that the lines of juncture are rendered almost invisible. To bind on the lining heat is used, as also for uniting the smaller pieces. The operation is very carefully performed, so that no more cement than is absolutely required should remain between the parts that have been joined together. The first operation of sawing the stones into thin slices, from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 millimetres in thickness, is performed by means of thin blades of iron or copper, emery powder giving the required friction. The slices are further sawn into the shapes required to form the various parts of the design by iron or copper wire attached to bows, and always with the aid of emery. The finest emery powder ("poltiglia") is used for polishing the surface of the stones, and emery is employed for grinding down the linings. For this purpose the work is placed on a fixed slab of marble or slate, iron plates of various sizes and thickness, according to the dimensions of the slab, and having wooden handles, being steadily worked over it by one or two men, as required. To provide stones for the works in real "pietre dure," Europe, Asia, and the north of Africa have been laid under contribution, and the Royal factory possesses a large collection of stones, valued at some 20,000 lire. Among the principal stones employed are amethysts, agates, the sardonyx and chalcedony, flints, many varieties of jasper, pebbles from the Arno (which generally contain a large proportion of lime), and petrified woods. Among the rocks, which are chiefly used for works of decoration, are red Oriental, Egyptian, and other granites, verde di Corsica, labradorite, oligoclase (lately introduced), antique porphyry, green porphyry, Oriental serpentine, jade, basalt, silicious breccia, and lapis lazuli. Black marble from Belgium is largely used as a foundation, and slate, as has already been mentioned, is employed as a lining

for works in comesso. The hardness of the materials employed, requiring patience to work them, accounts for the costliness of works in pietre dure, of which 75 to 80 per cent is attributed to labor. The outfit of a mosaicist is very simple. With a small table, a basin of water, a brazier, a vise, some copper and iron blades to be used as files, a bow strung with iron wire, a little emery powder, and a few stones already cut into slices, which cost only a few francs, his equipment is complete. It is not astonishing, therefore, that, on the industry being popularized, it should have been attractive and, at one time, the number of persons engaged in it was calculated at 1,000. The youths who intend to become mosaicists are generally members of peasant or artisan families residing near Florence, and they are entirely without previous culture. As many of them never learn to draw, the designs for the works are made by special draughtsmen. First-rate hands, but their number is limited, may earn from 5 lire to 6 lire, and for figure subjects up to 10 lire per diem. For the more delicate work the hours of labor do not exceed eight daily in winter, and ten in summer. The rates of wages are generally calculated by piecework. The earnings of the artisans who work in their own homes are very uncertain, and do not average 3 lire or francs per diem. Although artists in mosaic had been employed by Duke Cosmo de Medici in previous years, the foundation of the royal factory of pietre dure in Florence may, perhaps, be considered to date from about the year 1574, when some rooms in the Casino di San Marco were assigned for the residence of the masters of the art. The permanent establishment dates, however, from September, 1588, when the artists, by order of the Grand Duke Ferdinand I., were transferred to the Uffizi. Here the factory remained until 1796, in which year it was removed to the suppressed convent of S. Niccolo, in the present Via Ricasoli, where it still exists, though transferred to a different part of the building, with entrance on the Via degli Alfani. For about two centuries and a half the production of the Florentine mosaics had remained a monopoly of the royal factory; it was not till 1825 that Signor Gaetano Bianchini commenced the industrial application of the art to small articles of jewelry and ornaments. The art seems to have flourished in Florence from the date of its introduction; it has been doubted whether the introduction of the art of working in mosaic into Florence, under the patronage of the Grand Dukes of the House of Medici, is due to Tuscan or Lombard artists, as it would appear to have flourished contemporaneously in both regions. While it has died out, or nearly so in Lombardy, it has survived in Tuscany to become an important industry.

How Ice is Manufactured—The New York Herald

Does it not seem paradoxical to speak of employing steam to make ice? Yet not only is steam thus utilized as a motive power, but after serving to operate the machinery it is itself converted into ice! That many deadly microbes survive freezing has been demonstrated by Dr. Prudden, the eminent microscopist of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, who found the live bacilli of formidable contagions in ice

cut from waters contaminated by sewage. But no bacillus has enough of the salamander in him to survive a fierce boiling. Some of the new ice machines provide for the boiling and filtering of the water before freezing it into crystal slabs. This hygienic advantage is a very important one. Ice artificially made under proper conditions is more pure and more solid than natural ice, and can be produced and sold in large cities at a lower price. Now let me explain how ice is made in midsummer. You have noticed that when you stirred your cup of hot tea or coffee with a spoon the superfluous heat was absorbed by the cooler atmosphere. On a similar and theoretically very simple principle are all ice-making machines constructed, however they may differ in detail. They evaporate some volatile liquid which draws the heat from the water to be frozen. When a liquid of this sort—it may be anhydrous (*i.e.*, waterless) ammonia or sulphurous oxide, or a mixture of carbonic acid or ether with one of them—is volatilized and expanded, its passage from the gaseous to the liquid state is always combined with the absorption of a large amount of heat from the warmer bodies with which it comes in contact. The temperature of these bodies is necessarily reduced by the amount of heat abstracted by the gas. In the practical application of this well-known scientific fact, lies the whole secret of ice-making by machinery. Put a pitcher of water into a refrigerator; the water grows cold because a certain amount of the heat in it is absorbed by the ice and the chilled atmosphere. Experience has shown that certain gases generated by the quick evaporation of liquids are colder than ice itself; therefore, proximity to them speedily brings water to the freezing point or below it. There is nothing formidable or offensive in the chemicals employed, even though you should see them designated on a druggist's price list as SO_2 or CO_2 . They are abundant and cheap. Moreover, like the tireless genii in Oriental tales, they labor for an indefinite length of time with hardly any perceptible loss of volume or efficiency. The metal used in stereotyping a newspaper to-day may be cast back into the melting pot to do the same service to-morrow. So, too, the sulphurous acid or the ammonia of the ice-making machine is alternately condensed and expanded without appreciable wastage. Obviously this economy of material is a potent factor in assuring a cheap supply of the product. There is no need to refer here to all the minute details of the machinery employed. Conceive a big oblong-shaped tank nearly filled with uncongealable brine. Adjoining it are the condenser and the pumping engine. Inserted in the tank is a continuous coil of pipes, which may resemble an ordinary steam radiator or may circle around the inner side of the bath. Connected with the coil are a feed pipe and a suction pipe. Through the former the previously compressed chemical is forced by steam pressure in a highly rarefied and expanded form, thereby producing intense cold. Absorbing the heat of the brine, which in turn absorbs the heat of the cans, or moulds, placed in it, the gaseous liquid is drawn out through the suction pipe and carried through other coils of pipe immersed in cold water in the condenser. The water absorbs the superfluous heat from the passing gas, which then goes back to be compressed and evaporated anew. There is room in the tank for many of the ice-cans or moulds. When put into the brine the can is filled with water and those who desire ice as firm and clear as crystal, and as pure

as distilled rain water, can obtain it by filtering and boiling before freezing. You need not have any air holes in it, or weeds, or "snow ice." The dimensions of the blocks vary according to need. The tank and the galvanized iron moulds may be of any dimensions desired. Beside the system of cans, which can be easily emptied and replaced after being lifted out of the brine by means of a travelling crane, there are also what are known as the plate system and the system of stationary cells. In the plate system, which as a rule is used to form ice in blocks weighing a ton or more, a hollow plate of boiler iron is formed and immersed in a tank containing fresh water to be frozen. This plate is filled with brine kept below the freezing point by evaporating coils in a manner similar to those of the can system. By thus keeping the plate at a sufficiently low temperature, ice will form on both sides of it, until it becomes sandwiched between two huge layers. In order to remove this ice the cold brine is withdrawn from the plates and tepid brine substituted until the ice is loosened and can be hoisted out and cut into blocks of any desired size. Several plates are as a rule immersed in each tank, and a whole tank emptied at the same time. It is necessarily a slower process than that of the can system, but it has its own peculiar advantages, too. In the stationary-cell system the cold brine is pumped through the hollow walls of the cells, the latter being opened at the top and filled nearly to the brim with the fresh water to be frozen. Ice then forms in the cells, as in the cans. After the blocks are thoroughly solidified, tepid brine replaces the cold brine until the chunks are loosened slightly in their separate cells and are promptly removed. Manifestly in this system a whole tank must be emptied at once, as in the plate system; consequently to make the plant continuous in its operation more than one tank has to be employed. Three hundred and forty years ago Blasius Villafraña, a Roman physician, produced an artificial reduction of temperature by dissolving saltpetre in water. Half a century later the first "frigorific mixture" was discovered by Latinus Tancredus, who combined snow with saltpetre, thus blazing a path for the great army who to-day understand the knack of solidifying ice-cream by wrapping it in a garment of pounded ice and common salt, which produces a temperature of 10 degrees Fahrenheit. Vallance, in 1824, patented a machine in which a current of dry, rarefied air was circulated over shallow pans containing water. The air absorbed the vapors of the water, and the heat necessary to produce these vapors was taken from the main body of the water, and froze it. The air thus laden with moisture was passed over concentrated sulphuric acid, which absorbed the watery vapors, and made the air fit again for taking up new vapors from the water to be frozen. Thus a continuous process was established. In 1834 Perkins constructed a machine in which cold was produced by the vaporization of ether. This was the first application of the compression system. To Professor Twining, of New Haven, Conn., however, the palm of practical priority is awarded in Mr. De La Vergne's instructive pamphlet. It says: The American patent was issued to him in 1853, and in 1855 he operated a machine in Cleveland, Ohio, which was intended to produce 2,000 pounds of ice in twenty-four hours. It did actually produce over 1,600 pounds under disadvantages, and was operated off and on from 1855 to 1857. In this machine the compression

system of to-day is completely represented; and Twin-ing deserves the credit of not only being the inventor of this system, but of also having carried it out in practice. Yet the inflammability of ether, the high vacuum which had to be carried on the evaporation side of the pump, and which allowed air to enter into the apparatus; the difficulty of proper lubrication, all presented great obstacles against the reliable and permanent use of the machine, so that inventors turned their attention to other substances better adapted to the purpose, among which we may mention ammonia, sulphurous oxide, carbonic acid, methylic ether, nitrous oxide, methylamine, and chymogene. Coming down to hard pan the evidence is conclusive that to the lager-beer breweries and the enormous growth of their output we owe the perfection of ice-making machines. Artificial ice is the child of the brewery refrigerator. In order to brew regularly a beer of good and lasting quality, it is necessary that the fermentation shall proceed under perfectly defined conditions of temperature that are realizable only through a rapid and continuous cooling of the liquids under treatment. Until within a few years past breweries consumed enormous quantities of natural ice. But the increase of the production of beer on the one hand, and the frequency of mild winters on the other, stimulated inventors to find a substitute more trustworthy and more uniform. Nowadays light and nutritious beers can be manufactured even in warm latitudes by the aid of refrigerating machinery. When the brewing descends either from the tuns or from a hop filter tub, its temperature at certain seasons of the year may be in the one instance 30 degrees and in the other generally above 60 degrees. It is necessary to cool and oxygenate this mass in a refrigeratory before barrelling, and it is done first with ordinary cold water and then with artificially chilled water when low fermentation is desired. The fermenting tubs are cooled by either chilled water or an incongealable liquid, circulated through the tubes, which absorb the heat of the material in the vats. Stopcocks and thermometers determine the temperature to be maintained. Refrigerating rooms are growing very plentiful nowadays in markets, hotels, storage warehouses, etc., and the principle is successfully applied to freight cars and ocean vessels, for the transportation of fresh meats and other perishable goods. The plan of the storage-cellar is as follows: As the warm air ascends to the roof, the heat is extracted from it by the frigorific pipes, whereupon the cooled air circulates downward again among the casks. The engine, pump, and condenser are placed in any part of the building that is deemed most convenient. The cooled, incongealable liquid, which represents a capacity of about one heat unit per degree of heating for each quart in motion, is sent to all points of the brewery or other edifice where a low temperature is to be maintained. A pump takes up the incongealable liquid from the congealing tank, and sends it to circulate in iron coils placed in the upper part of the room to be cooled, whence it returns anew to the congealing tank, after carrying away a freightage of heat from the rooms traversed. In the tank it is divested of this heat in order to be taken up again by the pump and sent into the coils. The hot air leaves upon the pipes, in the form of rime, the humidity with which it was charged, and there is thus obtained an atmosphere at once cold and dry. With suitable modifications of attachments the same plant will serve to

refrigerate a storage room, and to make solid cakes of ice. In fact, the supply of a cool, dry atmosphere by means of a pipe circulation is much preferable to the use of ice blocks for the preservation of meat or other alimentary products liable to spoil quickly at the ordinary temperature. In hog and beef chill-rooms the pipes are enveloped in cast iron disks, which increase the cooling surface to such an extent that one foot of pipe is now as efficient as four feet were formerly. The application of the disk is based upon the principle now embodied in the best steam radiators—the heating surface exposed to the air is increased by means of flanges and projections. To express it in another way, heat is conducted more rapidly by iron than by air. Whereas one square inch of iron will transmit, say, fifty heat units a minute to another piece of iron attached to its surface, it will transmit only one heat unit to the air under similar conditions of temperature. The Schroeder process had its first trial at the abattoirs of Geneva, where it instantly gave satisfactory results. Pipes placed at the top of the building contain an incongealable liquid at as low a temperature as desired. Orifices in these pipes allow the liquid to flow into a trough containing small apertures like those in a colander. The liquid then falls in a shower into another trough, whence it is led around the refrigerator, to return cooler, anew through the same conduits. The air of the place to be cooled rises through flues in the walls and is brought into contact with the refrigerating liquid. Its density increases, and causes it to flow through the lower part of the cold chamber, whence it makes its exit through conduits formed in the flooring, and is distributed throughout the preserving rooms. This air, reheated in contact with the provisions to be cooled, rises toward the cold chamber, and so on. At the end of a very short time a normal system is established, and brings the rooms to a temperature that can be easily varied between zero and -10 degrees. A salmon, a canvasback duck, a bouquet of rare flowers—ay, even a human body may be entombed in solid, transparent ice, like a fly in amber. All that has to be done is to suspend the object in a mould of pure water, and allow the refrigerating machine to do its work. However, while ice-making plants will be always in demand for isolated industries or small communities in warm climates, the manifest tendency of America's inventive genius in our time is to establish a system by which every house will obtain an atmosphere colder than ice, just as gas or steam or electricity is at present supplied. This expectation is not the dream of a visionary. Vice-President Ganz, of the New York Refrigerating Company, which has the contract for cooling the stalls in West Washington Market, says that their system is working successfully in Denver through one and a half miles of pipe in one direction, and three-quarters of a mile in another. They are filling contracts to chill the storerooms of hotels, to cool the vintages of a bar by running a frigorific pipe behind the bottles, and incidentally to make ice a couple of inches thick under the counter for mixed drinks. They tap their mains to accommodate druggists, butchers, confectioners, and even undertakers. Consulting Engineers Meyer, of the De La Vergne Company, and Lighthill, of the Pictet Company, do not hesitate to say that the consumption of natural ice in big cities is doomed to cessation at no distant date, and neither is puffing his own wares, for their factories are working to twice

their normal capacity. Large refrigerating plants have been erected or are now in course of construction in Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Louisville, Cleveland, and Sioux City (not counting the breweries). New York City in this respect is away behind the West and South. Is it anticipating too much to predict that the New Yorker of the near future will be able to bring the temperature of Newport, Cape May, or even of Greenland into his office or his parlor or his bedroom by merely touching a button and fixing a governing key on the dial beside his desk or chair? What is the cost of artificial ice as compared with the average price for the natural product? This depends on circumstances, but as a general rule it may be predicted that the larger your plant the cheaper the output, and the smaller your plant the dearer the output. You will need an engineer and a steam engine or a dynamo to manufacture two tons a day, as well as if you manufactured a hundred tons. It would scarcely pay to set up a small plant unless for some urgent special purpose, or where natural ice was inaccessible. Two young men, one of whom set up an American ice-machine in Australia, and the other in Buenos Ayres, have been very successful. The product cost about five dollars a ton to manufacture in Australia, and nine dollars (including tax) in Buenos Ayres. In both countries it readily sold as a luxury at forty dollars per ton. Here in New York a large plant can congeal boiled and filtered water at a cost of less than one dollar per ton, and that standard can be uniformly maintained, unless there should be a coal famine or a water famine. To put it in round numbers, a fully equipped machine costs about \$1,000 for every 1,000 pounds of ice it can turn out in a day. For the larger machines the cost is below this ratio. Suppose that a 48-ton machine costs \$45,000. In 300 working days it will give 14,400 tons of ice, or 17,520 if run without cessation during the year. At three dollars per ton 14,400 tons of natural ice would cost the consumers \$43,200—almost the first cost of the machine. At five dollars per ton it would fetch \$72,000. Allowing for labor, fuel, rent, and chemicals, there is still a wide margin of advantage in favor of the artificial process. Any twenty or thirty business men who use from one to two tons of ice apiece daily, could save money by setting up a plant of their own. If they manufactured more than they needed the surplus would find ready sale. On the other hand, it would scarcely pay the consumer of a few tons daily to set up a small plant for his own exclusive use. Here are some of the foreign places in which ice is now produced by either the De La Vergne or the Pictet machines: Melbourne, Australia; Porto Cabello, Venezuela; Merida, Yucatan; Celba, British Honduras; Guayaquil, Ecuador; Buenos Ayres, Colon, and Zaratte, Argentine Republic; London, England; Glasgow, Scotland; Paris, France; and Rome, Italy.

Gold-Beating—From the New York Mail and Express

Gold-beating is a trade of muscle and of judgment. There is judgment in knowing just how to strike the little package on the stone, muscle in the hammer's clock-like rise and fall. The motion is one of the wrist. The workman's elbow-joint stiffens, the hammer falls and rebounds nearly to its starting point. So, actually, it is not the physical effort it seems, even though the hammers, one for each process, weigh eighteen, twelve, and seven pounds. Each beater receives fifty

pennyweight of gold, rolled from the bar into the form of a crinkle ribbon, seven yards long and an inch in width. Cut into 180 pieces these go into the "cutch." This consists of detached leaves of a vegetable fibre, between each of which is placed a piece of gold. Slipped into a tightly-fitting pad the package is laid on the stone, and the hammer falls again and again, the aim being to drive the weight toward the edges. From the "cutch" the sheets, then leaves, are picked out with curious boxwood pincers. Handling with the fingers, especially at the latter stages, would be most liable to break the leaf. Each leaf is then quartered by a section of bamboo cane on an little implement known as a "wagon," but in reality a tiny sled. The second pad is the "shoder." It has 720 leaves and is $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches square. The force of the blows here is greater. The leaves are beaten out to the very edge, as they were not before, and the gold oozes out. These particles are carefully brushed off into an apron attached to the stone, for the workman must account for every one of his fifty pennyweights. In the third process there are three "moulds" of 900 leaves each, and five inches square. Each mould requires some four hours' work. The leaves are now so thin that the slightest misjudgment will produce disastrous results. In spite of the heat generated by the blows, dampness creeps in between the edges. Dryness is positively essential here; so, whenever necessary, the mould is placed in a press—not unlike an ordinary copying press—just taken from an oven. A short pressure liberates the moisture. When sufficiently beaten the moulds go to girls, who with pincers and "wagon" make up books of twenty-five leaves each, $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches square. Each workman, from his beating of three moulds, is to fill eighty books. That is called a "tail." For it he receives five dollars. The moulds show a total number of 2700 leaves. Eighty books need but 2000. For every other book he can fill, perfect leaves only being used, $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents is paid. Thus, if every leaf was perfect, he would make one dollar and seventy-five cents extra. As the "wagon" cuts the leaves $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches square, there is a continual waste. This, with the imperfect leaves, is put in with the shoder waste. It is all melted into a "button" and weighed. This must come to thirty-three pennyweights. For the eighty books seventeen pennyweights is allowed, but they may weigh whatever the workman can make them. The thinner the leaf, so long as perfect, the better. Whatever the waste weighs over thirty-three pennyweights, one dollar pennyweight is paid the workman. For every pennyweight under, one dollar is deducted. Thus, although the gold is used over again, it takes fifty pennyweights to turn out seventeen. And again, a man, even though he turns out an over number of books, may have such shortage in his waste as to bring his balance the wrong way. Three beatings a week is the average number. The skilled workman can make twenty dollars, and perhaps a little more. The actual number of men employed is small, there being only 175 in this city. Most are Englishmen. Gold-beating is done principally in the East; Boston and Philadelphia furnishing most of the other workman. It is in the latter city that the largest shop in the United States is located. A union regulates wages and matters of the trade. The fitting out of a goldbeater's shop where a number of men are employed is a rather expensive matter. Each man's personal working outfit is worth, at least, \$250.

THE SKETCH BOOK—CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

"Dead Nigger" Luck—The Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald

Pay night at a railroad camp: a crowd of eager, dusky faces around a rough, blanket-spread table in the woods. The smoky glare from coal-oil torches and spluttering pine knots fitfully lights the scene. The big table is crowded, young and old, big and little, man and wife, all eagerly watching the rolling dice, while the "pass-picker" calls the game.

"Two bits he passes."

"Hah! (snap) make youah six."

"Dollah I shoot."

"Shoot, nigger, I'se got you fated."

"Hah! (snap) seven, seven, come eleben."

"Down dem dice, nigger, down dem dice—now make you'h point."

(The dice roll six.)

"Hand dem dice, I shoots agen, and \$2 I shoot."

"Shoot 'em den."

"Hah! (snap) come seven, 'en doan' deceib me dice." (Dice roll six again.)

"Six agen, I shoots."

"Hah! (snap) go devil."

(Dice roll six once more.)

"Down dem dice. Hi! look heah, 'Bluelight' has run in hosses. 'Clar to God, dese dice is six on ebry side." ("Bluelight" attempts to draw his gun, but too late, the "pass-picker" plugs him across the table with his "Smith en Western." He falls forward on his face, shot through the heart, and lies beneath the table, his cheated winnings still in his stiffened grasp. The startled players again resume their places, and the pass-picker calls the game once more.)

"Hah! (snap) dollah I shoots. Fo' fo', Little Joe."

"Hah! (snap) come fo', a dead nigger brings luck!"

(The dice roll four.)

"Done tole you dese dice doan deceibe, and de nigger who rings in hosses in dis yeh game taikes he's feet out de san', you heah me?"

And so they play all night. Some win up in the hundreds, and others lose their all. For "a dead nigger always brings luck," to some good, to others bad.

Led Out to Die—M. Quad—From the Detroit Free Press

It is a sight never to be forgotten, to see a man led out to execution by hanging, yet the picture is softened a great deal by the surroundings. There are generally two or three clergymen present—friends and acquaintances who look their pity—a hymn is sung, and a prayer offered, and, if the executioner does not bungle, one can get through with it very well. But it is the sight of a man led out to be shot to death which makes a picture to haunt you while you live. No man has ever seen it who does not shudder at the recollection.

Desertions from the Federal army had become so frequent and had so demoralized certain regiments and brigades that it was determined, in the winter of 1864, to put a stop to them by inflicting the penalty prescribed in army regulations. A general order that this would be done was read in every camp, and it, no doubt, served as a warning to some. There were others, however, who were not to be intimidated, and on the night of the day the order was issued a man in my company coolly left us. He went out of camp in

the wagon of a teamster, and before roll-call next morning was far away. His name was Hartness, and he could not even plead homesickness as an excuse. He had neither home nor near relatives, but was a tough young fellow of twenty-two. A week after his desertion he got into some trouble in Washington, the papers published his name, and in that way he was located. He was brought back, in a defiant mood.

A court-martial was called, a trial had, and Hartness was convicted, and sentenced to be shot. The finding had to go to the President for his approval, and it was only when it had been sent away that the condemned would admit that he was worried. I was one drawn to act as a guard over him, and saw him at least every other day. About the time the verdict of the court-martial was sent to Washington the press was clamorous for some remedy for desertion, and there was a public statement from the President that he would pardon no one duly convicted. This set Hartness to thinking, and he was not greatly surprised when the finding was returned approved. The day of the execution was set for a week ahead. This was, I suppose, that the matter might be generally talked about in the whole army corps, and so it was. At noon, when Hartness was informed of his fate, he was red-faced and showed no trace of anxiety. Four hours later, when I came on guard, I had to look twice before I was sure that it was he. His face was very pale, care-lines appeared here and there, and his eyes were sunken. Had he been ill for a month the change could have been no greater. It was the shadow of death.

I watched him from day to day, and every day there was a change. For the first four days he was in a state of dumb despair. Then I saw a strange light in his eyes, and we searched him, to discover that he had secreted a knife, and contemplated suicide. On the morning of the day he was led out to die, Hartness was as weak as a child. I believe he lost at least twenty-five pounds of flesh within the week. For an hour or two he prayed and wept by turns. Then he got his nerve and braced up for the inevitable. Not one word did he say as he marched to the place of execution. He looked around at the soldiers gathered there, but I don't think he saw a single face. I think he was stone-blind from fear. When blindfolded he moaned out in his agony of spirit, but sat bolt upright. At the first low word spoken by the officer in command Hartness fell over backward, and when he was lifted up, it was found that he was dead—dead of sheer fright.

The Pra'r Killed Him—Opie P. Read—Arkansaw Traveller.

Parson Renfroe was stricken down with fever. After a season of great suffering he began to improve, but his recovery was so slow that he decided to call upon the church. Accordingly, the other day, Flatnose Bob arose in church and said:

"Brudren, it am my pleasure an' my duty ter say dat Parson Renfroe 'zires de united pra'rs o' de church. We all knows him ter be er monstrous good man, darefo' I hopes dat yer will all do yer bes' fur him."

Just as the members were kneeling down, Rabbit-foot Silas arose and said:

"Hole on, brudders an' sisters." Every one looked up

in surprise. Silas continued: "Yer all knows dat I neber wuz de man ter kick outen de traces fur nuthin', an' mor'n dat, yer all knows dat I has allus been libul ter er mighty big fault. Wall, ez yer all knows dis, it will now be 'proprate fur me ter make er few'ermarks. Parson Renfro is er beggar. Some time ergo he come roun' heah an' said dat his chillun didn't hab no shoes. Wall, we got 'em some shoes. Den putty soon he come roun' an' say dat he needed a pa'r o' boots. De naixt week he come pokin' roun' wid er pittiful tale dat he didn't hab no flour in de house, an' now, brudders an' sisters, arter we'se done all whut we has done, dat man has de imperdence ter sen' roun' heah an' ax fur de pra'rs o' de church. I thinks dat we hab done ernuff fur dat man. He puts me in mine o' one o' dese nigger Dimmercrats dat no matter what yer does fur him he still wants yer ter sign er petition fur him ter get er office. We ain't got no pra'rs ter waste. We'se needin' rain, an' we'd better pray fur hit."

Silas sat down with an air of satisfaction and surveyed the congregation. Old Bob arose and said:

"I doan' think dat de bruder's p'int is well tuck, an' it 'peers ter me dat he's sorter prejudiced, nohow. It's my erpinion dat we oughter he'p er pusson when he's down flat o' his back."

"Ef he's down flat o' his back," Silas exclaimed, "let him turn ober."

"He kain't turn ober, sah. He ain't able."

"Den let him hire some pusson ter turn him ober wid er han' spike."

"Brudder Silas, yer oughtenter talk dat way."

"Wall, now, lemme tell yer 'bout dat. I owns two o' de cornder logs o' dis house an' I's got er right ter talk putty much ez I pleases."

"Not in de Lawd's house, Silas."

"Who put up de house?"

"Yesse'f he'ped, but it wuz wid de Lawd's will."

"Wall, now all dis ain't got nuthin' ter do wid prayin' fur dat man, an' now lemme tell yer: Ez soon ez yer 'gins ter pray fur him I 'gins ter t'ar down dis house. No, I won't do dat, but I tell yer whut I will do—I'll 'ginter pray fur dat man ter die."

"Yer oughter be ershamed o' yesse'f, Silas."

"I kain' he'p it. Dat's whut I'm gwine ter do."

Bob and the congregation prayed fervently for the recovery of the parson. Silas prayed he might die.

The next day old Renfro died. When it became known throughout the neighborhood that Silas had prayed for the preacher's death, considerable feeling was manifested; and after a while the excitement became so intense that old Silas was arrested and arraigned before a justice of the peace.

"Yer honor, I wants ter know whut's I heah fur."

"Yer'll fine out soon ernuff, sah. I'll teach yer how ter tamper wid de Lawd."

"Ain't been er doin' nuthin' o' de sort, jedge."

"Neber mine so much o' yer jaw. Fetch in de witnesses, Mr. Constable."

Old Bob was introduced.

"Jedge," said he, "o' co'se it ain't fur me ter say, but Brudder Silas is guilty. We 'gunter pray fur Brudder Renfro 'bout two o'clock in de ebenin', sah, an' putty soon arter dat he 'gunter grow wuss and wuss, an' he kep' on er gittin' wuss till he wuz dun dead."

"Lemme ax de witness er question. How many folks wuz prayin' fur Brudder Renfro?"

"Erbout a hunnerd an' fifty."

"Bery well. Now, how many ergin' him?"

"Only one."

"Wall, den, how come it dat one pusson dun got mo' 'fluence wid de Lawd den er hunnerd an' fifty?"

Old Bob shook his head and studied deeply. "I'll 'lustrate dat by er par'ble," he said. "One time er man owned er hunnerd sheep an' er monst'us ole steer. He put 'em in er pastur', an' one night de high water come. De steer he bawled an' de sheep da bleated, but de man didn't heah nothin' but de steer, an'—wall, it ain't 'uth while ter go on wid de 'lustration. Yesse'f wuz de steer, Brudder Silas, an' yer drowned out de bleatin' o' de sheep, an' de Lawd heerd yer."

"Mr. Silas," said the justice, "yer is a dangerous man ter hab in er community, an' it doan' 'pear dat er pusson is safe when yer wants him outen de way. I'll hab ter charge yer wid whut de law calls pra'r murder, an' will hafter punish yer 'cordin'ly. Ef yer's eber read de Bible bery much, yer'll ricolleck dat Niggerdemus wuz 'rested fur de same erfence. I could send yer ter de penitenchy, but ez dis is yer fust erfence, I'll scuze yer an' will mute yer sentence by takin' dat gray hoss o' yourn. Mr. Constable, jes' go git de generman's hoss an' put him in my stable."

Dancing on the Docks—C. F. Brodhead—N. Y. Eve. Sun

It is at the closing of a day that has been hot and sticky and altogether uncomfortable. As evening advances the pavements throw out the heat collected by them when the sun was beating fiercely upon them.

But along the piers that line the East River all is different. There is blowing a brisk and refreshing breeze that the inhabitants of the tenements near the water are thankful for—not that it ever gets into their rooms, but because it is near enough for them to go out and inhale it without expense. And soon they come trooping down to the docks in ones, twos, and threes, and in groups of whole families. They will spend the entire evening here in the fresh, invigorating breeze that comes up from the bay.

The hot night brings half the population of the Fourth ward down on the docks. Few, very few, make bold to venture on the long pier adjoining the dock at the foot of Dover street. When doing so they violate an unwritten law known to every resident of the locality—that the "Fronts" and "Roses" have reserved the long dock for their own particular use.

For years the "Fronts" and "Roses" had held high carnival on the pier directly at the foot of Dover street, which was known in the locality as "Dover dock." This pier is also well known to a portion of the sporting fraternity, for on this dock many a twenty-four foot ring was stretched and numerous aspirants for fistic honors had all the ambition knocked out of them. But two years ago all this was changed.

A shed was erected over the pier and a watchman stationed there. The "Fronts" and "Roses" bewailed this state of affairs loudly, and made every effort to get on the pier; and it was not until the watchman had bruised most of them with a bale stick that they concluded to seek another meeting place. They found it in the adjoining pier, which since that time has been entirely given over to them.

Any one unfamiliar with the locality might suppose the "Fronts" to be an association of hall boys and the "Roses" an organization of young women formed for the purpose of doing a good and holy work among the

poor. That would be a mistake, for the two clans are simply the young men and women who live in Front and Roosevelt streets. They repair to the dock every evening, for recreation and enjoyment.

By eight o'clock all have arrived. The sexes are about evenly divided. They sit along the string pieces, for the exertion of walking down there and the fact that they have just left the hot, stuffy tenements make them warm. Some of the young ladies wear hats and others do not; and those who have worn them on the way down have removed them. They're after comfort, and don't care much for appearances.

The electric lights along South street have been turned on, and cast long shadows down the pier. Shrill laughter is mingled with the hoarse whistle of a passing steamboat. Little flashes of colored light dance over the water, coming from the Bridge above. A dull rumble can be heard as the cars go over, with a clank of the wheels which carry the cable; and the waves come in with a soft swish that lulls to drowsiness.

Just over Brooklyn the sky is tinged with the first faint rays of a full moon that will soon be up. Below and above the pier the ferryboats are passing backward and forward. Occasionally a big steamboat or a fussy little tug cuts between them.

Far down, beyond the line of restless ferryboats, a white light shines over the broad waters of the bay and reveals the Statue of Liberty. A red light to the left of the statue shows that Governor's Island is still there. Beyond twinkle the lights of Staten Island. Here and there deep red and green lights glide over the water, showing which way the vessels are going.

But the young men and women do not see any of this. Evidently they are waiting for some one for every moment one asks: "Where is 'e?"

This question is not asked many times before a figure crosses South street and comes toward the dock. The figure is that of a young man apparently about twenty-one years of age. He is short and compactly built. He wears a straw hat, a light-colored lawn tennis shirt, and dark trousers. His movements are not hindered by either coat, waistcoat, or suspenders. One limb is shorter than the other by two inches, which fact accounts for his limp. His face is smooth-shaven, tanned, freckled, and hard.

This is "Murph, de accordion player." He carries the instrument of torture under one arm. He is accompanied by a tall, thin companion in almost similar attire. The only difference between them is that the friend is taller and has no defect in his limbs, but a harder face. The accordion player's surname is Murphy, but the laws of abbreviation which obtain in the locality make this terse and simple "Murph." His sole occupation is accordion playing. In the winter he attends Fourth ward parties, and plays for pay; in the summer he plays for nothing—"jes' fur practice, see?"

Murph's friend is not so communicative. He is reserved, distant, and only nods his head in reply to salutations by the others. The lame young man is greeted warmly on all sides. Those assembled on the pier recognize the fact that their gathering would lose its chief charm were Murph to stay away. The presence of the musician means there will be dancing.

Dancing is all that some of them care to live for. Many share the sentiments of Miss Tessie Brady:

"Say, young fullur! I could die waltzin'." This passion for the waltz is a peculiarity of the tenement

house districts. In their own localities the young women who are carried away by the strains of "White Wings" are known as "speilers."

Many of the young men are proud of the title. "Speilers" of both sexes invariably travel in pairs through an entire picnic season. Thus, if Miss Brady dances with Kid Moran at the first "affair" of the season, and finds him to be an accomplished "speiler," she will accompany him to all the picnics.

If the "kid" should not fancy the young lady's "style," he will tell her so plainly and will favor another partner with his attentions. He considers that he is doing her a favor by dancing with her—if she happens to be the poorer dancer of the two. If the conditions are reversed she will probably remark: "Say! you ain't no good," and leave him forever.

By the time Mr. Murphy has settled down on the stringpiece some one has brought a can of beer. This is first offered to the accordion player—a sort of tribute to genius. Mr. Murphy hands the pail to his silent companion, who, without uttering a sound, places it to his lips and allows the balance to slowly trickle down his throat. This had hardly been expected; but as it was "Murph's" companion and more is shortly forthcoming, nothing is thought of it.

Suddenly Mr. Murphy makes the cheerful announcement: "Git on der floor. What'll it be?"

The question is addressed to everybody in general and refers to what tune is desired for the dance. So many tunes are requested, however, that the musician gives up in despair and announces he will suit himself.

In the mean time a dozen couples have prepared themselves for the waltz—the only dance they know. Their knowledge of the art never extends further than this. And they waltz all the time they are at the picnic. It matters not to them that the band be working itself into a fine frenzy over a quadrille, a polka, a lancers, a schottische, or a mazurka, your "speilers" move about in the waltz steps.

That they run into and break up sets matters not to them. They are there to waltz, and will do so or perish in the attempt. They never perish.

The musician's voice is raised again.

"Are yous all ready?" he cries.

"Yere. Let 'er go, Murph," comes the reply.

The dance begins. The waltz on the docks is peculiar from the fact that the male holds himself perfectly rigid, never going so far as to even slightly bend the knee. His head is over his partner's shoulder, his face sticking out behind her head.

She carries herself with somewhat less rigidity. Her face is set and solemn. So is his. Their feet scarcely leave the boards. Other couples move slowly about, and soon a score or more have joined in the dance on the dock. There in the semi-darkness, the cool breeze blowing over them, and the strains of Murph's accordion floating on the night air, they are happy.

The dance ends. Some one requests that one of the young ladies sing. She announces her willingness to oblige, but complains of a dryness in the throat. The "growler" soon remedies this little difficulty, and the charms of a certain Miss Rooney and the announcement of her early marriage to a lover minus a surname are wafted across the waters to Brooklyn. More dancing follows, more songs are sung, one of the young men does a song and dance, which performance he is obliged to repeat, and then a misunderstanding arises.

Mr. Whitey Flynn has requested Mr. Yaller Smith to "lend 'im 'is rag till he does a twist wid 'er," meaning that he wished to borrow Mr. Smith's young lady for the next dance. Mr. Smith refuses and high words follow. All crowd around. Just when it seems as if blows will be struck the crowd is pushed aside. Murph's companion has stepped between the angry pair.

He faces the crowd. Then he speaks for the first time during the evening. "Say, see here," he says. "Me and Murph cum down here ter-night ter give yous a good time, see? Well, we give it ter yer, didn't we?" He is assured that such is the fact. "Well, den," he continues, "all I want say is dis: Me and Murph's sitting dere an' we ain't sayin' nothin' ter nobody, see? But if dere's anny scrappin' ter be done, why we's in it, see? We don't git left on no scraps. Do yez scrap?" This last was addressed to two young men.

The cool breeze or the speech had an effect on them, for when the question as to their intentions was put so suddenly each turned away. That ended the matter.

By this time the moon had risen. It goes behind a black cloud and then gradually comes out on the other side. Its silvery rays fall gently on the water. The waves appear to dance more merrily in the broad band of light that comes diagonally across the river. The moonlight seems to hold the crest of the wave a moment, making its foam appear like snow beset with thousands of tiny, sparkling crystals.

Mr. Yaller Smith notes that the moon has risen as he sits besides his "ladifren" at the extreme end of the pier. The music has stopped, and out where they are all is quiet, save for the lapping of the waves.

Smith looks at the young woman beside him. She is handsome, he thinks. She is, too, with that animal beauty so frequent in the slums. Smith looks at the moon. It is not near so nice as the girl beside him.

He has been drinking some, but knows what he is doing, he tells himself. He has known Mame now for three years. She dances the same step he does. She works steadily. They could probably get some furniture on the instalment plan—he'd go to work—anyhow, they'd have a "racket" when it occurred, and—

"Say, Mame," he says, putting his thoughts into words, "let's git hitched, will yer?"

"Cheese it, Yaller," she replies; "you're full."

Jimsey's Mascot—Marie Moore Marsh—Chicago Times

Jimsey and Tom were newsboys. Jimsey had no "folks," but Tom had one relative, an aunt, whose frequent sprees kept her a great deal in the bridewell.

They used to call their papers under my windows every day, but the first time I ever noticed them particularly was one night when a friend and I were returning from the theatre. Jimsey and Tom sat in front of us on the street-car. They had been to the play; gallery gods indeed, but those little ragged, bare-footed fellows had their ideas of the merit of the performers.

"Dat lady wid de red dress wus a bird, Jimsey?"

"Yes, but dem cops wus no good; dey put on too many lugs. Dem kids was loo-loos, too. How many wus dere, pardner?"

"I dunno. I'm sleepy, Jimsey."

"Well, lay yer head here, pardner," and Jimsey put his arm about the little fellow and drew his head down on his shoulder and soon both were fast asleep.

The good-natured conductor evidently knew them, for he touched Jimsey's shoulder when it was time for

them to get off and they stubbed along, half awake, till we lost sight of them in the darkness.

One day Jimsey looked very happy, and as I stopped to buy a paper Tom nudged him, saying: "Show it to de lady, Jimsey." Jimsey thrust his dirty little hand down into his neck and drew out inch by inch, with sundry jerks, a long cord to which was attached a pebble with a hole through one end.

"Ah! A lucky stone," said I.

"Yes, lady, it's me mascot. I had bad luck last week. I felled into a puddle and spoiled me papers, and den a bloke shoved a tree-cent piece on me fur a dime and I tot me name was Mud, but I found dis down by de tracks, and now we's all right, an't we, pardner?"

Tom beamed assent.

Once after this I asked the "pardners" if Jimsey's mascot was bringing them luck.

"Yes, lady," said Tom, "we walks on de shady side of de street now—don't we, Jimsey?"

"Yes, we lives on Easy street."

A hot afternoon in August, as I sat sewing at my window, I saw Tom run up my doorsteps. Such a white, awestruck little face I saw when I opened the door. "Me pardner is hurted, lady. He felled under de car-wheels, and dey took him to de hospital."

"Which hospital?" asked I, as I snatched up my hat and followed him. "Cook county, ma'am." Not another word was spoken, but he held my hand so tightly that the rings cut deep into the flesh.

I found when we reached the hospital that Jimsey had been terribly crushed—the amputation of one leg was necessary, and there was little hope of his living through it. His face brightened when he saw us. "I'm all right, pardner. I'll pull troo, never you mind. I've got dis, see?" and he held up his lucky stone.

"Jimsey, lad," said I, in a shaky voice, "I fear your mascot didn't help you this time."

"Oh, yes, lady; if I hadn't had dat it might 'av' been bote legs 'stead of one. I'll get on, somehow. Me pardner will see me troo, won't yer, pardner?"

"I will dat, Jimsey," answered Tom winking hard.

The attendant told me that everything would be done for the little sufferer, but that we must leave him, and might come for a few moments the next day.

Tom threw both arms about him and sobbed a minute, then nerving himself bravely he said "Good-by" almost calmly. When I bent over to kiss him Jimsey whispered: "Try and brace me pardner, lady; he's grievin' awful over dis."

I returned to the hospital the next day. Tom was there before me, but we both were too late. "The operation was successful, but the patient did not survive the shock," was the report entered, upon the hospital books, after Jimsey's name.

I found Tom kneeling by Jimsey's cot, his little body quivering with silent sobs. "Oh, if I could go wid yer, Jimsey!" he hoarsely whispered.

I had the body removed to an undertaker's and given a decent burial. Jimsey's partner and I were the only mourners. As we rode behind the hearse to the cemetery Tom told me that he had slipped Jimsey's mascot about his neck as he lay dressed and in his coffin.

"Oh, Tom! how could you?" cried I.

"Well, he tot it brought him luck, and I tot mebbey he'd rest better wid it. Did I do wrong, lady?"

"No, dear, do not fear," said I, putting both my arms about him, "you did just right."

A LEAF FROM JOAQUIN MILLER'S "OWN STORY"*

A most romantic and restless boy, I ran away from school in Oregon, at the age of thirteen years, to the great gold mines of California.

The scene of this narrative lies immediately about the base of Mount Shasta. The Klamat River with its tributaries flows from its snows on the north, and the quiet Sacramento from the south. The Shasta Indians, now but the remnant of a tribe at one time the most powerful on the Pacific, live at the south base of the mountain, while the Modoc and Pitt River Indians live at the east and northeast, with the Klamats still further to the north.

It was late in the fall. I do not know the day or even remember the month; but I do know that I was alone, a frail, sensitive, girl-looking boy, almost destitute, trying to make my way to the mines of California, and that before I had ridden my little spotted cayuse pony half way up the ten-mile trail that then crossed the Siskiyou Mountains, I met little patches of snow; and that a keen, cold, biting wind came pitching down, between the trees into my face, from the California side of the summit.

At one place I saw where a moccasin track was in the snow, and leading across the trail; a very large track I thought it was then, but now I know it was made by many feet stepping in the same impression.

My dress was scant for winter, and it was chill and dismal. A fantastic dress, too, for one looking to the rugged life of a miner; a sort of cross between an Indian chief and a Mexican vaquero, with a preference for color carried to extremes.

As I approached the summit the snow grew deeper, and the dark firs, weighted with snow, reached their sable and supple limbs across my path as if to catch me by the yellow hair that fell, like a school-girl's, on my shoulders. Some of the little firs were covered with snow, and were converted into snowy pillars.

I lifted my eyes, and looked away to the south. Mount Shasta was before me.

For the first time I now looked upon the mountain in whose shadows so many tragedies were to be enacted; the most comely and perfect snow-peak in America. Nearly a hundred miles away, it seemed, in the pure, clear atmosphere of the mountains, to be almost at hand. Above the woods, above the clouds, almost above the earth, it looked like the first approach of land to another world. Away across a gray sea of clouds that arose from the Klamat and Shasta Rivers, the mountain stood, a solitary island, white and flashing like a pyramid of silver! solemn and majestic, sublime! lonely and cold and white. A cloud or two about his brow, sometimes resting, then wreathed and coiled, then blown like banners streaming in the wind.

I had lifted my hands to Mount Hood, uncovered my head, bowed down, and felt unutterable things, loved, admired, adored, with all the strength of an impulsive and passionate young heart. But he who loves and worships naturally and freely, as all strong, true souls must and will love, loves that which is most magnificent and most valuable in his scope of vision. Hood is a magnificent idol, is grand, is royal, and sufficient, if you do not see Shasta.

A grander or a lovelier object makes shipwreck of a former love. This is sadly so. Jealousy is born of an instinctive knowledge of this truth.

Hood is rugged, kingly, majestic, terrible! But he is only the head and front of a well-raised family. He is not alone in his splendor. Your admiration is divided and weakened. Beyond the Columbia, St. Helen's flashes in the sun in summer, or is folded in clouds from the sea in winter. On either hand Jefferson and Washington divide the attention; then farther away, fair as a stud of fallen stars, the white Three Sisters are grouped together about the fountain springs of the Willamette River;—all in a line—all in one range of mountains—mighty milestones along the way of clouds—marble pillars pointing the road to God.

Sugar-pines, tall as pyramids, on either hand as we rode up the trail, through the dry, bright snow, with great burs or cones, long as your arm, swaying from the tips of their lofty branches; and little pine squirrels, black and brown, ran up and down, busy with their winter hoard of nuts.

Far down below was a cañon black as Erebus—a sea of sombre firs; and down, down as if the earth was cracked and cleft almost in two.

Here and there lay little nests of clouds below us, tangled in the treetops, no wind to drive them, nothing to fret and disturb. They lay above the dusk of the forest as if asleep. Over across the cañon stood another mountain, not so fierce as this, but black with forest, and cut and broken into many gorges—scars of earthquake shocks, and sabre-cuts of time. Gorge on gorge, cañon intersecting cañon, pitching down toward the Klamat—a black, boundless forest till it touches the very tide of the sea a hundred miles to the west.

Mount Shasta has all the sublimity, all the strength, majesty, and magnificence of Hood; yet is so alone, unsupported and solitary, that you go down before him utterly, with an undivided adoration—a sympathy for his loneliness, and a devotion for his valor—an admiration that shall pass unchallenged.

If you would see any mountain in its glory, you must go up a neighboring mountain, and see it above the forests and lesser heights. You must see a mountain with the clouds below you, and between you and the object of contemplation.

Until you have seen a mountain over the tops and crests of a sea of clouds, you have not seen, and cannot begin to understand, the sublime and majestic scenery of the grand Pacific.

Never, until, on some day of storms in the lower world, you have ascended one mountain, looked out above the clouds, and seen the white, snowy pyramids piercing here and there the rolling, nebulous sea, can you hope to learn the freemasonry of mountain scenery in its grandest, highest, and most supreme degree. Lightning and storms and thunder underneath you; calm and peace and perfect beauty about you. Typical and suggestive.

As lone as God, and white as a winter moon, Mount Shasta starts up sudden and solitary from the heart of the great black forest of Northern California.

You would hardly call Mount Shasta a part of the Sierras; you would say rather that it is the great white

* From "My Own Story." Joaquin Miller: Belford-Clarke Co.

tower of some ancient and eternal wall, with nearly all the white walls overthrown, as it looks by day.

In those cold, bright winter nights the largest and the brightest stars, it seemed to me, hang about and above Mount Shasta. They seem as large as California lilies; they flash and flare, and sparkle and dart their little spangles; they lessen and enlarge, and seem to make signs, and talk and understand each other, in their beautiful blue home, that seems in the winter time so near the summit of the mountain blazing on this awful altar eternally to the Eternal.

It has no rival! There is not even a snow-crowned subject in sight of its dominion. A shining pyramid in mail of everlasting frosts and ice, the sailor sometimes, in a day of singular clearness, catches glimpses of it from the sea a hundred miles away to the west; and it may be seen from the dome of the capitol three hundred and forty miles distant. The immigrant coming from the east beholds the snowy, solitary pillar from afar out on the arid sage-brush plains, and lifts his hands in silence, as in answer to a sign.

Column upon column of storm-stained tamarack, strong-tossing pines, and warlike-looking firs have rallied here. They stand with their backs against this mountain, frowning down dark-browed, and confronting the face of the Saxon. They defy the advance of civilization into their ranks. What if these dark and splendid columns, a hundred miles in depth, should be the last to go down in America! What if this should be the old guard gathered here, marshalled around their emperor in plumes and armor, that may at last die but cannot surrender!

Ascend this mountain, stand against the snow above the upper belt of pines, and take a glance below. Toward the sea nothing but the black and unbroken forest. Mountains, it is true, dip and divide and break the monotony as the waves break up the sea; yet it is still the sea, still the unbroken forest, black and magnificent. To the south the landscape sinks and declines gradually, but still maintains its column of dark-plumed grenadiers, till the Sacramento Valley is reached, nearly a hundred miles away. Silver rivers run here, the sweetest in the world. They wind and wind among the rocks and mossy roots, with California lilies, and the yew with scarlet berries dipping in the water, and trout idling in the eddies and cool places, by the basketful. On the east, the forest still keeps up unbroken rank till the Pitt River Valley is reached; and even there it surrounds the valley, and locks it up tight in its black embrace. To the north, it is true, Shasta Valley makes quite a dimple in the sable sea, and men plow there, and Mexicans drive mules or herd their mustang ponies on the open plain.

The valley itself is limited, surrounded by the forest, confined and imprisoned.

Look intently down among the black and rolling hills, forty miles away to the west, and here and there you will see a haze of cloud or smoke hung up above the trees; or, driven by the wind that is coming from the sea, it may drag and creep lightly along, as if tangled in the branches of the tree-tops.

These are mining camps. Men are there, down in these dreadful cañons, out of sight of the sun, swallowed up, buried in the impenetrable gloom of the forest, toiling for gold. Each one of these camps is a world of itself. History, romance, tragedy, poetry, in every one of them. They are connected together,

and reach the outer world only by a narrow little pack trail, stretching through the timber, stringing round the mountains, barely wide enough to admit of footmen and little Mexican mules, with their apparajos, to pass in single file. These thousands of men can, at best, in a year's time, only take out a few millions of gold. A ship goes to sea, and sinks with all these millions, and there all that labor is lost to the world forever. There are two hundred thousand men, the best and bravest men in the world, wasting the best years of their lives getting out this gold. They are turning over the mountains, destroying the forests, and filling up the rivers. They make the land unfit even for savages. Take them down from the mountains, throw one-half their strength and energy against the wild, rich seaboard of the Pacific, and we would have, instead of those broken mountains, muddied rivers, and ruined forests, such an Eden as has not been seen by man since the days of Adam.

But now the natives of these forests. I have lived with them for years. You do not see the smoke of their wigwams through the trees. They do not smite the mountain rocks for gold, nor fell the pines, nor roil up the waters and ruin them for the fishermen. All this magnificent forest is their estate. The Great Spirit made this mountain first of all, and gave it to them, they say, and they have possessed it ever since. They preserve the forest, keep out the fires, for it is the park for their deer.

This narrative, while the thread of it is necessarily spun around a few years of my early life, is not of myself, but of this race of people that has lived centuries of history and never yet had a historian; that has suffered nearly four hundred years of wrong, and never yet had an advocate.

Yet I must write of myself, because I was among these people of whom I write, though often in the background, giving place to the inner and actual lives of a silent and mysterious people, a race of prophets; poets without the gift of expression—a race that has been often, almost always, mistreated, and never understood—a race that is moving noiselessly from the face of the earth; dreamers that sometimes waken from their mysteriousness and simplicity, and then, blood, brutality, and all the ferocity that marks a man of maddened passions, women without mercy, men without reason, brand them relentlessly with the appropriate name of savages.

I have a word to say for the Indian. I saw him as he was, not as he is. In one little spot of our land, I saw him as he was centuries ago in every part of it perhaps, a Druid and a dreamer—the mildest and the tamest of beings. I saw him as no man can see him now. I saw him as no man ever saw him who had the desire and patience to observe, the sympathy to understand, and the intelligence to communicate his observations to those who would really like to understand him. He is truly "the gentle savage"; the worst and the best of men, the tamest and the fiercest of beings. The world cannot understand the combination of these two qualities. For want of truer comparison let us liken him to a woman—a sort of Parisian woman, now made desperate by a long siege and an endless war.

A singular combination of circumstances laid his whole, simple life bare to me. I was a child, and he was a child. He permitted me to enter his heart.

PRATTLE—CHARMING BITS OF CHILD VERSE

The Old Doll—Irene Putnam—Independent

All arrayed for her wedding
 Princess Rosalba sits,
 Where only the gray mouse scurries,
 Or the slim black hornet flits.
 There is dust on her stars of tinsel,
 That twinkled and glittered so,
 When the little hands pinned her head-dress,
 Ever so long ago.
 Always she listens and listens
 For scramble of little feet,
 And loud little breaths on the ladder
 And a little voice merrily sweet.
 Always she smiles through the twilight,
 But her cheek has a dimmer glow
 Than it wore when the little lips kissed her,
 Ever so long ago.
 "Good-by, now," they said, "Rosalba!
 Don't be lonely and cry;
 I'll bring your lover, Prince Charming,
 To marry you by-and-by."
 And the music slipped down from the stillness;
 Gray shadows shut over the glow,
 When the goldilocks nodded and vanished,
 Ever so long ago.
 Her veil the spiders have spun her;
 A cricket has sung at her feet;
 While the long years pass like a playtime,
 Ever so glad and sweet.
 For Princess Rosalba is waiting,
 Waiting and smiling so,
 Till the little one comes with Prince Charming,
 Out of the Long Ago.

Baby—Stanley Huntley—Saturday Eve. Herald

One little head of yellow hair,
 Two little cheeks so round and fair,
 Two little lips with fragrant sighs,
 One little nose, and two blue eyes,
 Two little hands as soft as a peach,
 Two little feet with five toes each,
 Two little smiles and two little tears,
 Two little legs and two little ears,
 Two little elbows and two little knees,
 One little grunt and one little sneeze,
 One little heart, but no little sins,
 Plenty of skirts and lots of pins,
 One little cloak and plenty of frocks,
 One little hood, and two little socks,
 A big disposition to haul and to pull,
 One little stomach that's never full,
 One little mouth of the rose's tint,
 One little bottle of peppermint,
 Plenty to eat and lots to wear—
 And yet this baby is cross as a bear.

The First Party—Josephine Pollard—St. Nicholas.

Miss Annabel McCarty
 Was invited to a party,
 "Your company from four to ten," the invitation said;
 And the maiden was delighted
 To think she was invited
 To sit up till the hour when the big folks went to bed.
 The crazy little midget
 Ran and told the news to Bridget,
 Who clapped her hands and danced a jig to Annabel's delight,
 And said, with accents hearty,
 "Twill be the swatest party
 If ye're there yerself, me darlint! I wish it was to-night!"
 The great display of frilling
 Was positively killing;

And, oh, the little booties! and the lovely sash so wide!
 And the gloves so very cunning,
 She was altogether "stunning."

And the whole McCarty family regarded her with pride.

They gave minute directions
 With copious interjections
 Of "sit up straight!" "don't do this," and "it would be absurd!"
 But, what with their caressing,
 And the agony of dressing,
 Miss Annabel McCarty didn't hear a single word.

There was music, there was dancing,
 And the sight was most entrancing,
 As if fairyland and floral band were holding jubilee;
 There was laughing, there was pouting,
 There was singing, there was shouting;
 And old and young together made a carnival of glee.

Miss Annabel McCarty
 Was the youngest at the party,
 And every one remarked that she was beautifully dressed;
 Like a doll she sat demurely
 On the sofa, thinking surely
 It would never do for her to run and frolic with the rest.
 The noise kept growing louder;
 The naughty boys would crowd her;
 "I think you're very rude indeed!" the little lady said;
 And then, without a warning,
 Her home instructions scorning,
 She screamed: "I want my supper—and I want to go to bed!"
 Now big folks who are older,
 Need not laugh at her, nor scold her,
 For doubtless, if the truth were known, we've often felt inclined
 To leave the ball or party,
 As did Annabel McCarty,
 But we hadn't half her courage and we couldn't speak our mind.

A Royal Maiden—Charles M. Snyder—Pittsburg Bulletin

What's this I hear? My little girl
 Wants gold with gems a dancing?
 Big amethysts and diamond rings,
 Coral and pearl in endless strings
 Expensive and entrancing?
 Now, dear (I took one curling lock
 'Twixt my caressing fingers),
 Observe these silken threads I hold:
 Here's a gleam and glow in love-locks rolled,
 There is your wealth of precious gold,
 Where melting sunlight lingers.

Sapphire and diamond—why you have
 Of them in endless treasure;
 For in my little darling's eyes
 The glory of the starry skies
 In gleam and sparkle multiplies
 Their captivating measure.

Rubies! I kissed her little lips
 So innocently smiling;
 What rubies are so red as these,
 So beautiful, or apt to please?
 No corals hid in tropic seas
 Were ever so beguiling!

And as for pearls, one little smile
 Of cheery, winsome brightness
 Reveals two rare, bewildering rows,
 Where purest lustre brightly glows,
 The softest gleam of moonlit snows
 Excelling in their whiteness.

So diamond-eyes, sweet ruby-lips,
 Rare pearls that follow laughter,
 And golden hair—does't not appear
 That you are rich enough, my dear?

THE INNER MAN—CONCERNING BODILY REFRESHMENT

The Famous Roman Punch—The American Analyst

The history of *ponche à la romaine* is curious. It had been the summer refreshment of successive popes for over eighty years, and their chefs were threatened with all kinds of horrors and punishments if they ever divulged the secrets of its preparation. When Napoleon invaded Italy in 1796 this terrible interdict was broken through. A son of Pius VI.'s chief confectioner, by name Molas, as soon as he found the French were conquerors, ran away from his father, and united his fortunes with them. This young man became the favorite servant of the Empress Josephine, and after her death became cook to the Russian Prince Lieven, whom he accompanied to London when that prince was appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James. This Russian first made his papal beverage in London by introducing it at the prince's table. The Prince Regent asked for the recipe, and permitted copies to be given to a select few of his friends, and by degrees it became better known and is now well known all over the world. The original Vatican recipe is: "Prepare a very rich pineapple or sherbet; have it a little tart with lemon juice, taking the greatest care that none of the zest or oil from the yellow rind, or the bitterness from the white underlying pith, be allowed to enter into the composition of this sherbet. In order to be certain of this it is better, first, to grate off the yellow rind from the lemons, then to carefully remove all the white pith, and, 'to make assurance doubly sure,' wash the skinned fruit in clear water; after which press out the juice free from the rind of the fruit; strain the juice so as to remove all the seeds or pips from it; then add it to the pineapple mixture. It must be then very well frozen. This sherbet, being very rich, will not freeze hard, but will be a semi-ice. Just before the punch is to be served, add and work into it for every quart of the ice one gill of Jamaica; and for every two quarts one pint of the best champagne. Never use the wine from damaged bottles or leaky corks, as it will be sure to deprave and perhaps entirely spoil your punch. After you have well incorporated these liquors, add cream or meringue-mixture to suit."

The Art of Carving—Henry Haynie—Chicago Herald

A gentleman should not only know something about sauces, but also the proper way to carve different kinds of meats, game, and poultry. Nowadays too many hosts are obliged, when they entertain, to appeal to some one of their guests for assistance in carving; something that may be annoying to the former, and certainly is troublesome for the latter. The first thing to be seen to by those who wish to carve well is that they have the right kinds and sizes of forks and carving knives, and there must be a set for each kind of meat, fish, fowl, and game. The knives should be kept well sharpened, an easy thing if they are passed every day over a whetstone, and the forks should be of steel, strong, and well pointed. In order to carve well the French think it necessary to stand up, and as the pieces are cut off they are placed collectively in a dish to be handed round the table so that each person may select the slice that he or she prefers. Any one can serve fish, of course, but how does it look when pulled to

pieces? To serve a trout, mark with a fish knife a line starting at the head and extending within two inches of the tail, and then draw other lines starting from this one and running to the sides of the fish. A salmon is served in the same way as a trout, while blue fish should be divided into two parts longitudinally; then remove the large bone and cut the fish into pieces in such a way as to give each guest a portion of back and belly. The head of a pike should be offered to a lady. Barbels are served in the same way as trout, and chub the same as pike. To serve turbot, the prince of the sea, mark a cross in the belly penetrating to the bone; then draw transversal lines from this line to the dorsal fin, dividing each slice so made into two pieces, and send the dish round so that the guests may help themselves. Next serve out the belly in the same way and then remove the large bone and serve the other half of the fish. Turbot should be accompanied with a white sauce made of butter or with an oil dressing, and the tongue, as the choicest morsel, should be given to the principal guest. Nearly every man you meet carves a leg of mutton badly, and yet its tenderness almost always depends on the way the slices are cut off. There are two ways of doing this. When you are sure that the leg is from a sheep of a good breed, and that it is really tender, take hold of it by the knuckle, with the left hand, and then cut the slices perpendicularly from the joint to the bone of the filet; then remove the muscle of the knuckle; next turn the leg over, and slice off the back part. For this essentially primitive way of carving, gourmets substitute carving by curvilinear slices, which render the piece more succulent. But neither of the ways of carving a leg of mutton should be resorted to except when the meat is of the best quality and of great tenderness. In other cases the best way to proceed is to cut horizontally instead of perpendicularly—that is, cut off the slices parallel with the bone; the slices should be cut very thin, and when a sufficient number have been sliced off you should plunge the fork into what remains of the leg several times and let the gravy run over them. A few drops of lemon juice and a little pepper and salt added will improve the flavor amazingly. Apropos, here is an anecdote about Brillat Savarin, which may be profitably repeated. During a journey he stopped one day at a country inn, and asked for supper. He was told that there was nothing for him, and when he looked with surprise at an enormous leg of mutton which was slowly roasting before a bright fire, and at several dishes that were cooking on the range, the innkeeper said that all of them were already bespoken by some travelling merchants. "Go and ask them," said Brillat Savarin, "if they cannot make room for one more at their table, and say that I will pay my scot not only with money, but in merry stories." The innkeeper shook his head doubtfully, and went out of the room. Presently he returned with a positive refusal. The merchants wished to discuss some business matter, and the presence of a stranger would prevent them doing so. The innkeeper kindly offered him some beans, which was the only thing he could venture to take from the dishes ordered by his other guests. "All right," said Brillat Savarin, "but permit me to place my beans in

the basting so that if I am to have no roast I may at least have some of its flavor." The host consented and turned out a third of the saucepan of beans into the receptacle below the leg of mutton into which the fat from it was dripping as it turned. Brillat Savarin installed himself at the chimney-corner, and whenever the cook's back was turned he plunged a larding fork into the generous sides of the leg of mutton. A rich and abundant gravy flowed from it, and as no part of it escaped the prodding all its best qualities were transferred to his dish of beans, while the churlish merchants had only the tough and juiceless remains of what had been a superb joint. Americans have much to learn from the French about cooking game. The wild duck is not always a tender bird, and it can be made tolerably tough in the kitchen. A canvas-back duck, so William Hurst tells me, and he has a duck farm three miles long just below Baltimore, and shoots hundreds of them every November, should never be cooked less than fifteen nor more than eighteen minutes, and then in a very hot oven. It should be carved in slices, and in cutting, the wings and thighs are sacrificed. Most wild ducks should be served so underdone that the blood will run when they are sliced up; the juice of two lemons may be squeezed into their blood; also add a few drops of oil, a little salt, and some pepper, after which let the slices soak for a minute in the gravy thus prepared, before handing them round. In the case of teal duck there is no need of cutting off the legs and wings. A woodcock should not be drawn; what drops from it when cooking should be caught on a toasted piece of bread on which the bird is to be served, seasoned with pepper, salt, and lemon juice. In carving, first remove the wings and legs; then divide the body lengthwise. The wing is the most delicate morsel, but the thighs have more flavor. Do not throw away the carcass or bones unless you wish to commit high culinary treason. Mashed in a mortar, they will form a purée that will give an excellent flavor to a black gravy which you ought to serve with the bird. French gourmets inclose the head of this bird in a coating of tallow, broil it over a candle flame, and then eat it. It is only a mouthful, but it is a divine morsel. Snipe should be cut in two longitudinally. Partridge plays an important rôle among game birds; there are two kinds, the gray and the red; and Grimod de la Reynière, in his *Almanach des Gourmands*, says that the difference is the same as that between a bishop and a cardinal. To carve a partridge, first remove the right wing and leg, then those on the left side, and next divide the body in two lengthwise. Only young partridges should be roasted; the older birds are better made up in salamis or stews. Quail is served, rolled in a thin slice of bacon, and inclosed in a grape leaf. It is also cut in two, like real reed and rail birds, and larks may be treated in the same way. The thrush is cooked like the quail, but it may be carved either limb by limb, or cut in two lengthwise. There are more ways than one of carving a turkey. One way is to cut from the breasts square slices, and proceed in the same way for all the fleshy parts of the bird. Though this is an easy way for the carver, it has the drawback of allowing all the natural gravy to escape, and to leave the most delicate morsels clinging to the carcass. Or you may remove the legs separately, place them to one side, and then do the same for the wings, but cut them up in pieces of suit-

able size; next cut off the white meat as close to the carcass as possible, and, lastly, break up the carcass. A third way, after the wings have been removed, is to break the carcass above the crupper, which remains attached to the legs and forms a sort of hood, vulgarly called the bishop's cup. This is a good way to serve. Carve when there are only a few persons at the table. Chickens and capons should be carved very much the same way as turkeys. The legs make two pieces, the wings three, the white meat is left in whole slices, and the carcass is separated into six pieces. Chickens and capons are much improved by the use of truffles, but, as George Grant will tell you, truffles cannot be got in America. Molière owed the title of one of his masterpieces to truffles. He was dining at Chantilly with the Prince de Conde and the secretary of the Papal Nuncio, a purple-faced, red-nosed monk, who never opened his mouth except to stuff food into it. The only thing he said during the repast was when the second course came on, and then, clasping his hands in adoring delight at the sight of a great dish of magnificent truffles, he exclaimed: "Tartoffalli! tartoffalli!"—the Italian name for this tuber. His sensual ecstasy impressed the word on Molière's memory, and out of it he made the name of Tartuffe, which he gave to his celebrated personation of sanctimonious hypocrisy. Rossini was also exceedingly fond of truffles. One day, when dining with Victor Hugo, seeing the poet mixing them up on his plate with vegetables and the gravy and meat of a ragout, he could not repress a pained exclamation. "What is the matter?" asked his host. "As a poet, I admire you," answered the illustrious maestro, "but as an eater, I despise you." To have truffles and bananas as cheap as potatoes was an Utopia which Balzac unsuccessfully attempted to realize at his little country house near Ville d'Avary; and Byron once called truffles "edible roses." A goose is carved the same as a wild duck (this is also the case with a tame duck), and should be served up with turnips or olives. It should be sufficiently well-done for it to be possible to carve it with a spoon or the point of a knife. Pigeons when roasted are divided into four pieces. When no company is present, the most equitable way is to cut a pigeon in two longitudinally.

Edible Birds' Nests—From the Shanghai Courier

Travellers going from Hong Kong to Bangkok or Singapore by steamer, pass along the coast off Annam and near a group of islands that are at once picturesque and curious. Behind them is Tourane, an ancient French settlement, the stopping place of steamers bound for Hue and Haiphong, and destined to be an important commercial port in a not very distant future. Several of these islands produce an important article of commerce—that is, the edible birds' nests, which have caused considerable learned discussion among scientists. They are as dear to the Chinese palate as to the Chinese purse. It is a singular fact that Annam is the only country that produces them. Why the swallows select this locality as a habitation, and no other, when there are islands apparently as eligible scattered all along the Asiatic coast from Sumatra to Korea, is a mystery. If Banquo lived in these times, he might give an explanation as poetic and reasonable as that which he gave to Duncan for the preference manifested by the Scotch martins for the pure and delicate air that bathed Macbeth's castle. The swallows' nests

are a source of riches to the region. Their value is said to have been discovered some hundreds of years ago, during the reign of Gia Long, who promised a liberal reward to any one who would discover a new and profitable article of export within his realm. The nests discovered on the island of Nam Ngai were presented to the sovereign, who, faithful to his promise, offered a patent of nobility to the finder. This was respectfully declined, and, instead, a monopoly of the harvest was accepted by the discoverer, for himself and his descendants. This privileged family was to pay yearly eighty pounds of the nests to the emperor as royalty. On the other hand, they were to be exempt from personal taxes, from military service, and from contributions of personal labor, such as are common in Oriental countries. They formed a family league of forty or fifty men, elected two of their number as leaders, under the title of *gnan* and *doi*, and founded a village convenient for their commerce, which still exists under the name of Yen Xa—"Village of the Swallow's Nest." The nests are the product of a salivary secretion of the birds. As to their mercantile value, they are divided into three distinct categories. The most valuable are those into which there enters a certain proportion of the blood. These are called *yen huyet*. Singularly enough, they can be produced only by the birds affected with a malady which resembles consumption, and which is attended by copious hemorrhage. Nests of this kind are in great demand. They are rare, and are gathered only in the spring. Local tradition says that these birds died of exhaustion, or of consumption in its advanced stages, before the end of the second winter. Scientists being scarce among the Annamese, and the French colonists not having yet had sufficient time for observation, it is not known whether this disease is peculiar only to a part of the birds, or whether the salivary secretion that causes the malady, causes the death of all of them after a year or two of existence. The smallness of the quantity of these nests annually gathered—which is only three or four pounds—would seem to indicate that the disease is only partial and peculiar to those possessed of the weakest lungs. All other nests (*yan soo*) are classed as second quality. Nothing but the saliva of the bird enters into their construction. They are gathered in the spring, summer, and autumn. The spring harvest is the most valuable, because it includes the two qualities. Two nests of the first quality weigh one ounce, and are worth at the place of production five Mexican dollars at current value in Annam. Those of the second quality are worth little more than half as much. The summer gathering is entirely of nests of the second quality. They are smaller and less compact. It requires four of these to make an ounce, which is worth two Mexican dollars. The autumn harvest is still less valuable. The nests are scarce and not highly esteemed. It requires seven to make an ounce, which is not worth more than \$1.20 to \$1.40. Experts express the opinion that this third gathering should be dispensed with, since it is worth so little and there is danger of destroying the eggs. Nearly all the nests are sold to the Chinese living in the cities of Annam and Tonquin, or sent to Chinese ports. Only the Chinese and some high mandarins of the Court of Hue, who prefer the Chinese cuisine, can afford the luxury. They are eaten by the Chinese, cooked with flesh or with sugar, having first been cleaned of all extraneous sub-

stances, by a liberal application of hot water. When cooked with fowl or game, fruit of the water-lily is added. Chinese physicians prescribe them as a sovereign remedy for diseases of the lungs, asthma, disordered digestion, and most other maladies. If they have curative qualities of the kind mentioned, they probably share them with other alimentary substances containing more or less gelatin. The good qualities of the nests are estimated no doubt in proportion to the price. It is certain that, as an article of diet, they have made little impression on Western nations. The harvest is made in a manner simple and picturesque. Sections of bamboo are thrust into the holes in the side all the way up the precipice, forming an immense ladder by whose rounds the coolies ascend, detaching with a knife as they go the nests glued to the walls. One of the family which monopolizes the industry watches meanwhile anxiously below to see that the laborer does not in gathering detach some portion of the precious nest and secrete it about his person. The operation is full of danger, and annually costs several lives. The monopoly is at this moment in danger of passing into other hands. A rich Chinese company of Hong Kong, which is building a handsome European hotel at Tourane, and which has branch houses in the principal cities of Annam and Tonquin, is offering the Hue government a handsome bonus for the privilege of gathering the nests. The monopolists are greatly excited at the prospect of losing it, and in support of their claim are offering in evidence the very document given to their ancestors by the Emperor Gia Long. Money is needed at the court of Hue, and the ancient manuscript will be critically scrutinized by Annamese officials to discover if it is indeed a grant in perpetuity or whether there is not a chance to make a good round sum by the transfer. In the mean time the swallows, instead of seeking haunts free from invasion, come back punctually with every recurring season, regardless of their health and this increasing spoliation. Other swallows in other countries can return peacefully to their last year's nests in the ensuing spring. These swallows of Annam must keep on pandering to an aristocratic desire, building their homes and giving their life's blood forever to satisfy a diseased appetite.

Prejudices Against Certain Foods—N. Y. Evening Sun

The superstrict Buddhist will not eat flesh at all, because the life that animated the creature is part of the universal life that animates all creatures, from which each in turn abstracts the supply for the purposes of its temporal existence. To eat of the creature is therefore a kind of cannibalism of the second degree, and your Buddhist will none of it. The commonality of them do not go so far. They may eat meat between sunrise and noon. The Russian will not eat the flesh of the pigeon, because the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove, whereby the genus *Columba* became symbolically identified with the mysteries of religion, and eating it would shock a reverential sentiment. This living example of a figurative sanctification helps one to realize the sacred character that has attached under different religions to animals specifically dedicated to different deities. Everybody knows of the totems of North American Indians, but not quite everybody has been interested to learn that totemism is nearly universal with savage man. No savage will eat the animal that represents his own clan; thus, some abstain from

turtles and tortoises, others from the beaver, others from the raccoon or 'possum, others from the partridge, and so on through the scale of animal being. To kill and eat the flesh of kine is considered among non-Mahometan Hindus one of the most heinous crimes. This arose from the cow being the preferred beast for sacrifice. Long ago the cow played the same part as the fatted calf among the Jews in showing hospitality, and beef was a staple article of diet. The use of the cow for sacrifice preceded Brahminism, and was an aboriginal rite. The sacred character has attached to her for some centuries. Why the ancient Egyptians generally abstained from pork has not yet been learned, but it is certain that there was a repugnance to it among them, and those who bred the animal and ate its flesh were despised. Along with so much more of the "wisdom of the Egyptians," this discrimination against swine passed into the institutes of Moses for the government of the Jews. He included the camel in the inhibition, an animal not used for domestic purposes by the Egyptians, though it had been already introduced into their country in Moses's time. It is conjectured that the herds of swine mentioned in the Gospels may have been kept by Gentiles. Among North American Indians some Hurons would not eat of the remnants of food left in cooking vessels, nor of that offered at funeral feasts, in order that the spirits of the dead might have a chance at both. At the end of the Bulgarians' Palm Sunday feast at the cemeteries they will not eat the remnants, but leave them on the graves for the dead who are expected during the night. In Tyrol, on All Souls' night, some of the cakes must be left on the table for the souls released from Purgatory for that night. In Brittany, on the same night, the tablecloth must not be drawn, and a supper must be left for the souls to come and take their part. English Spiritualists have been known to set aside food for a spirit guest, and to rejoice at finding "the half of it gone, with the marks showing the teeth." In North Deccan and India, the blood, supposed to be the life of the animal, is offered to the gods; the flesh is eaten. The Hottentots used sometimes to boil their meat in blood to which some milk had been added. Moses forbade the Jews to seethe the kid in its mother's milk, a mode which therefore was evidently known to them. The Esquimaux drink blood when they can get it. Among the Dayaks young men abstain from the flesh of the deer lest it make them timid, and before a pig hunt they avoid oil lest the game slip through their fingers. Among some South American Indians the warriors will not eat the flesh of slow-going and cowardly animals. Some folks will not eat things that their hereditary enemies are specially partial to. The edible frog was unknown in Britain before 1843, when it was discovered in Cambridgeshire, having, no doubt, been introduced from the Continent. It was comparatively plentiful in France, where it was appreciated as a special delicacy. This very esteem banished it effectually from the table of the Briton so long as "Frenchman" and "frog eater" were used indifferently as terms of contempt and reproach. In the whole animal kingdom scarcely more than half a dozen items can be named, perhaps, that are more exquisite to the palate than the legs of the frog. "Frenchmen eat snails!" spoken with infinite disgust, was an expression familiar on English lips within much less than fifty years. Helix pomatia is the name of the edible snail. The slugs

(Limax) are not good. Many Irish starved during the great famine rather than eat the meal of Indian corn which was sent them from America, after the wheat and other food they had themselves grown had been seized by their absentee English landlords and shipped out of their island. In part their abstinence from the Indian meal was due to their alleged inability to cook it—a curious commentary on mental condition. But many thousands died of starvation rather than attempt to eat a food new to their experience. The starvation in France during the thirty years preceding the Revolution must have been disastrous but for the dissemination of the potato. But the physician who introduced the tuber barely escaped with his life from a mob that believed he was meaning to poison them. It appears that some peasants had stolen some of the vines out of the doctor's garden, which they cooked, supposing the stalk and leaves to be the edible part, and were made ill. The doctor finally introduced the root by persuading the king to let it appear on his own table, whereupon all the courtiers fell to growing potatoes, and the cause of the potato was won. Poi is the favorite food of the Sandwich Islander, and foreigners become fond of it. It is a soft paste of kalo root that has been allowed to ferment; is sour, and, to the untrained palate, nasty. A steamer passenger from Honolulu once had his servant cook him some poi every day. A fellow passenger made audible remarks about "dishes reserved for favorite passengers." The favorite passenger explained and begged him to partake. He partook, and as he fled the table, his mouth filled with the stuff, a mighty shout arose. Guinea pig is a neglected delicacy—one cannot say why with any certainty. The rearing of guinea pigs for the table ought to be an extensive industry. It is one that can be prosecuted in very small hutches. At least, it is but small trouble to keep them clean, and they usually breed "like smoke." Armadillo is a most delicate beast. He is not plentiful even in his native tropics. And equally toothsome are the great lizards. The iguana is by no means the only edible one. Every large tree-lizard, so far as the writer knows, is fit for human food; and all that have been experimented with are most succulent. None of the rock lizards is eaten. Hedgehog makes a delicate dish. His flesh is white, tender, and savory. The Norway rat is nearly as toothsome as the squirrel tribe. The Chinese are quite right to eat them. The European prejudice against the rat is totally devoid of rational foundation. Still, the rat lacks the special savor of the large tree-squirrel, and is more like some of the ground-squirrels. These animals are all edible, but their fat is not delicate. Most of it might be removed before cooking. It is oily—not altogether unlike, though, the fat of a wild goose. Near the head of the list of native North American animals for table purposes is the opossum. The fatter this beast is, the better. Among land animals his fat ranks with that of the green turtle among marine. If any reader has failed to hear that story of the group of North Carolina darkeys, let him read it now. They were grouped around the fire and each was naming the "goodest" thing he or she could think of. One named buckwheat cakes and honey; another, "roas'in' y'ears;" another "watermillion;" then a little darkey with her hair plaited into rat tails, piped up, "Sweet 'taters an' possum fat." A crone rapped her over the scone. "G'way, nigger; dat too good for you to t'ink of."

LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY—ETERNAL QUESTIONS

The Brevity of Life: Charlotte Brontë.

Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all, burdened with faults in this world; but the time will come when, I trust, we shall put them off in putting off our corruptible bodies: when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark will remain—the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature: whence it came, it will return, perhaps to pass through gradations of glory. It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes eternity a rest, a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Then, revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low: I live in calm, looking to the end.

Character in Life: Joseph Addison.

I am very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris, to one who had lost a son who was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father is, to the best of my memory, as follows: That he should consider Death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy; that, while he lived, he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad. This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. While he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinion. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and appear to us under a different light. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it. As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up a uniformity in his actions and preserve, in full truth, the beauty of his character to the last.

The Future Life: Victor Hugo.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head; the earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers; why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe, too, at this hour the fragrance of the lilies, the violets, and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. It is marvellous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so

many others, "I have finished my day's work;" but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning, is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.

The Thought of Death: Richard Whately.

It is when considered as the passage to another world that the contemplation of death becomes holy and religious; that it is calculated to promote a state of preparedness for setting out on this great voyage. It is manifest that those who are engrossed with the things that pertain to this life alone, who are devoted to worldly pleasure, to worldly gain, honor, or power, are certainly not preparing themselves for the passage into another; while it is equally manifest that the change of heart, of desires, wishes, tastes, thoughts, dispositions, which constitutes a meetness for entrance into a happy, holy, heavenly state—the hope of which can "mate and master the fear of death," must take place on earth; for, if not, it will not take place after death.

The Certainty of Immortality: Theodore Parker.

To my mind this is the great proof of Immortality; the fact that it is written in human nature; written there so plain that the rudest nations have not failed to find it, to know it; written just as much as form is written on the circle, and extension on matter in general. It comes to our consciousness as naturally as the notions of Time and Space. We feel it as a desire; we feel it as a fact. What is thus in Man is writ there of God, who writes no lies. To suppose that this universal desire has no corresponding gratification, is to represent him, not as the Father of all, but as only a Deceiver. I feel the longing after Immortality, a desire essential to my nature, deep as the foundation of my Being; I find the same desire in all men. I feel conscious of Immortality; that I am not to die—no; never to die, though often to change: I cannot believe this desire and consciousness are felt only to mislead, to beguile, to deceive me. Can the Almighty deceive his children? For my own part I can conceive of nothing which shall make me more certain of my Immortality: I ask no argument from learned lips. No miracle could make me more sure; no, not if the sheeted dead burst cerement and shroud, and, rising forth from their honored tombs, stood here before me, the disenchanted dust once more enchanted with that fiery life; no, not if the souls of all my sires since time began came thronging round, and with miraculous speech told me they lived and I should also live. I could only say, "I knew all this before; why waste your heavenly speech?" I have now indubitable certainty of eternal life. Death removing me to the next state, can give me infallible certainty. There are a great many things so true that nothing can make them plainer, or more plainly true. I think it is so with this doctrine, and, therefore, for myself ask no argument. With my views of Man, of God, of their relations, I want no proof, satisfied with my own consciousness of Immortality.

THE HILL OF SPEECH—FOLK-MOTE OF THE MID-MARK*

But a man came forth from the other side of the ring, and clomb the Hill. He was a red-haired man, rather big, clad in a skin coat, and bearing a bow in his hand and a quiver of arrows at his back, and a little axe hung by his side. He said:—

"I dwell in the House of the Hrossings of the Mid-mark, and I am now made a man of the kindred. Howbeit I was not born into it, for I am the son of a fair and mighty woman of a folk of the Kymry, who was taken in war while she went big with me. I am called Fox the Red.

"These Romans have I seen, and have not died; so hearken! for my tale shall be short for what is in it.

"I am, as many know, a hunter of Mirkwood, and I know all its ways and the passes through the thicket somewhat better than most.

"A moon ago I fared afoot from Mid-mark through Upper-mark, into the thicket of the south, and through it into the heath country; and I went over a neck and came in the early dawn into a little dale when somewhat of a mist still hung over it. At the dale's end I saw a man lying asleep on the grass under a quicken tree, and his shield and sword hanging over his head to a bough thereof, and his horse feeding hopped higher up the dale.

"I crept up softly to him with a shaft nocked on the string, but when I drew near I saw him to be of the sons of the Goths. So I doubted nothing, but laid down my bow, and stood upright, and went to him and roused him; and he leapt up and was wroth.

"I said to him, 'Wilt thou be wroth with a brother of the kindred, meeting him in unpeopled parts?'

"But he reached out for his weapons; but ere he could handle them I ran in on him so that he got not his sword, and had scant time to smite at me with a knife which he drew from his waist.

"I gave way before him, for he was a very big man, and he rushed past me; and I dealt him a blow on the side of the head with my little axe which is called the War-babe, and gave him a great wound; and he fell on the grass, and as it happened, that was his bane.

"I was sorry I had slain him, since he was a man of the Goths; albeit otherwise he had slain me, for he was very wroth and dazed with slumber.

"He died not for awhile; and he bade me fetch him water. And there was a well hard by on the other side of the tree so I fetched it him in a great shell that I carry, and he drank. I would have sung the blood-staunching song over him, for I know it well. But he said, 'It availeth nought; I have enough. What man art thou?'

"I said, 'I am a fosterling of the Hrossings, and my mother was taken in war; my name is Fox.'

"Said he: 'O Fox, I have my due at thy hands, for I am a Markman of the Elkings, but a guest of the Burgundians beyond the Great River; and the Romans are their masters, and they do their bidding. Even so

did I who was but their guest. And I, a Markman, to fight against the Markmen, and all for fear and for gold! And thou, an alien-born, hast slain their traitor! This is my due. Give me to drink again.'

"So did I; and he said: 'Wilt thou do an errand for me to thine own house?'

"'Yea,' said I.

"Said he: 'I am a messenger to the garth of the Romans, that I may tell the road to the Mark, and lead them through the thicket; and other guides are coming after me; but not yet for three days or four. So till they come there will be no man in the Roman Garth to know thee that thou art not even I myself. If thou art doughty, strip me when I am dead, and do my raiment on thee, and take this ring from my neck, for that is my token, and when they ask thee for a word say, '*No Limit*;' for that is the token-word. Go southeast over the dales keeping Broadshield-fell square with thy right hand, and let thy wisdom, O Fox, lead thee to the garth of the Romans, and so back to thy kindred with all tidings thou hast gathered; for indeed they come, a many of them. Give me to drink.'

"So he drank again, and said: 'The bearer of this token is called Hrosstyr, of the River Goths. He hath that name among dastards. Thou shalt lay a turf upon my head. Let my death pay for my life.'

"Therewith he fell back and died. So I did as he bade me, and took his gear, worth six kine, and did it on me; laid turf upon him in that dale, and hid my bow and my gear in a blackthorn brake hard by, and then took his horse, and rode away.

"Day and night I rode till I came to the Garth of the Romans; there I gave myself up to their watches, and they brought me to their Duke, a grim man and hard. He said, in a terrible voice, 'Thy name;' I said, 'Hrosstyr, of the River Goths.' He said, '*What limit*? I answered. '*No limit*.' 'The token!' said he, and held out his hand. I gave him the ring. 'Thou art the man,' said he.

"I thought in my heart, 'Thou liest, lord,' and my heart danced for joy.

"Then he fell to asking me questions a many, and I answered every one glibly enough, and told him what I would, but no word of truth save for his hurt, and my soul laughed within me at my lies; thought I, 'The others, the traitors, shall come, and they shall tell him the truth, and he will not trow it, or at the worst he will doubt them.' But me he doubted nothing, else had he called in the tormentors to have the truth of me by pains; as I well saw afterward, when they questioned with torments a man and a woman of the hill-folk whom they had brought in captive.

"I went from him and went all about that garth spying everything, fearing nothing; albeit there were divers woeful captives of the Goths, who cursed me for a dastard, when they saw by my attire I was of their blood.

"I abode there three days, and learned all that I might of the garth and the host of them, and the fourth day, in the morning, I went out as if to hunt; and none hindered me, for they doubted me not.

"So I came my ways home to the Upper-mark, and was guested with the Geirings. Will ye that I tell you somewhat of the ways of these Romans of the garth?

* From "The House of the Wolfings." By William Morris. Roberts Bros. The scene here given is a model of strong, pure English writing. The Goths, hearing rumors of the oncoming of the Romans, have gathered together at the Hill of Speech, to the number of four thousand men, all chosen warriors. The object of this folk-mote is to thoroughly sift the stories current, to prepare for war if necessary, and to elect needed war leaders.

The time presses, and my tale runneth longer than I would. What will ye?"

Then there arose a murmur, "Tell all, tell all."

"Nay," said the Fox, "All I may not tell; so much did I behold there during the three days' stay; but this much it behooveth you to know, that these men have no other thought save to win the Mark and waste it, and slay the fighting men and the old carles, and enthrall such as they will, that is, all that be fair and young; and they long sorely for our women either to have or to sell."

"As for their garth, it is strongly walled about with a dyke newly dug; on the top thereof are they building a wall made of clay, and burned like pots into ashlar stones hard and red, and these are laid in lime."

"It is now the toil of the thralls of our blood whom they have taken, both men and women, to dig that clay and to work it, and bear it to kilns, and to have for reward scant meat and many stripes. For it is a grim folk, that laugheth to see others weep."

"Their men at-arms are well dight and for the most part in one way: they are helmed with iron, and have iron on their breasts and reins, and bear long shields that cover them to the knees. They are girt with a sax, and have a heavy casting-spear. They are dark-skinned and ugly of aspect, surly and of few words; they drink little, and eat not much."

"They have captains of tens and of hundreds over them, and that war-duke over all; he goeth to and fro with gold on his head and his breast, and commonly hath a cloak, of the color of the crane's-bill blossom."

"They have an altar in the midst of their burg, and thereon they sacrifice to their God, who is none other than their banner of war, which is an image of the ravening eagle with outspread wings; but yet another God they have, and look you! it is a wolf, as if they were of the kin of our brethren—a she-wolf, and two man-children at her dugs; wonderful is this."

"I tell you that they are grim; and know it by this token: those captains of tens, and of hundreds, spare not to smite the warriors with staves even before all men, when all goeth not as they would; and yet, though they be free men, and mighty warriors, endure it and smite not in turn. They are a most evil folk."

"As to their numbers, they of the burg are hard on three thousand footmen of the best; and of horsemen five hundred, nowise good; and of bowmen and slingers six hundred or more; their bows weak; their slingers cunning beyond measure. And the talk is that when they come upon us they shall have with them some five hundred warriors of the Over River Goths, and others of their own folk; and these we must meet."

Then he said:—

"O men of the Mark, will ye meet them in the meadows and field, Or will ye flee before them, and have the wood for a shield? Or will ye wend to their war-burg with weapons cast away, With your women and your children, a peace of them to pray? So doing, not all shall perish; but most shall long to die. Ere in the garths of the Southland too moons have loitered by."

Then rose the rumor loud and angry, from among the people, mingled with the rattle of swords and the clash of spears on shields; but Fox said:—

"Needs must ye follow one of these three ways. Nay, what say I?—there are but two ways, and not three; for if ye flee they shall follow you to the confines of the earth. Either these Welsh shall take all, and our lives to boot, or we shall hold to all that is ours, and live merrily. The sword doometh, and in three

days it may be the courts shall be hallowed; small is the space between us."

Therewith he also got him down from the Hill, and joined his own house; and men said that he had spoken well and wisely. But there arose a noise of men talking together on these tidings; and amidst it an old warrior of the Nether-mark strode forth and up to the Hill-top. Gaunt and stark he was to look on; and all men knew him, and he was well-beloved, so all held their peace as he said:—

"I am Otter of the Laxings. Now needeth but few words till the War-duke is chosen, and we get ready to wend our ways in arms. Here have ye heard three good men and true tell of our foes, and this last, Fox the Red, hath seen them, and hath more to tell when we are on the way; nor is the way hard to find. It were scarce well to fall upon these men in their garth and war-burg; for hard is a wall to slay. Better it were to meet them in the Wild-wood, which may well be a friend to us and a wall, but to them a net. O Agni of the Daylings, thou warder of the Thingstead, bid men choose a War-duke if none gainsay it."

And without more words he clattered down the Hill, and went and stood with the Laxing band. But the old Dayling arose and blew the horn, and there was at once a great silence, amidst which he said:—

"Children of Slains-father, doth the Folk go to war?"

There was no voice but shouted "Yea!" and the white swords sprang aloft, and the westering sun swept along a half of them as they tossed to and fro, and the others showed dead-white and fireless against the wood.

Then again spake Agni:—

"Will ye choose the War-duke now and once, or shall it be in a while, after others have spoken?"

And with one voice went up: "Choose! Choose!"

Said Agni: "Sayeth any aught against it?"

But no voice of a gainsayer was heard.

Then Agni spake aloud:—

"Children of Tyr, what man will ye have for a leader and a duke of war?"

Then a great shout sprang up amidst the swords: "We will have Thiodolf; Thiodolf the Wolfing!"

Said Agni: "I hear no other name. Are ye of one mind; hath any aught to say against it? If that be so, let him speak now, and not forbear to follow in the wheatfield of the spears. Speak, ye that will not follow Thiodolf as he may lead!"

No voice gainsayed him. Then said the Dayling: "Come forth, thou War-duke of the Mark-men! Take up the gold ring from the horns of the altar; set it on thine arm and come up hither!"

Then came forth Thiodolf into the sun, and took up the gold ring from where it lay, and did it on his arm. And this was the ring of the leader of the folk whenso one should be chosen; it was ancient and daintily wrought, but not very heavy; so ancient it was that men said it had been wrought by the dwarfs.

So Thiodolf went up on to the hill, and all men cried out on him for joy, for they knew his wisdom in war. Many wondered to see him unhelmed, but they had a deeming that he must have made oath to the gods thereof, and their hearts were glad of it. They took note of the dwarf-wrought hawberk, and even from a good way off they could see what a treasure of smith's work it was, and they deemed it like enough spells had been sung over it to make it sure against point and edge; for they knew Thiodolf was well-beloved of the gods.

TREASURE TROVE—RESURRECTING OLD FAVORITES

Through the Metidja—Robert Browning

As I ride, as I ride,
With a full heart for my guide,
So its tide rocks my side
As I ride, as I ride,
That, as I were double-eyed,
He in whom our tribes confide,
Is descried ways untried,
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride,
To our chief and his allied,
Who dares chide my heart's pride
As I ride, as I ride?
Or are witnesses denied—
Through the desert waste and wide
Do I glide unspied
As I ride, as I ride?

As I ride, as I ride,
When an inner voice has cried,
The sands slide, nor abide
(As I ride, as I ride)
O'er each visioned homicide
That came vaunting (has he lied?)
To reside—where he died—
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride,
Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied,
Yet his hide, streaked and pied,
As I ride, as I ride,
Shows where sweat has sprung and dried,
—Zebra-footed, ostrich-thighed—
How has vied stride with stride,
As I ride, as I ride!

As I ride, as I ride,
Could I loose what Fate has tied,
Ere I pried, she should hide,
As I ride, as I ride,
All that's meant me? satisfied
When the Prophet and the Bride
Stop veins I'd have subside
As I ride, as I ride.

The Chemistry of Character—Burlington Hawkeye

John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all;
John was a statesman, and Peter a slave,
Robert a preacher, and Paul—was a knave.
Evil or good, as the case might be,
White or colored, or bond or free—
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.

Out of earth's elements, mingled with flame,
Out of life's compounds of glory and shame,
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown:
Born by the law that compels man to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee,
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.

John was the head and heart of his State,
Was trusted and honored, was noble and great;
Peter was made 'neath life's burdens to groan,
And never once dreamed that his soul was his own;
Robert, great glory and honor received,
For zealously preaching what no one believed;
While Paul, of the pleasures of sin took his fill,
And gave up his life in the service of ill.

It chanced that these men, in their passing away
From earth and its conflicts, all died the same day;
John was mourned through the length and the breadth of the
land,

Peter fell 'neath the lash in a merciless hand;
Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his tongue,
While Paul was convicted of murder, and hung.
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul—
The purpose of life was fulfilled in them all.

Men said of the statesman,—“How noble and brave!”
But of Peter, alas!—“He is only a slave!”
Of Robert,—“'Tis well with his soul, it is well;”
While Paul they consigned to the torments of hell.
Born by one law, through all nature the same,
What made them different, and who was to blame?
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul—
God in His wisdom created them all.

Out in that region of infinite light,
Where the soul of the black man is pure as the white;
Out where the spirit, through sorrow made wise,
No longer resorts to deceptions and lies;
Out where the flesh can no longer control
The freedom and faith of the God-given soul,
Who shall determine what change may befall
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul?

John may in wisdom and goodness increase;
Peter rejoice in an infinite peace;
Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord
Are more in the spirit and less in the word;
And Paul may be blessed with a holier birth
Than the patience of man had allowed him on earth;
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in His mercy will care for them all.

The Maiden Martyr—From Poems of History

This story is an incident of the time of the Scotch covenants.

A troop of soldiers waited at the door,
And crowds of people gathered in the street;
Aloof a little from them bared sabres gleamed
And flashed into their faces. Then the door
Was opened, and two women meekly stepped
Into the sunshine of the sweet May-morn,
Out of the prison. One was weak and old,
A woman full of tears and full of woes;
The other was a maiden in her morn,
And they were one in name and one in faith,
Mother and daughter in the bond of Christ,
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on; and down the sunny street,
The people followed, ever falling back
As in their faces flashed the naked blades.
But in the midst the women simply went
As if they two were walking, side by side,
Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn,
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
But as they went about their daily tasks;
They went to prison and they went to death,
Upon their Master's service.

On the shore

The troopers halted; all the shining sands
Lay bare and glistering; for the tide had
Drawn back to its farthest margin's weedy mark,
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
That seemed to mock the sabres on the shore,
Drew nearer by a hand-breadth. “It will be
A long day's work,” murmured those murderous men
As they slacked rein. The leader of the troops
Dismounted, and the people passing near
Then heard the pardon proffered, with the oath

Renouncing and abjuring part with all
The persecuted, covenanted folk.
But both refused the oath: "Because," they said,
"Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
We have no part with Him."

On this they took
The elder Margaret, and led her out
Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
Unto the farthest stake, already reached
By every rising wave, and left her there;
And as the waves crept about her feet, she prayed
"That He would firm uphold her in their midst,
Who holds them in the hollow of His hand."
The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore
There paced the Provost and the Laird of Lag—
Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Graham;
And the rude soldiers, jesting with coarse oaths,
As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,
Waiting her doom delayed, said "she would
Turn before the tide—seek refuge in their arms
From the chill waves." But ever to her lips
There came the wondrous words of life and peace:
"If God be for us, who can be against?"
"Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?"
"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature."

From the crowd
A woman's voice cried a very bitter cry—
"O Margaret! My bonnie, bonnie Margaret!
Gie in, gie in, my bairnie, dinna ye drown,
Gie in, and tak' the oath."

The tide flowed in;
And so wore on the sunny afternoon;
And every fire went out upon the hearth,
And not a meal was tasted in the town that day.
And still the tide was flowing in:
Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ear,
They turned young Margaret's face toward the sea,
Where something white was floating—something
White as the sea-mew that sits upon the wave;
But as she looked it sank; then showed again;
Then disappeared; and round the shore
And stake the tide stood ankle-deep.

Then Grierson
With cursing vowed that he would wait
No more, and to the stake the soldier led her
Down, and tied her hands; and round her
Slender waist too roughly cast the rope, for
Windram came and eased it while he whispered
In her ear, "Come take the test and ye are free,"
And one cried, "Margaret, say but God save
The King!" "God save the King of His great grace,"
She answered, but the oath she would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,
And drove the people back and silenced them.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her knees
She sang the psalm, "To Thee I lift my soul;"
The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
"To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat
She sang no more, but lifted up her face,
And there was glory over all the sky—
And there was glory over all the sea—
A flood of glory—and the lifted face
Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood.
And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

Godiva—Alfred Tennyson—Poems
I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:
Not only we the latest seed of time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel

Cry down the past; not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
"You would not let your little finger athe
For such as *these*?"—"But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul.
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear;
"Oh, ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, "Ride you naked though the town,
And I repeat it;" and nodding as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Like horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal by-word of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropped before him. So the powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence re-issuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

SCIENTIFIC, HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL, GENERAL

The Colors of Lakes and Rivers—London "Nature"

What is the color of pure water? Almost any person who has no special knowledge of the subject will reply at once: "It has no color." Yet everybody knows, either through hearsay or by the evidence of his own eyes that the ocean is blue. Why the ocean looks blue is a question that few who have crossed it have ever sought to solve, and there are, probably, many travellers who, though they have seen most of the famous rivers and lakes in the world, have failed to notice the remarkable differences in color which their waters present. Even the ocean is not uniform in color; in some places its waters are green or even yellowish. Some lakes are distinctly blue; others present various shades of green so that in some cases they are hardly distinguishable from their level grass-covered banks; a few are almost black. The Lake of Geneva is azure-hued; the Lake of Constance and the Lake of Lucerne are green; the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The Lake of Brienz is greenish-yellow and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blue. New York has both green and blue lakes. The colors of rivers differ yet more widely. The Rhone is blue, and so is the Danube, while the Rhine is green. The St. Lawrence is blue. These various hues are not caused by mud or any opaque sediment such as that which makes the Mississippi coffee-colored, but belong to the waters, like the golden color of tea, without greatly impairing their transparency. The cause of the difference in the color of lakes and rivers has engaged the attention of many celebrated investigators of nature, such as Tyndall, Bunsen, Arago, Sainte-Claire, Deville, and others. Recently, Prof. Spring of the University of Liege has carefully investigated the question of the color of water, and has reached some interesting conclusions. According to him absolute pure water when seen in masses of sufficient thickness is blue, and all the varieties of color exhibited in lakes and streams arise from the presence in the water of mineral salts of different degrees of solubility and in varying quantities. Water containing carbonate of lime in a state of almost complete solution remains blue, but if the solution is less complete the water will have a tinge of green which will grow stronger as the point of precipitation is approached. Prof. Spring concludes that, if lime is added to blue water in which so much carbonate of lime is already dissolved that the point of saturation is approached, the water will become green. In proof of this he cites the fact that the water near the shores of lakes and seas, where it comes in contact with limestone, is generally of a greener hue than elsewhere.

Cost of a Newspaper—Eugene M. Camp—Century*

What is the total annual cost to the wholesale purchaser of news—namely, the publishers—of the entire news product of the United States? An answer to this question would be of interest, but it has never been answered. For several years I have been gathering information upon which to base an estimate. Publishers have uniformly extended me every courtesy; nevertheless, I find it an exceedingly difficult quantity to arrive at, and for my figures I do not claim absolute

* From "What's the News?" Reprinted by special permission.

accuracy. Publishers in this country annually expend something near the following sums for news:

For press dispatches	\$1,820,000
For special dispatches.....	2,250,000
For local news.....	12,500,000
	\$16,570,000

The business of the Associated Press, a mutual concern which pays nothing for its news, and which serves its patrons at approximate cost, amounts to \$1,250,000 per annum; and that of the United Press, a stock corporation, is \$450,000 per annum. The former aims to provide news about all important events, in which work \$120,000 in telegraph tolls is expended; while the latter endeavors, above all else, to provide accounts of events occurring in the vicinity of the respective papers served. The estimate for special dispatches includes telegraph tolls and pay of the correspondents who furnish the news. This service is conducted by the publishers in the large centres of population, who find the reports furnished by the press associations either not full enough, or not to the political taste of their readers. Here are the average monthly bills for special dispatches of fourteen leading American journals as taken from the latest authoritative figures:

Atlanta Constitution.....	\$1,100
Boston Herald.....	5,500
Chicago Herald.....	6,500
Chicago Tribune.....	4,500
Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.....	5,800
Cincinnati Enquirer.....	4,750
Kansas City Journal.....	1,050
Minneapolis Tribune.....	3,000
New York World.....	9,514
Philadelphia Press.....	3,600
San Francisco Call.....	3,500
San Francisco Examiner.....	8,000
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.....	11,660
St. Louis Republic.....	3,300

The foregoing are the extreme in this department of expenditure. Many excellent journals find it possible to limit their bills to from \$400 to \$1,000 per month. The cost of the "local" news far exceeds that of both the other departments; not because the local services of individual papers cost more in every instance, but because so many journals maintain local bureaus, yet pay nothing for press or other dispatches. The bills for local news of the leading New York dailies are the largest of any in the country, and for two reasons—a larger territory to cover, and a greater demand from outside for the local news of New York. Their weekly bills range from \$1,500 to \$3,400. When news is delivered upon the news-editor's desk it has then to be edited; and editors' services command in Boston from \$30 to \$60 per week; in New York, from \$40 to \$100; in Philadelphia, from \$30 to \$70; in Cincinnati, from \$25 to \$50; in Chicago, from \$40 to \$80; in St. Louis, from \$20 to \$45, and in San Francisco, from \$40 to \$65. There are 35,000 persons in the United States engaged in editorial work upon daily and weekly newspapers. This is the report of the labor organizations; but more than half this number properly belong in the list of news-gatherers rather than of editors, a class whose services command only from \$10 to \$35 per week. White-paper bills cut a big figure in the outlay of the newspaper publisher, as may be seen by the figures given

in the table below. Here are the annual paper bills of eighteen leading American journals:

Atlanta Constitution	\$63,000
Baltimore American.....	103,000
Boston Herald.....	315,000
Boston Globe.....	326,000
Chicago Herald.....	265,000
Chicago News.....	324,000
Chicago Tribune.....	195,000
Cincinnati Enquirer.....	252,000
Kansas City Journal	53,000
Louisville Courier-Journal.....	135,000
Minneapolis Tribune.....	60,000
New York World.....	667,500
Philadelphia Press.....	245,000
Philadelphia Times.....	165,000
San Francisco Call.....	120,000
San Francisco Examiner.....	155,000
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.....	205,000
St. Louis Republic.....	125,000

It is to be remembered that circulation is not the only factor which determines the amount of the publishers' white paper bills. Both the size of the sheet issued and the quality of the paper used are material considerations. Following are weekly composition bills of several of the great dailies of this country:

Baltimore American.....	\$2,000
Boston Globe.....	4,100
Chicago Herald.....	2,106
Chicago News.....	1,500
Chicago Tribune.....	2,500
Cincinnati Enquirer.....	3,200
New York Herald.....	3,780
New York Times.....	3,000
New York World.....	6,000
Philadelphia Ledger.....	2,150
San Francisco Call.....	1,650
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.....	2,700
St. Louis Republic.....	2,000

The New York Sun pays \$140 per week to proof-readers; the New York Times and Tribune \$245 each; and the New York Herald and New York World, \$315 each. A new "dress" of type for the New York Times or New York Tribune costs \$12,000; for the New York Herald, \$15,000, including mailing type; and for the New York World, \$13,890, excluding mailing type. As a rule, new type is purchased annually. There are other items of expense that are seldom considered; one is the pay and the profit of the person who leaves the paper at your door. The fact that you regularly receive and pay for the paper is worth, to him, in the form of good will, \$2 if you live in Atlanta, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, Louisville or St. Paul; \$3 if in Pittsburg, San Francisco or St. Louis; and \$5 if in New York, Philadelphia or Washington. Even your circumstances are taken into the account—wealth, age, disposition—as affecting your likelihood to continue a subscriber. Newspaper delivery routes are staple properties, varying in value according to the number and—oddly, but logically—the social standing of the patrons served. A route owner who regularly receives from a subscriber 12 cents per week for the Philadelphia Public Ledger holds the name of that subscriber, when he sells his route, at a stiff \$4 to \$5—the highest, if its list be taken as a whole, of any journal in America. Carriers deliver 60,000 copies daily of the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Note the large capital here represented. The man who buys the news of the day for a penny contributes his mite toward the support of an American journalism whose product, Joseph Pulitzer estimates, foots up \$100,000,000 per

annum. Newspaper routes are worth from \$200 to \$2,000 in Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Milwaukee and New Orleans; from \$400 to \$3,000 in Cleveland, Minneapolis and Pittsburg; and from \$1,000 to \$5,000 in Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco and Washington. Newspapers have two sources of income—advertisements and sales of copies. The former is greater than the latter, but not in a proportion so overwhelming as is generally supposed. Most dailies in our largest cities realize an income in about the proportion of two-thirds from advertising to one-third from subscriptions and sales. The value of great newspaper plants is difficult to arrive at. A rule is, to value the good-will—a quantity which does not include building, outfit or machinery—at the sum of the profits during the preceding five years. But this rule is followed only in legal appraisements; I know of no publisher who ever sold a good-will at such a price.

Different Ways of Voting—London Wit and Wisdom

Though men have been voting for thousands of years, few communities have yet learned how to vote in the best manner. In ancient Greece, as the historian Grote informs us, the people had a way of ostracizing, or "shelling," a troublesome man out of the city. When two rival politicians had become so violently opposed to each other that their feud threatened the public peace, or rendered the passage of good measures too difficult, the voters were called upon to decide which of the two should leave the city. Every citizen who chose to vote put into a large metallic urn a small shell upon which he had written the name of the man whose banishment he preferred. If six thousand votes in all were cast, but not otherwise, the shells were examined, and the man who had received most votes was condemned to ten years of honorable exile. Mr. Grote was of opinion that this method often resulted advantageously, and saved Athens from civil wars. In some of the ancient Mediterranean States there was a pretty variation upon the vote by shells. The voter wrote the name of his candidate upon an olive-leaf. This was called petalism, or leaf-voting, just as the shell method was called ostracism, from a Greek word signifying a little shell. The great jury, hundreds in number, which condemned Socrates to drink the hemlock, voted in another way. Those who desired his death cast into a brass box a little ball of metal or stone, which was either black in color or pierced through the middle. Those who voted for his acquittal threw into the same box a white ball, or one not pierced. There was a small majority of black balls, and thus he was doomed to die. At the present time, in club elections, we often use the same simple method; and we say of a defeated candidate, "He was blackballed." This way of voting was probably one of the earliest attempts to secure secrecy. The Romans had some interesting modes of voting. When a law was submitted to the people to ratify or reject, each citizen received two small, square, smooth pieces of wood, called *tabella*, or tablets. On one of these was written the letter *A*, which stood for *Antiquo*, I reject. On the other were two letters, *U. R.*, which stood for *Uti rogas*—part of the Latin sentence, "*Ego hanc legem uti rogas jubendam censeo*," "I think that this law should be ratified as you propose:" or, in other words, "Let it pass." One of these tablets the voter put into a large bronze urn provided for the purpose,

which he could do secretly if he wished. The question was decided by a majority of the votes. In similar manner the judges in a court of justice gave in their decisions, after hearing the testimony. To each judge were given three tablets, one marked *A*, which meant, *Absolvo*, I acquit; another was marked *C*, which meant *Condemno*, I condemn; the third was marked *N. L.*, standing for *Non Liquet*, that is, It does not appear,—meaning, I am in doubt. With these tablets the judges voted, and when the votes were all in, if there was a plurality of *Absolvos*, the accused was set free. If the *Condemnos* prevailed, he was condemned. If the *Non Liquets* had it, it was about equivalent to a disagreement of the jury. The object of all these simple expedients was to give the voter perfect freedom by making his vote secret. But at a very early period unscrupulous politicians found means both to intimidate and bribe the voters. Long ago as the trial of Socrates, B.C. 399, voters were bribed in what the Greeks styled *dekads*, or tens. If readers who are studying Greek will turn to their Greek dictionaries they will find in composition with the word *deka*, which means ten, a number of verbs, nouns, and adjectives which tell a melancholy story of Grecian politics; for they indicate that bribing voters ten in a lump was quite familiar to the Athenians. It is to be feared that corrupt voting is almost as ancient a practice as voting itself. We may infer this from a considerable number of ancient methods of preventing fraud. In some countries of southern Europe, instead of voting by shells, leaves, or tablets, which could be concealed about the person in great numbers, and put into the urn surreptitiously, the voters were required to use wands or rods five or six feet long. These were deposited in a long box through a small slit in the lid. As no man could conceal a stick six feet long, the voters were prevented from casting more than one vote. Even at the present day, the people in Greece vote with black balls and white balls, as their forefathers did, although with special precautions against bribery and fraud. The duty of voting is invested with solemnity by opening the polls in the churches and on Sunday. Entering the edifice, the voter sees before the altar as many boxes as there are candidates to be voted for, each box being divided into two compartments, one painted black, and the other white. A clerk comes to him with a wooden bowl full of bullets, from which the voter is given as many bullets as there are candidates. To conceal from the bystanders how he votes, the elector thrusts his hand down a long funnel, and drops one bullet into each box. If he wishes to vote "Yes," he puts his bullet into the white half of the box; if "No," he puts it into the black half. The paper ballot is a Yankee invention, first used in 1642 to get out of office Governor John Winthrop, who had become unpopular. The party opposed to Winthrop were confident of a majority if the people could vote without fear. To this end the free-men of the colony were required to vote with paper ballots. The election was held at Boston, in a church. The voters were required to come in at one door with their votes ready written, lay them down on a table before the court, and then pass out of the building by another door. Absentees could send their votes by proxy, and blank votes were counted as negatives. The old-fashioned English way of voting by word of mouth was lively and picturesque enough. Not unfrequently the candidates themselves attended at the polls

and rewarded men who voted for them with a "Thank you, sir!" and a low bow, but when, as often happened, the candidate was the employer or landlord of the voter, we do not need to be told that an election was little more than a formal indorsement of the landlord's preference. We have only to look into the novels of the last century and the first half of the present century to see that the *viva voce* method of voting was the very worst ever practised in the world. It rendered popular elections scenes of general riots, fraud, and debauchery.

The Term of Literary Copyright—Philadelphia Item

Under the existing law of the United States, copyright is granted for twenty-eight years, with the right of extension for fourteen more; in all, forty-two years. The term of copyright in other countries is as follows:

Mexico, Guatemala, and Venezuela, in perpetuity.
Colombia, author's life and eighty years after.
Spain, author's life and eighty years after.
Belgium, author's life and fifty years after.
Ecuador, author's life and fifty years after.
Norway, author's life and fifty years after.
Peru, author's life and fifty years after.
Russia, author's life and fifty years after.
Tunis, author's life and fifty years after.
Italy, author's life and forty years after; the full term to be eighty years in any event.
France, author's life and thirty years after.
Germany, author's life and thirty years after.
Austria, author's life and thirty years after.
Switzerland, author's life and thirty years after.
Hayti, author's life, widow's life, children's lives, and twenty years after the close of the latest period.
Brazil, author's life and ten years after.
Sweden, author's life and ten years after.
Roumania, author's life and ten years after.
Great Britain, author's life and seven years after his decease; to be forty-two years in any event.
Bolivia, full term author's life.
Denmark and Holland, fifty years.
Japan, author's life and five years after.
South Africa, author's life; fifty years in any event.

Mental Calibre and Skull Development—New York Herald

One's mental calibre is accurately denoted by the size and shape of his head. Heretofore this subject has been left to the peregrinating phrenologists who felt a person's "bumps" and reeled off the qualities of mind they indicate. Recently the scientists both in Europe and America have been giving a good deal of attention to the conformation and measurement of the human head or "craniometry," as they call it. The studies of Dr. Frederick Peterson, the insanity expert and specialist in nervous diseases, of New York, have been equally extensive. Their conclusions have been reached by accurate measurements, and not by feeling bumps. Dr. Peterson recently said: "In men noted for great attainments and intellectual capacity all the diameters and arcs of the skull are far above the normal averages. In other words, their heads are larger. In many criminals the diameters and arcs are below the normal average, and there is also great abnormality in shape, especially in hereditary criminals. One side of the head may be larger than the other, the forehead may retreat or there may be some other lack of symmetry and proportion. Often the teeth, jaws, and ears are deformed. All the higher mental faculties are located in the frontal lobes of the brain, and these naturally

have a direct proportion to the length and breadth of the forehead. Just back of this region are the muscular centres and the centres for cutaneous sensation. Directly behind the ears and a little above are the centres for remembering that which is heard, and here are undoubtedly located some of the muscular faculties, for instance, the wonderful memory of musical compositions, such as was possessed by 'Blind Tom.' The memory of everything seen is stored away in the posterior lobes of the brain; therefore people of great perceptive power and who remember well all their perceptions, will be found to have a large development on the back of the head. It has been noted that in people born blind this part of the head is smaller than it should be. In contradistinction to quack phrenology the perceptive power is located here in place of Gall's philoprogenitiveness and bump of amativeness. Gall located the perceptive power immediately over the eye, behind which is a cavity in the bone containing no brain. The average circumference of an adult man's skull is $20\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and of an adult woman's $19\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The average length of the arc from the root of the nose over the top of the head to the most prominent point on the back of the head is in man $12\frac{5}{8}$ inches, and in the woman $12\frac{1}{4}$. The average length of the arc from one ear to the other over the highest part of the head is in a man $12\frac{5}{8}$ inches, and in a woman $12\frac{1}{4}$. The average antero-posterior diameter, that is, from the middle of the forehead in a straight line to the hindmost part of the head, is in a man 7 inches, and in a woman $6\frac{3}{4}$. The average diameter through the widest part of a man's head, from side to side in a straight line, is $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and of a woman's head $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. These are only a few of the more important measurements taken. I never made less than seventeen measurements and three drawings of each head. But in the most careful studies sometimes from 30 to 130 separate arcs and diameters are measured. It will be seen that the head of a woman is on an average smaller than that of a man, just as her brain weighs several ounces less. While it may be taken as a general rule that a head of large dimensions is associated with unusual capacity in some one or other direction, it is of course not always the case. One can easily imagine, or may even have met with persons with large heads who seemed to enjoy considerable emancipation from the bonds of intellect; and one can readily conceive of much of their brain-substance being replaced by more ordinary tissues or substances required to prevent the formation of a vacuum. The skull bones may be twice as thick as usual, or there may be an unusual amount of fluid in the cavities of the brain and its coverings. Again, a person with a rather small head may have more thinking centres to the cubic inch of brain than the other; less fat, less water, less packing of every kind, as in the case of Gambetta, whose brain was rather small. The word 'packing' is an excellent one to use in this connection, for it describes the condition perfectly. Just as delicate china or glass vessels are packed away in sawdust, hay, etc., for shipping, so the fragile cells containing memories and thoughts are packed away in an enormous quantity of substance, known as connective tissue, which differs relatively little from hay and sawdust in structure as seen under the microscope, and which serves an equally efficient purpose. Hence an idiot is occasionally, though indeed rarely, seen with an unusually large head; but in the packing of his

cranium valuable structures were left out by the thoughtless workmen, and only the hay and sawdust stowed away. Nations vary greatly as to the shape of the head. Most of the people east of the line drawn from Lapland to Siam are round headed; negroes, Australians, English, Irish, and Scandinavians are long-headed, while Hollanders are neither round nor long-headed, but a compromise between the two. Distinguished anthropologists of the present century have been trying to discover racial distinction in skulls, but the fact is there are not so many characteristics of race in the cranium as in other parts of the body. Races have been mingling so many thousands of years that cranial dissimilarities are the rule among them, even in tribes, and to some extent in families. There are eight or ten species of artificial deformity which have been practised from time immemorial among the lower races of mankind, and are still in vogue among certain Polynesian and American tribes. The disfiguration is accomplished by means of boards, bandages, or masses of clay fastened to the infantile skull to produce the desired shape. In New York, which is made up of so many nationalities, a study of the heads in a large audience is curiously instructive, especially the bald heads, which can be so much more easily seen than the others. A bald head is not a sign of an overgrowth of brain which is ousting its way up through the skull, and should never be considered as in any manner correlated with unusual intellectual abilities, but, on the contrary, as an evidence of the weak-mindedness of a man who will continue to wear a hard hat in spite of the falling out of his hair through the pressure of the rim on the nerves and blood-vessels of the scalp. Up to the age of twenty-five the development of a man's skull depends on his education, and, in fact, his entire environment. Subsequently the mind may develop a great deal, but the skull will not. From the age of twenty-five the skull retains the same proportion and the same dimensions, and it is on this account that certain measurements of the head become useful as a means of identification of adults. They may change their appearance in many respects, but cannot voluntarily alter the shapes of their heads. M. Bertillon has incorporated, therefore, certain skull diameters in his system of identification of criminals, now much employed in France, but as yet little in this country. As regards shape and size of heads, much depends on hereditary factors. Taking various classes of men, lawyers, as a rule, have much better minds than doctors. Comparing an aggregation of lawyers with an aggregation of doctors one is struck with the different appearance which their different training has created in their craniums as well as in their physiognomy. A lawyer is compelled by his professional duties to exercise his intellectual abilities in the highest degree. He must be a keen, logical reasoner, possess sound judgment and good memory, be strong and aggressive in his mental tournaments with opponents, and have all his faculties at ready command. The principal requirement in a doctor is an ability to conform at all times and under all circumstances his own emotional states to those of his patients, but rarely to exercise the vigorous faculties with which he may have been at first endowed. His actions are guided by policy. He must sympathize with the sufferer when necessary, or be hearty and cheerful when he sees that that course would have a better remedial effect upon the patient."

PARAGRAPHS OF NATURAL AND UNNATURAL HISTORY

A Fight Between Chameleons—The Philadelphia Times

As soon as they catch sight of each other they remain perfectly still for a moment. Then they nod their heads up and down three or four times, as if to work themselves up to the right pitch for a fight. Then they swell out their dewlap, or throat pouch, until it becomes a beautiful light scarlet. All this while their color is constantly changing in a manner marvellous to behold. Before they saw each other both wore a gay golden-green coat and a white shirt-bosom, tinted with green, but in an instant this holiday attire vanishes and they don their fighting suits one after another, dark-brown, light-brown, olive-green, slate-color, some plain, some spotted, but the puffing out of the dewlap is the last of these preliminaries, and now, like a flash, the tussle begins. And such a tussle it is, to be sure! No fun or play about it, only deadly earnest. I have watched these Lilliputian combats more than once: one especially I recall between two unusually fine specimens, regular anolis dudes, and a fair lady (I suspect she was at the bottom of the trouble, too) sat on a leaf close by and looked calmly on, ready, no doubt, to greet the victor with sweet smiles. The antagonists seized each other by the jaws—their teeth are very tiny, just big enough to feel rough to one's finger—but they managed to hold on to each other, and then their heads moved to and fro, their long tails lashed, they advanced and retreated up and down the stem of the evening jessamine, which they had selected as their battle ground, and for ten minutes they kept hard at it, their dewlaps swelled like beautiful scarlet balls, their hues constantly changing, their whole aspect instinct with rage and determination. At the end of that time one of them had lost half of his tail, but he fought bravely on until another sharp jerk deprived him of the remaining half. That was the "drop too much;" he did not "turn tail and run," simply because he had none to turn, but he did run as fast as he could go, leaving the victor to swallow the writhing stump of his tail, which he did with evident enjoyment. The conquered hero escaped the same fate only by flight, for it is always considered the proper thing among the anolis tribes to devour their conquered enemy.

Besieged by Monkeys—From Chambers' Journal

Oriental tradition assigns to monkeys a very peculiar beginning. Satan, we are told, tried to imitate the works of the Creator, but failed signally to equal them. Instead of the horse, he could produce only the ass; instead of the fish, a serpent, and instead of man the monkey. Yet in India, the paradise of monkeys, they are held in high honor because of the aid which their king, Hanooman, "in the days of old," gave to the god Rama, when, to rescue his wife, Sita, he invaded Ceylon, Hanooman helping to bridge the strait. Duty had taken me to Dharmasala, a hill-station considerably west of Simla. On the return journey I turned off the main road at Kangra, an ancient fortress, named by Runjeet Singh "the key of the Punjab," though utterly incapable of standing a week's siege from a civilized army. A few hours' ride brought us to the little town, which lies on the hillside, below the Sacred Hindoo, and is the offspring of the temple, in much the

same way that many cities have sprung up around our own cathedrals, and for similar reasons. The native pilgrims, who come in thousands, lodge in the open air under the trees, and cook their own food; the rich bring tents for their accommodation. But there was no place for Europeans to lodge in except the usual "district officers' bungalow." This is always a small house, with two or three rooms, built and furnished by the government, and put in charge of a man-servant, who both looks after it and attends to the wants of occupants. To this bungalow, therefore, we went. The main road passes through a dense wood not one hundred yards from the house, which was more than half a mile away from the nearest part of the town. From the road, a narrow avenue had been cut among the trees to a small clearance around the house; otherwise, it was buried in the wood. Sauntering under these trees, I suddenly became conscious of noises in the branches above me. I looked up and about; but though the branches stirred, and the leaves moved, I could see nothing. I was not, however, long left in doubt or speculation. A monkey, a large male, dropped from a branch to the ground at a distance of about thirty feet in front of me. As he reached the ground, he squatted on his heels, resting both his hands on his knees, and gazing fixedly and solemnly at me. His gravity upset mine. Then near him another monkey dropped down; a third and a fourth followed. It began to rain monkeys. In tens, in scores, in hundreds; old, middle-aged, and young; large and small; male and females—many of the latter carrying babies, some on their backs, others in their arms—kept dropping from the trees around me. I was standing under a mighty giant of the forest; and against its trunk, some five feet in diameter, I set my back, while the monkeys in their hundreds squatted down in an irregular semicircle around. They did not go behind the tree, for its trunk was much wider than my back, and they chose to sit only where they could see me. Around they left a clear space; but at a distance of about thirty feet they sat, huddled close together, in several rows, six hundred and more in number. It may be said, in passing, that monkeys are sacred animals in India. They are fed and protected and allowed to roam at large with impunity. Vast numbers infest Delhi, Agra, and other large towns. At Benares they are a perfect plague. In so favorable a situation as the temple Jawlmookhee, they naturally multiply beyond reckoning, and people the woods in sufficient hordes to account for the hundreds that now surrounded me. At some distance beyond, several young monkey urchins, which preferred play to curiosity, kept suspending themselves from the branches in long living chains holding on to each other's hands or tails, and swinging themselves pendulum-wise to and fro. They were not the small, puny creatures generally seen in European menageries, but the real genuine Indian Hanooman, of which race the large and strong males stand, when erect, fully four feet in height. There were many such, among others of smaller size, in the crowd around me. It had not taken three minutes to form that semicircle of monkeys. They had come down as thick as a shower of hailstones; but so softly and gently had they descended to the grass and leaf-covered ground

that scarcely any noise had been made. For a short time they sat motionless and silent, staring hard at me; and a baby monkey, having made a noise, was instantly smacked by its mother in a most human fashion. They looked at me, then at each other, and again at me; and then they began to chatter—first one, then a few together, then many at once, finally all in a chorus. They talked, chattered, jabbered, discussed, argued, shouted, and yelled; gesticulating meanwhile, making faces and grinning. Suddenly there was a dead silence for a short interval, during which they gravely stared at me harder than ever. Every now and again one or another, or several at once, would grin, snarl, and growl at me, showing their large canine teeth. Again the chattering discourses would be renewed. The laughter with which I had greeted the first of my visitors died a very sudden death, for my curiosity to watch their behavior did not prevent my realizing the fact that I was not in a very safe position. Even one or two monkeys would be difficult enough to deal with if they chose to attack a man, for, though small, they are extremely muscular and agile, and it would be harder to prevent them from biting and tearing than it would a mad dog. True, I knew that one or two would hardly dare to attack a man, but when hundreds crowded together around one stranger the circumstances were far from encouraging. Here I was, unarmed, nothing but a light riding whip in my hand, surrounded by hundreds of monkeys, to which my white face and European dress were evidently objects of as much aversion as curiosity. Natives they did not mind, but Europeans they seemed to regard with the hatred due to intruders. I fully realized my danger, but continued calm and collected, and reasoned the position out myself. The only chance of safety was to remain quietly against this friendly tree, silently observing the monkeys, careful to give no offence or provocation to attack. Had I attempted to strike them, or to frighten them, or to break through them, or to flee from them, I have not the slightest doubt that I should not now be writing this account. Their enormous numbers would have emboldened them to any act. I should have been quite helpless in their grasp—would, indeed, have been pounced upon by scores of them, overpowered, bitten, and torn to pieces. So, making virtue of necessity, I kept up a bold front, watched, waited, and prayed. In one of the intervals of silence the great monkey that had first arrived, and that seemed to be one of the leaders, suddenly hopped nearer to me—two feet or so. His action was immediately imitated by all the monkeys forming the front row of the semicircle, while those behind closed up as before; and the semicircle contracted around me by two feet in the radius. More chattering and gesticulating followed, more growling and grinning, with intervals of silence. They had a great deal to say, and they all said it, and it was about me, too; for they frequently pointed at me with their hands and snarled and gnashed their teeth at me. Again they contracted the semicircle as before. And so they kept gradually coming nearer and nearer, and growing more and more excited. Still I remained quiet and silent, and still in the distance the monkey youths played the mad gambols of their living pendulum, heedless of what engaged the attention of their seniors. All else was silent and undisturbed—no sign of man. But my deliverance was at hand. In the midst of one of their most noisy discussions—or did it

only seem more noisy because they were now so near!—they one and all became suddenly silent and perfectly still. They seemed to be listening attentively. I listened, too, but at first could catch no sound anywhere; the stillness of death was all around, for even the young monkeys had ceased their tricks. What could have disturbed and silenced the noisy throng? Or what did they now purpose? Next from afar, on came the loud cry of a monkey—evidently the warning call of a scout on outpost duty. Then, first faintly from afar, and then gradually nearer and louder, came, down the main road through the wood, the welcome sound of the clatter of a horse's hoofs at a swift walking pace. This it was which their quicker ears had detected long before I had heard it. They kept their ground for a few moments more, but their attention was now evidently divided between me and the approaching horse. Again, and nearer, the scout's cry sounded through the wood. There was an immediate stampede. One and all the monkeys rushed off to the neighboring trees, and, scrambling up the trunks and into the branches, they were, in the twinkling of an eye, lost to sight in the leafy canopy overhead. They had disappeared in their hundreds as rapidly as they had come, and almost as silently, save when the rustling of the leaves indicated their course as they passed from tree to tree, and fled further into the wood. I waited still against the tree till the horse and his rider—a mounted policeman going his rounds—had come quite near. Then I made for the house and bolted myself in, thankful for the timely arrival and involuntary aid of the unconscious patrol. Through the window I could still see the monkeys in the distant trees, and hear their chatter. When the policeman had gone away numbers of monkeys again descended to the ground and walked about, perhaps looking for me. I was, however, secure within doors; nor did I open them till, half an hour later, the care-taker returned with food, and a message from the Brahmins, fixing three o'clock the same afternoon as the hour for visiting the temple.

Elephants as Log Carriers—Twenty Years in India.

Lazy and clumsy-looking as the elephant appears in our menageries, where it is merely an object of curiosity, in Asia it is as useful an animal as the horse, and is, indeed, employed in a great variety of ways. There are few, if any, tasks which a horse can be trusted to perform without careful and constant guidance; whereas the elephant is frequently given as much independence of action as a man would have for the same work. This is notably the case in the lumber yards of Rangoon and Moulmein, where the entire operation of moving and piling the heavy timber is performed by male elephants without any special supervision by the keepers. The logs to be moved are teakwood, which is very heavy. They are cut into lengths of twenty feet, with a diameter, or perhaps a square, of about a foot. An elephant will go to a log, kneel down, thrust his tusks under the middle of it, curl his trunk over it, test it to see that it is evenly balanced, and then rise with it and easily carry it to the pile that is being made. Placing the log carefully on the pile in its proper place, the sagacious animal will step back a few paces and measure with his eye to determine whether or not the log needs pushing one way or another. It will then make any necessary alterations of position. In this way, without any word or command from its

mahout, or driver, it will go on with its work. To do any special task it must, of course, be directed by the mahout; but it is marvellous to see how readily this great creature comprehends its instructions, and how ingeniously it makes use of its strength. If a log too heavy to be carried is to be moved a short distance, the elephant will bend low, place his great head against the end of the log, and then, with a sudden exertion of strength and weight, throw his body forward, and fairly push the log along; or, to move the log any great distance, he will encircle it with a chain and drag his load behind him. As a rule, however, the work of dragging is done by the female elephants, since, having no tusks, they cannot carry logs as the male elephants do. A man could hardly display more judgment in the adjustment of the rope or chain round a log, nor could a man with his two hands tie and untie knots more skillfully than do these elephants with their trunks.

Harpooning in the Pacific—The New York Herald

As soon as the welcome sound of "Thar' she blows!" came from the maintop-gallant-mast head all was bustle and activity. The watch below tumbled up on deck. The whale was only about two miles distant to leeward, and after squaring the yards to run toward it, our boats were got ready for lowering. When about half a mile to windward of it the main-yard was backed and the bark hove to. Then our five boats were lowered and we pulled toward the whale, which was lazily floating and giving suck to a young calf whale. The mother whale of the sperm variety is very devoted to its offspring, and will fight savagely to protect it. Thus we knew that a hard tussle was in store for us and that we should have to use the greatest wariness in approaching Madame Whale. If once she caught sight of us with those small green eyes of hers, in all probability she would attack us, and if we were struck by her head or lashed by her tail we all stood a good chance of eating our supper in Davy Jones' locker. The sperm whale is the only variety which has teeth in its formidable jaws, and it has been known to use them with very bad consequences to a whaleboat's crew. "Pull easy!" shouted the boat steerer as we got within a couple of cable lengths of the whale. The harpooner had hold of his toggle iron with a good hard grip. We were steering for the stern of the whale, and every now and again we could see one of the flukes of her powerful tail churning the water with slow and majestic stroke. We knew that in a few minutes, if we had luck, that enormous tail would be lashing the waves with savage fury. A few more strokes of the oars, and the boat steerer put the bow close alongside of Mrs. Whale. She had been too busy fondling her calf to take any notice of our presence. "Let her have it, Jack!" yelled the boat steerer, and before the words were out of his mouth Jack had driven his iron with terrific force into the side of the immense beast. "Stern, all!" was the next command, and the oars bent as with brawny arms the crew backed the frail boat out of the reach of that fearful fluke, one stroke of which might send us all to perdition. With a rush and a snort through her blow holes the whale began to sound, as the whalemen call diving. The line rushed out of the tubs with violent velocity until at least 400 fathoms had run out. Then it stopped short. The whale was sulking. For twenty minutes we waited, keeping a strong and steady strain on the line. The five boats were now pretty

close together awaiting developments. The whale was, as near as we could judge, about under our boat's bottom, having dived down nearly perpendicularly. At last there was a suspicious slackening of the line. We realized that she was coming up to blow. "Look out for her, boys; she's rising!" was the next shout. And she rose with a vengeance, striking one of the boats with her snout, capsizing it and hurling the crew into the water. The harpooner on another boat got his iron in, seizing a comparatively quiet opportunity. The blow of this second harpoon acted like the dig of a spur in the flank of a vicious horse. Madame was off on the rampage. And a pretty chase she led us, going at a furious rate for quite half an hour, with all hands huddled together in the stern sheets as far aft as they could crawl, in order to keep the bow of each boat as far out of water as possible. The boats are constructed for just such an emergency. An ordinary ship's boat under such circumstances would be very apt to swamp. Well, as I was saying, after we had scooted for several miles at this breakneck speed Mrs. Whale's efforts began to weaken. She came to a standstill, and then, after a short interval, during which we got a couple of lances into her in vital spots, she went into what whalemen call her death flurry, lashing the water into fury with her tail and performing some marvellous gyrations and evolutions. The boats kept away at a judicious distance. "Wonder if she's agoin' to sound?" asked Nantucket Bill, our boat steerer. And that was really a question of vital importance. If she decided to do the dive act a second time the whale was lost to us forever. Many a whale has saved its blubber, but not its life, by pointing its snout for the bottom in its death agonies; the peculiarity of a dying dive being that the whale doesn't come to the surface again, probably for months, or years, and possibly never. This whale, however, was built on different lines. She died at the top of the water like a lady, causing us all to be very thankful to her, as in duty bound. We coiled up the lines in their tubs, and hauled the two boats close up alongside the whale, and waited. Our ship was hull down to the eastward, and in the light wind that prevailed it would take some time for her to run down upon us. We had no fear of the ship missing us, for we knew that sharp eyes were on the lookout. Well, in good time the ship came running down on us, and by-and-by got alongside of the whale. We were very anxious about the fate of the boat's crew hurled into the air by the whale, and our first inquiries were concerning them. They had been shaken up and ducked, but otherwise were uninjured. The boat was too badly shattered to be used again,—and she was worth at a low estimate \$600. But here we were with a big whale, seventy-four feet long, lashed alongside of the old ship, lying to with main-yard aback. The whale was in fine condition, the feeding ground abounding with cuttle fish, mollusks, and other dainties in which cetaceans delight. We could therefore afford to pay little heed to the destruction of our boat, though we well knew it meant a certain percentage of loss to us, to be deducted from our share at the end of the voyage. We had a good day's work before us. The carcass of the whale had to be stripped of its blubber, the head cleared of the spermaceti, and the teeth, which are of a fair quality of ivory, extracted from the lower jaw. After the body was lashed to the ship with chains, belly uppermost, the business began. A powerful masthead

tackle was hooked on to a transverse slip of blubber close to the neck. This was taken to the winch and set up taut. Then the men working on a platform rigged outside the vessel, cut through the blubber with sharp spades. Then they hove on the winch and the immense "blanket piece," as the blubber is termed, came off in a strip some six feet wide, being cut into convenient lengths. This process continued until the whale was stripped of its covering of blubber. Then the head was cut off and its reservoir of fatty matter from which spermaceti is made was emptied of its rich juices, five men working like beavers filling up buckets with the precious stuff, which were hoisted upon deck as soon as filled. After the last piece of blubber and the last fragment of head aft had been hoisted on deck the boys congregated aft and gave the old sperm-whaling cheer: "Hurrah for five and forty more!" Then we piped to supper, well satisfied with our work.

Wonderful Leaf-Insects—The London Saturday Review

At a recent meeting of the London Zoölogical Society for scientific business, Mr. Sclater called attention to a specimen of a leaf-insect living in the society's insect house, which had been received from the Seychelles and presented by Lord Walsingham. The leaf-insects, of which but few species are known, belong to the same family (*Phasimide*) as the stick-insects, and both are marvellous illustrations of mimicry in Nature. They are all nocturnal in their habits, and spend their days resting on trees and bushes, the leaves of which form their food, and their resemblance, respectively, to the leaves and twigs is so extraordinary that it is not surprising that they escape the observation of their enemies. The leaf-insects are most singular; the head and part of the thorax form a stalk, while the abdomen, which is flat, thin, and much dilated, exactly resembles a leaf. The legs, which are six in number, have broad, membranous appendages on the thighs, and these are especially noticeable on the fore-legs; the result being that the creature, while resting immovable, has the appearance of a leaf which has been gnawed on both sides by a caterpillar. In the insect at the Zoo this resemblance is most exact, and the illusion is heightened by the coloring, which makes it appear slightly withered at the edges. It is the habit of the insect to hang back downward, with the abdomen slightly curled up, and, to quote Mr. Murray, "this habit brings to light another beautiful contrivance for still further heightening its resemblance to a leaf. The upper surface is opaque green, the under surface glossy, glittering green, just the reverse of the myrtle or guava leaf, so that, by reversing its position, it brings the glossy side up and the dull side down." The eggs of the phasimidæ, which are few in number, are large, and covered with a horny shell, at the end of which there is a distinct operculum, and are deposited singly. The insect attains a considerable amount of developing before emerging. Mr. Murray tells us that, "after having reached the form of a six-legged, jointed insect, it emerges from the egg by pushing off the lid. It comes out middle foremost—that is, its head and tail are packed downward so as to meet each other. The back between these first appears, and they are drawn out next; the legs are extricated last. The color of the insect at this stage is a reddish-yellow, something of the hue of a half-dried beech leaf; for it is to be observed that, although the color of the insect varies

at different periods of its life, it always more or less resembles a leaf at some stage. When it has once settled to eat the leaves on which it is placed, the body speedily becomes bright green." Specimens of the leaf-insect are not uncommon in collections; but after death the green color is lost, and the whole insect acquires a yellowish-brown tint, much the color of a dry leaf. Living specimens, however, are by no means common, and we believe the present species to be even less common than *Phyllium siccifolium*, of which, according to the late Rev. John G. Wood, "specimens have been hatched in England, have passed into their perfect state, and lived for some eighteen months."

Curiosities of Animal Punishment—All the Year Round

In the middle ages the lower animals were frequently tried, convicted, and punished for various offences. Mr. Baring-Gould has collected some curious cases of this kind. In 1266 a pig was burnt at Fontaney-aux-Roses, near Paris, for having eaten a child. In 1386 a judge at Falaise condemned a sow to be mutilated and hanged for a similar offence. Three years later a horse was solemnly tried before the magistrate and condemned to death for having killed a man. During the fourteenth century oxen and cows might be legally killed whenever taken in the act of marauding, and asses, for a first offence, had one ear cropped; for a second offence, the other ear, and if after this they were asses enough to commit a third offence, their lives became forfeit to the crown. "Criminal" animals frequently expiated their offences, like other malefactors, on the gallows, but subsequently they were summarily killed without trial, and their owners mulcted in heavy damages. In the fifteenth century it was popularly believed that cocks were intimately associated with witches; and they were somewhat credited with the power of laying accursed eggs, from which sprang winged serpents. In 1474, at Bale, a cock was publicly accused of having laid one of these dreadful eggs. He was tried, sentenced to death, and, together with the egg, was burned by the executioner in the marketplace amid a great concourse of people. In 1694, during the witch persecutions in New England, a dog exhibited such strange symptoms of affliction that he was believed to have been ridden by a warlock, and he was accordingly hanged. Snails, flies, mice, ants, caterpillars, and other obnoxious creatures, have been similarly proceeded against and condemned to various punishments—mostly in ecclesiastical courts. And, stranger still, inanimate objects have suffered the same fate. In 1685, when the Protestant chapel at Rochelle was condemned to be demolished, the bell thereof was publicly whipped for having assisted heretics with its tongue. After being whipped it was catechized, compelled to recant, and then baptized and hung up in a Roman Catholic place of worship. Probably similar absurdities may have been perpetrated in our own country; for it must be remembered that only in the present reign was the law repealed which made a cart-wheel, a tree, or a beast which had killed a man forfeit to the state for the benefit of the poor. It had been said that punishment is not likely to be efficacious unless it swiftly follows the offence. This was improved on by a Barbary Turk who, whenever he bought a fresh Christian slave, had him hung up by the heels and bastinadoed, on the principle, it is supposed—though the application is decidedly singular—that prevention is better than cure.

CURIOSITIES OF VERSE—QUAINT AND SINGULAR

A Musical Creed—Chas. Wesley—The Keynote.
These lines may be read in columns or straight across.

Handel d'ye see's	A downright arrant block
The man for me	Is John Sebastian Bach,
Who can write well	Why none but German John,
But old Handel	Ought to be spat upon,
George is for air	The stupidest of coons
Beyond compare	Is Bach at graceful tunes,
To Handel's name	We all propine our hate
Give then the fame	To Bach's chromatic pate.

Pelican Chorus—Nonsense Song—Edwin Lear

King and Queen of the Pelicans we,
No other birds so grand we see,
None but we have feet like fins,
With lovely, leathery throats and chins.
Ploffskin, pluffskin, pelican jee,
We think no birds so happy as we;
Plumpskin, ploshskin, pelican jill,
We think so then and we thought so still.

We live on the Nile. The Nile we love.
By night we sleep on the cliffs above,
By day we fish, and at eve we stand
On long bare islands of yellow sand;
And when the sun sinks slowly down,
And the great rock walls grow dark and brown,
Where the purple river rolls fast and dim,
And the ivory Ibises, starlight skim,
Wing to wing we dance around,
Stamping our feet with a plumpy sound,
Opening our mouths as pelicans ought,
And this is the song we nightly snort:
Ploffskin, pluffskin, pelican jee,
We think no birds so happy as we;
Plumpskin, ploshskin, pelican jill,
We think so then and we thought so still.

Last year came out our daughter Dell,
And all the birds received her well.
To do her honor, a feast we made
For every bird that can swim or wade.
Herons and gulls and cormorants black,
Cranes and flamingoes with scarlet back,
Plovers and storks and geese in clouds;
Swans and dilberry ducks in crowds,
Thousands of birds in wondrous flight,
They ate and drank and danced all night;
And echoing back from the rocks you heard
Multitude echoes from bird and bird.

Ploffskin, pluffskin, pelican jee,
We think no birds so happy as we;
Plumpskin, ploshskin, pelican jill,
We think so then and we thought so still.

Yes, they came, and among the rest
The King of the Cranes all grandly dressed,
Such a lovely tail! Its feathers float
Between the ends of his blue dress-coat;
With pea-green trousers all so neat,
And a delicate frill to hide his feet—
For though no one speaks of it every one knows
He has no webs between his toes—
As soon as he saw our daughter Dell,
In violent love that Crane King fell,
On seeing her waddling form so fair,
With a wreath of shrimps in her short white hair.
And before the end of the next long day,
Our Dell had given her heart away,
For the King of the Cranes had won that heart,
With a crocodile's egg and a large fish tart.
She vowed to marry the King of the Cranes,
Leaving the Nile for stranger plains.

And away they flew in a gathering crowd
Of endless birds in a lengthening cloud.
Ploffskin, pluffskin, pelican jee,
We think no birds so happy as we;
Plumpskin, ploshskin, pelican jill,
We think so then and we thought so still.

And far away in the twilight sky
We heard them singing a lessening cry;
Farther and farther, till out of sight,
And we stood alone in the silent night.
Often since, in the nights of June,
We sit on the sand, and watch the moon.
She has gone to the great Gromboolian plain,
And we probably never shall meet again.
Oft, in the long, still nights of June,
We sit on the rocks and watch the moon.
She dwells by the streams of the Chalky Bore,
And we probably never shall see her more.
Ploffskin, pluffskin, pelican jee,
We think no birds so happy as we;
Plumpskin, ploshskin, pelican jill,
We think so then and we thought so still.

A Will in Rhyme—Will Jacket

This will, dated London, 1769, was regularly probated.

"I give and bequeath
(When I'm laid underneath),
To my two loving sisters most dear,
The whole of my store,
Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has granted me here.
And that none may prevent
This my will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law-racket,
With a solemn appeal
I confirm, sign, and seal
This the true act and deed of Will Jacket."

The Prohibitionist's Flask—Charles C. Loom

I've shot more
tigers and griz-
zly bears than
ever infested cañons
or lairs; I've caught
more fishes than
all my confrères,
broken more heads
than Thomas Sayres and
knocked out Sullivan; I've
inspired more fervent prayers than
yonder deacon, who puts on airs and
wouldn't touch me with the hand that
prepares the sacred wine for the sacristan.
I graduate young men in pairs, Masters of
Vice, from loathsome lairs, principally furnished
with bottomless chairs, where the brute meets the
man and enters his soul unawares. Then the tongue
is blistered with swears, and the bosom, where dwelt
the Penates and Lares, a gnawing snake with a vult-
ure shares, and wherever the following legend glares
stands a pal-
sowing tares,
that clung to
dares only
press, that
grin, while the youth declares I have a sweeter
mouth than all the fairs, and they were many, that
gave him theirs. Then the soul awakens and
turns and stares on its horrible guest and, see-
ing, despairs, wailing ever: "Too late!
Who cares? Another glass!" while
the gas light flares as if a spirit had
crept down-stairs, and fought
with Death at the barriers to cry aloud:
"My son! My son! Thy
mother cares!"

PURE OLD RYE.

FAMOUS CHAPTERS—THE STORY OF LE FEVRE*

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, when my Uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard; I say sitting, for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain), when my Uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such that, with a proper artillery, my Uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my Uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect; this bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlor with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack: "'Tis for a poor gentleman, I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house, four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now; that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast: 'I think,' says he, taking his hand from his forehead, 'it would comfort me.'

"If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.

"I hope in God he will still mend," continued he; "we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my Uncle Toby, "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

"Though I am persuaded," said my Uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest, too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time he should win so much upon the affections of his host."

"And of his whole family," added the corporal, "for they are all concerned for him."

"Step after him," said my Uncle Toby; "do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlor with the corporal, "but I can ask his son again."

"Has he a son with him, then?" said my Uncle Toby, turning to the landlord.

"A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days."

My Uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

* From "Tristram Shandy." By Laurence Sterne.

"Stay in the room a little," said my Uncle Toby.

"Trim," said my Uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master and made a bow; my Uncle Toby smoked on and said no more.

"Corporal," said my Uncle Toby.

The corporal made his bow. My Uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe.

"Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor sick gentleman."

"Your honor's roquelaure," replied the corporal, "has not once been had on since the night before your honor received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicolas; and, besides, it is so cold and rainy a night that, what with the roquelaure and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honor your death, and bring on your honor's torment in your groin."

"I fear so," replied my Uncle Toby, "but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.

"I wish I had not known so much of this affair," added my Uncle Toby, "or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?"

"Leave it, an' please your honor, to me," quoth the corporal; "I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honor a full account in an hour."

"Thou shalt go, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant."

"I shall get it all out of him," said the corporal, shutting the door behind him.

My Uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the teneille a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my Uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back to your honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant."

"Is he in the army, then?" said my Uncle Toby.

"He is," said the corporal.

"And in what regiment?" said my Uncle Toby.

"I'll tell your honor," replied the corporal, "everything straightforwards as I learnt it."

"Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my Uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again."

The corporal made his old military bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, "Your honor is good."

And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, and began the story to my Uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being

able to bring back any intelligence to your honor about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked,"—"That's a right distinction, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.—"I was answered, an' please your honor, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.'"

"But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence," said the landlady to me, 'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the gentle youth, his son, will certainly die with him, for he is nigh broken-hearted already.'

"I was hearing this account," continued the corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. 'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth.—'Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for that purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it.—'I believe, sir,' said he, very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.'—'I am sure,' said I, 'his honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand, as I held the fork, and instantly burst into tears."

"Poor youth!" said my Uncle Toby, "he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend. I wish I had him here."

"I never in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honor?"—"Nothing in the world, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, blowing his nose, "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honor (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father, and that if there was anything in your house or cellar—" "And thou mightest have added my purse, too," said my Uncle Toby.—"he was heartily welcome to it." He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honor) but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went upstairs with the toast.

"I warrant you, my dear," said I, as I opened the kitchen door, 'your father will be well again.'

"Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth, whose heart was almost broken. I thought it wrong," added the corporal.

"I think so, too," said my Uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up-stairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.'

"I thought," said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.'

"I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last

night,' said the landlady, 'very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.'

"Are you sure of it?" replied the curate.

"A soldier, an' please your reverence," said I, 'prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king and for his own life, and for his honor, too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.'

"Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.

"But when a soldier," said I, 'an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged,' said I, 'for months together in long and dangerous marches—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day, harassing others to-morrow; detached here, countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms, beat up in his shirt next, benumbed in his joints, perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on—must say his prayers how and when he can, I believe,' said I—for I was piqued," quoth the corporal, "for the reputation of the army—I believe, an' please your reverence," said I, 'that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.'

"Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then), it will be seen who have done their duties in this world and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly."

"I hope we shall," said Trim.

"It is in the Scripture," said my Uncle Toby, "and I will show it thee to-morrow; in the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my Uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one."

"I hope not," said the corporal.

"But go on, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, half apologetically, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do until the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed, and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant."

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside."

"If you are Captain Shandy's servant," said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me: if he was of Leven's,' began the lieutenant—

"I told him your honor was."

"Then," said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.'

"You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not."

"Possibly he may my story," added he. "Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent."

"I remember hearing the story, an' please your honor," said I, "very well."

"Do you so?" said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; "then well may I."

"In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice."

"Here, Billy," said he, to his poor son.

"The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept."

"I wish," said my Uncle Toby with a deep sigh, "I wish, Trim, I was asleep."

"Your honor," replied the corporal, "is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe?"

"Do, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my Uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well, that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what), was universally pitied by the whole regiment. But finish the story thou art upon."

"'Tis finished already," said the corporal, "for I could stay no longer, so wished his honor a good night; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs, and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders."

"But alas!" said the corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over."

"Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my Uncle Toby.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my Uncle Toby to the corporal as he was putting him to bed, "and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my service to Le Fevre, as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself."

"I would have done so gladly. But your honor knows," said the corporal, "I had no orders."

"True," quoth my Uncle Toby, as he walked to the bed; "thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man."

"In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse," continued my Uncle Toby, "when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house, too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs."

"In a fortnight or three weeks," added my Uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march."

"He will never march, an' please your honor, in this world," said the corporal, sadly yet firmly.

"He will march," said my Uncle Toby rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.

"An' please your honor," said the corporal, "he will never march but to his grave."

"He shall march," cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, "he shall march to his regiment."

"He cannot stand it," said the corporal.

"He shall be supported," said my Uncle Toby.

"He'll drop at last," said the corporal, "and what will become of his boy?"

"He shall not drop," said my Uncle Toby, firmly.

"Ah, well-a-day, do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die."

"He shall not die, by G—," cried my Uncle Toby.

The Accusing Spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.

My Uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my Uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, how he had rested in the night, what was his complaint, where was his pain, and what he could do to help him. And without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

"But you shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my Uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the full measure of the goodness of his nature.

To this kindness there was something in his looks and voice and manner superadded which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him. So that before my Uncle Toby had half-finished the kind offers he was making to the father, he had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it toward him.

The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to the last citadel, the heart, rallied back.

The film forsook his eyes for a moment.

He looked up wistfully in my Uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again. The film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered, stopped, went on—throbbed, stopped again—moved, stopped—

Shall I go on? No.

THE WORLD OVER—A SERIES OF PEN PICTURES

In an African Forest—Henry M. Stanley—In Darkest Africa

Now let us look at this great forest, not for a scientific analysis of its woods and productions, but to get a real idea of what it is like. It covers such a vast area, it is so varied and yet so uniform in its features, that it would require many books to treat of it properly. Nay, if we regard it too closely, a legion of specialists would be needed. We have no time to examine the buds and the flowers or the fruit, and the many marvels of vegetation, or to regard the fine differences between bark and leaf in the various towering trees around us, or to compare the different exudations in the viscous or vitrified gums, or which drip in milky tears or amber globules, or opaline pastils, or to observe the industrious ants which ascend and descend the tree shafts, whose deep wrinkles of bark are as valleys and ridges to the insect armies, or to wait for the furious struggle which will surely ensue between them and yonder army of red ants. Nor at this time do we care to probe into that mighty mass of dead tree, brown and porous as a sponge, for already it is a mere semblance of a prostrate log. Within it is alive with minute tribes. It would charm an entomologist. Put your ear to it, and you hear a distinct murmurous hum. It is the stir and movement of insect life in many forms, matchless in size, glorious in color, radiant in livery, rejoicing in their occupations, exultant in their fierce but brief life, most insatiate of their kind, ravaging, foraging, fighting, destroying, building and swarming everywhere and exploring everything. Lean but your hand on a tree, measure but your length on the ground, seat yourself on a fallen branch, and you will then understand what venom, fury, voracity, and activity breathes around you. Open your notebook, the page attracts a dozen butterflies, a honey-bee hovers over your hand; other forms of bees dash for your eyes; a wasp buzzes in your ear, a huge hornet menaces your face, an army of pismires come marching to your feet. Some are already crawling up, and will presently be digging their scissor-like mandibles in your neck. Woe! woe! And yet it is all beautiful—but there must be no sitting or lying down on this seething earth. It is not like your pine groves and your dainty woods in England. It is a tropic world, and to enjoy it you must keep slowly moving. Imagine the whole of France and the Iberian peninsula closely packed with trees varying from 20 to 180 feet high, whose crowns of foliage interlace and prevent any view of sky and sun, and each tree from a few inches to four feet in diameter. Then from tree to tree run cables from two inches to fifteen inches in diameter, up and down in loops and festoons and W's and badly-formed M's; fold them round the trees in great tight coils, until they have run up the entire height, like endless anacondas; let them flower and leaf luxuriantly, and mix up above with the foliage of the trees to hide the sun, then from the highest branches let fall the ends of the cables reaching near to the ground by hundreds with frayed extremities, for these represent the air-roots of the Epiphytes; let slender cords hang down also in tassels with open thread-work at the ends. Work others through and through these as confusedly as possible, and pendent from branch to branch—with

absolute disregard of material, and at every fork and on every horizontal branch plant cabbage-like lichens of the largest kind, and broad spear-leaved plants—these would represent the elephant-eared plant—and orchids and clusters of vegetable marvels, and a drapery of delicate ferns which abound. Now cover tree, branch, twig, and creeper with a thick moss like a green fur. Where the forest is compact as described above, we may not do more than cover the ground closely with a thick crop of phrynium, and amoma, and dwarf bush, but if the lightning, as frequently happens, has severed the crown of a proud tree, and let in the sunlight, or split a giant down to its roots, or scorched it dead, or a tornado has been uprooting a few trees, then the race for air and light has caused a multitude of baby trees to rush upward—crowded, crushing, and treading upon and strangling one another, until the whole is one impervious bush. But the average forest is a mixture of these scenes. There will probably be groups of fifty trees standing like columns of a cathedral, gray and solemn in the twilight, and in the midst there will be a naked and gaunt patriarch, bleached white, and around it will have grown a young community, each young tree clambering upward to become heir to the area of light and sunshine once occupied by the sire. The law of primogeniture reigns here also. There is also death from wounds, sickness, decay, hereditary disease and old age, and various accidents thinning the forest, removing the unfit, the weakly, the unadaptable, as among humanity. Let us suppose a tall chief among the giants, like an insolent son of Anak. By a head he lifts himself above his fellows—the monarch of all he surveys; but his pride attracts the lightning, and he becomes shivered to the roots, he topples, declines, and wounds half a dozen other trees in his fall. This is why we see so many tumorous excrescences, great goitrous swellings, and deformed trunks. The parasites again have frequently been outlived by the trees they had half-strangled, and the deep marks of their forceful pressure may be traced up to the forks. Some have sickened by intense rivalry of other kinds, and have perished at an immature age; some have grown with a deep crook in their stems, by a prostrate log which had fallen and pressed them obliquely. Some have been injured by branches, fallen during a storm, and dwarfed untimely. Some have been gnawed by rodents, or have been sprained by elephants leaning on them to rub their prurient hides, and ants of all kinds have done infinite mischief. Some have been pecked at by birds, until we see ulcerous sores exuding great globules of gum, and frequently tall and short nomads have tried their axes, spears, and knives on the trees, and hence we see that decay and death are busy here as with us. To complete the mental picture of this ruthless forest, the ground should be strewn thickly with half-formed humus of rotting twigs, leaves, branches, every few yards there should be a prostrate giant, a reeking compost of rotten fibres, and departed generations of insects, and colonies of ants, half-veiled with masses of vines, and shrouded by the leafage of a multitude of baby saplings, lengthy briars and calamus in many fathom lengths, and every mile or so there should be muddy streams, stagnant creeks,

and shallow pools, green with duckweed, leaves of lotus and lilies, and a greasy green scum composed of millions of finite growths. Then people this vast region of woods with numberless fragments of tribes, who are at war with each other and who live apart from ten to fifty miles in the midst of a prostrate forest, among whose ruins they have planted the plantain, banana, manioc, beans, tobacco, colocassia, gourds, melons, etc., and who, in order to make their villages inaccessible, have resorted to every means of defence suggested to wild men by the nature of their lives. They have planted skewers along their paths, and cunningly hidden them under an apparently stray leaf, or on the lee side of a log, by striding over which the naked foot is pierced, and the intruder is either killed from the poison smeared on the tops of the skewers, or lamed for months. They have piled up branches, and have formed abattis of great trees, and they lie in wait behind with sheaves of poisoned arrows, wooden spears hardened in fire, and smeared with poison. Oh, the awful beauty of the forest in a storm! But what thoughts were kindled, one day, as we peeped out from an opening in the woods, across the darkening river which reflected the advancing tempest, and caught a view of the mighty army of trees—their heights as various as their kind, all rigid in the gloaming, awaiting in stern array the war with the storm. The coming wind has concentrated its terrors for destruction; the forked lightning is seen darting its spears of white flame across the front of infinite hosts of clouds. Out of their depth issues the thunderbolt, and the march of the wind is heard coming to the onset. Suddenly the trees, which have stood still—as in a painted canvas—awaiting the shock with secure tranquillity, are seen to bow their tops in unison, followed by universal swaying and straining, as though a wild panic had seized them. They reel this way and that, but they are restrained from flight by sturdy stems and fixed roots, and the strong buttresses which maintain them upright. Pressed backward to a perilous length, they recover from the first blow, and dart their heads in furious waves forward, and the glory of the war between the forest and the storm is at its height. Legion after legion of clouds ride over the wind-tossed crests; there is a crashing and roaring, a loud soughing and moaning, shrill screaming of squalls, and groaning of countless woods. There are mighty sweeps from the great tree-kings, as though mighty strokes were being dealt; there is a world-wide rustling of foliage, as though in gleeful approval of the vast strength of their sires; there are flashes of pale-green light, as the lesser battalions are roused up to the fight by the example of their brave ancients. Our own spirits are aroused by the grand conflict—the Berserker rage is contagious. In our souls we applaud the rush and levelling force of the wind, and for a second are ready to hail the victor, but the magnificent array of the forest-champions, with streaming locks, the firmness with which the vast army of trees rise in unison with their leaders, the rapturous quiver of the bush below, inspire a belief that they will win, if they but persevere. The lightning darts here and there with splendor of light and scathing flame, the thunders explode with deafening crashes, reverberating with terrible sounds among the army of woods, the black clouds roll over and darken the prospect; and as cloud becomes involved within cloud, in the shifting, pale light, we have a last view of the wild war;

we are stunned by the fury of the tempest, and the royal rage of the forest, when down comes the deluge of tropic rain, which in a short time extinguishes the white-heat wrath of the elements and soothes to stillness the noble and terrible anger of the woods.

The Hidden Silver City—From the Kansas City Times

The moment the traveller puts his foot in Merida, the capital city of the State of Yucatan, he finds himself on ground that teems with the associations of many centuries. Merida lies in the very centre of the district now famous for its vast production of henequin, and as a city it can easily be classed in the same category with Mexico's capital. With a population of 80,000 souls it is 30 miles from the Gulf coast, and is connected with the port of Progreso, by a railroad. Very little overland traffic is engaged in between Merida and the city of Mexico, owing to the wild nature of the country. My object is not to describe the city of Merida, but to give a truthful version of one of the strangest stories that it has ever been my fortune to hear in this strange country—a story that I have every reason to believe to be true; one that by the merest chance came to my ears, as I sat in the cozy sitting-room of the fine old house of my old friend, Don Pepe Garcia. The words and facial movements of the narrator are as vivid in my mind as if it had been my death-sentence that I had listened to, instead of a story straight from the lips of a gray-haired, age-stricken, Maya Indian servant attached to the hacienda. That it sounds more like an extravagant romance than a nineteenth-century relation I will admit, but the location of the swamp mentioned later on is well known to me and if the expression of a man's features can indicate whether or not he is telling the truth, then I would side with Don Pepe in accepting as the truth the story to which he, his wife, and myself listened. Señor Garcia is a well-known Yucatan hacendado, one of the wealthiest men on the peninsula. We were sitting on the piazza of his magnificent country home enjoying the cool breeze that blew across the broad henequin fields. Our conversation turned from the wonders of the country that lies north of Mexico to his own native State of Yucatan, and, thinking of the strange ruined cities that lie within this Mexican State, I asked him for some information regarding them. Hardly had the question left my tongue when he called to his wife, who was sitting inside the house, and ordered some coffee. Turning to me he said: "You ask of ruined cities and ancient civilization. Wait till you have heard Pancho's story and then we will talk." Hardly had he ceased speaking when Pancho appeared, bearing a tray laden with coffee-cups and a steaming pot of the aromatic beverage. As he placed the tray on the table and stepped aside with respectful deference I noted that he was an intelligent-looking Maya Indian some sixty years of age, tall, well-formed, as are all the Mayas, and with an eye that sparkled and glowed in spite of his advanced years. The thing that most attracted attention to his face was a long, hideous scar which extended clear across his forehead, and which seemed to have been made with a red-hot iron, for the flesh appeared seared and scorched, and the central portion of this frightful wound seemed to have sloughed away and left the very thinnest kind of a skin to protect the skull. All of this I took in in a moment, and ere I had time to speak my host turned to the old man

and said: "Pancho, tell us the story of that scar on your forehead, for the benefit of our guest, who wishes to hear it." The eyes of the old mozo glistened as he complied with the request, and as we sipped our coffee and sat there in the soft southern twilight, I heard this strange story told in liquid, eloquent Spanish, and with an earnest manner that made a deep impression on me. Here is the translation, word for word: "Señors, that scar on my forehead was made by a poisoned arrow shot from the bow of a Chan-Santa-Cruz Indian, just eighteen months ago, and to tell you the story of it I must commence by telling you of the swamp which hides from the world the Silver City. South of the city of Merida, as you know, lies a vast tract of marshy land known as the Black Swamp. Into this swamp the feet of a white man have never trod, or if they have, the world has never known of it, for the winds that blow from this field of death allow no one to reach the borders of it alive. It cannot be reached from the south on account of the extremely dangerous rocks that line the sea-shore, and as I have never heard of any one who has passed through the experience I am about to relate, I believe that I am the only Indian of a distinct tribe whose eyes have beheld the sacred city of the Chan-Santa-Cruz Indians. You are aware, as is every one, that these Indians have never been conquered by the Mexican troops, and that the bleached bones of many a brave Mexican soldier lie whitening along the border of the dismal swamp, which is the home of these Indians. They have successfully resisted every effort at capture, and they are no more under control now than they were fifty years ago. The troops are always engaged in a struggle with them, but it is of no avail. The skirmishes invariably result in a heavy loss for the troops, for the poisoned arrows used by the Indians are more deadly than the modern bullet, as to a certain extent I am aware. It is well known in Merida that the Chan-Santa-Cruz Indians have access to gold somewhere, for at any store you can buy the yellow dust and strange golden ornaments that are brought in by Indians who are on peaceful terms with these fierce warriors. But no one has ever been able to follow one of these Indians in order to find the location of what must be an immense gold deposit. They have been followed to the borders of the dismal swamp, but there they disappear as silently as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. My curiosity had been aroused by these strange stories and I determined to follow the first Chan-Santa-Cruz squaw that showed her face in Merida. One bright morning, just eighteen months ago, I was standing in the plaza in Merida waiting for an order from my master to take a load of henequin down to the coast to be shipped by steamer to America, when I noticed an Indian woman pass me, and the strange, startled look in her eyes immediately attracted my attention. She passed and re-passed me and my eyes never left her. She was alert and watching, and more from her movements than from her face I knew that she was a Chan-Santa-Cruz. I dogged her foot-steps all the day long, and as night came on and she started out toward the Kantunil road I was on her track. She passed swiftly out through the southern gate of the city at a sharp pace, at every step turning to see if she was being followed. I kept well in the rear, but never lost sight of the dim figure trudging ahead of me. The night being dark I was not discovered, and for hours we glided along the silent

country road. During the early part of the night we passed Sotutu and Toholop, and at midnight we skirted the village of Noyaxche. She had the endurance of a lioness, for never for a moment did she stop even for a slight rest, but sped along in a manner that would have wearied a younger man than myself. Toward morning we passed Konot and Kampolkoche, and my heart beat with excitement when, after passing the last-named place, she started across country in the direction of Chan-Santa-Cruz, the town that lies close to the border of the swamp. Hardly had we left the silent houses of Kampolkoche behind us when to my surprise I found that I was following two figures instead of one. The new comer was a man, and evidently the husband of the woman, for they continued on in company, and, in order to be more secure, I fell a little behind. I was now in a quandary, for we were rapidly approaching the dreaded swamp, and I could smell the damp, rank breeze that blew from its mysterious depths. I had no time to lose in speculation, so after a moment's thought I determined to go on. Streaks of dawn began to appear in the sky just as the two figures plunged into the dark depths of the swamp, and, so as not to lose sight of them, I increased my pace. In doing so I must have lost my caution, for, turning a sharp bend formed by the trees, I saw within ten paces of me a stalwart Chan-Santa-Cruz Indian. His bow was drawn taut and the arrow was pointed straight at me. I stopped and turned, and as I did so I felt the most agonizing pains across my eyes, and the last I remembered before losing consciousness was a feeling that all the fires of hell were in my veins. How long I lay in this condition I know not. When I regained my senses I found my clothing torn and blood-stained, my feet were covered with mud and slime, and my face felt hot and caked with blood and dirt. I must have wandered around during my delirium, for when my mind became clear I found myself in a place that was entirely new to me. My head ached terribly and my throat was parched with thirst. After climbing a tall cocoa palm and drinking the milk of several nuts, the pain in my throat subsided a little, and as my brain became clearer the idea suddenly dawned upon me that I was lost in the dismal swamp. The thought was one calculated to inspire in me extreme terror, for I knew full well that no man, with the exception of a Chan-Santa-Cruz, had ever been known to leave the place alive. While meditating on my position, a strange imagination occurred to me. Could it be that I had been wounded by a poisoned arrow and had the poison so permeated my system as to render it innocuous to the deadly miasmas of the swamp? I placed my hand to my head and my fingers came in contact with the terrible open wound made by the arrow. Tearing away a piece of my cotton shirt I bandaged as best I could the wound, and then I looked about me for a means of escape. By this time all desire had left me to discover the hidden supply of the gold dust, and the thought uppermost in my clouded mind was to devise some means of escape from my perilous position. Huge, hissing, wriggling serpents glided past my feet as I made my way through the dense undergrowth, and the woods seemed fairly alive with grinning, chattering monkeys. Beautiful birds of brilliant plumage flitted from tree to tree, and had it not been for the shiny black pools that at every step yawned grim and terrible at my feet, I could have imagined myself in paradise.

As the sun's rays glinted from the topmost branches of a tall palm, the idea occurred to me to climb a tree and find, if possible, what direction to take to get out of the swamp. Suiting the action to the thought I climbed a huge cypress tree; and, now, señores, I only ask as a recompense that you believe what I tell you. As I reached the topmost branch and climbed out on a huge projecting limb I found that what I had taken to be the direct rays of the sun was only the reflection from some brilliantly dazzling object, which at first I could not make out, so blinded were my eyes. I gazed long and steadily at the mysterious thing, and when my eyes became somewhat accustomed to the glare I saw a sight that has never for a moment faded from my memory since that memorable morning. Glistening and shining in the morning sun, flashing a thousand rays of glorious light into my wondering eyes, was what I can only term a "silver city" spread out before my gaze; not over a quarter of a mile away was the most superb panorama my eyes had ever rested upon. Lying snugly ensconced between a low range of mountains, completely covering the broad green bosom of a picturesque valley, rested a city so ravishingly beautiful that at first I thought it must be the city of the gods. No praise could be too sweepingly extravagant in describing this enchanting spot. The city did not appear to cover a vast tract of ground, but as far as I could judge it must have been the home of some ten thousands of people. The streets appeared to be regularly laid out and graded, but a curious thing which attracted my attention was that every square contained only one house, and this house seemed to be constructed of marble and looked more like a strange temple than a dwelling house. Immense pillars supported strangely-shaped roofs, and apparently endless flights of stone steps led down from each house to the street, while huge carved stone animals rested on blocks of the same material at the foot of each flight of steps. The whole city seemed a collection of massive towers and ancient-looking castles, parapeted walls, ornamented cylindrical columns, and a maze of helices, arches, and strange-looking cornices. That which most claimed my attention was a dazzling blaze of light reflected from the conical tower of what appeared to be a huge place of worship. At first I thought it must be a market-place, for the lower portion of the edifice was open on all sides and an infinite number of tall pillars supported a tremendous steeple, which formed a perfect cone as it rose in the air. It was some time before my eyes could accustom themselves to the intense light reflected from this tall cone, and permit me to make out the details of this wonderful palace. When I did make out what it was I was for the moment struck dumb with astonishment, for I saw the roof of this grand building was covered with a glistening white metal, and this metal appeared to be silver. The wave of light that was reflected from its symmetrical sides was something grand, sublime, awful. A multitude of persons were moving around among the tall pillars, and from one side of the huge building poured a dense volume of black smoke. This at once struck me as coming from a sacrificial altar. The people were dressed in white, the flowing toga worn by the women much resembling that worn by the Maya Indians. The faint notes of an exquisitely-toned bell stole faintly on my strained ear and filled the dark, dank depths of the swamp with a strange melody. In

view of the dilapidated state of the ancient Spanish architecture of Mexico, it would be taxing your credulity if I should tell you of the symmetrical proportions and noble architecture that characterizes the edifices of this silver city. With my limited vocabulary it would be utterly impossible for me to describe to you the marvels that my eyes beheld. The city rested, as I have said, on a level plain between two chains of very low mountains. Not a sheep browsed on the green sides of these hills, and not even a dog polluted the white streets of this enchanted spot. The people appeared to be busy, for outside of the temple they thronged to and fro like on the streets of our own Merida, offering sacrifice to a strange deity. As is always the case in Indian villages, this sumptuous temple stood on the summit of a small, symmetrically-shaped mound, and from the clouds of smoke issuing from its sides I inferred that a sacrifice was at the time being offered to the mystic deity of this strange people. Nothing could be more grand than the view which stretched away beyond this majestic pile. Toward the north as far as the eye could reach rested a bold barrier of rugged hills, seemingly reared expressly by nature to protect, from sacrilegious eyes, the fair proportions of this enchanted region. Far away to the south the blue waves of old ocean plunged and rolled in their mad rush to kiss the pebbly beach of the distant southern islands, and to the west was the low range of mountains, their green sides ribbed and torn by yawning chasms, their peaks tinged with a delicate turquoise-blue that made them appear like jewelled sceptres in the hands of the 'god of air,' Quetzalcoatl, ever ready to smite to the earth the intruder of this his last and most sacred domain. The architecture of this city differed from the prevailing styles in Merida, and appeared more like that of Uxmal, Chichen-Itza, Xochilcalco, and Palenque. A fact that appeared strange to me was that not an animal was in sight, and look as I might I could not discover one. The streets were filled with Indians, but the main attraction seemed to be the temple. As my fever cooled and my brain grew clearer I began to examine things more minutely, and I noticed that this city had an air of cleanliness and elegance in strange contrast to Merida. Every part of the place reflected a shimmering wave of white, and not a speck appeared to mar the perfect alabaster whiteness. How long I gazed on this glorious sight I know not, but the sun was setting in the west when I perceived an Indian leave the silver city behind him and follow a small beaten path that led from the former place into the swamp in which I was concealed. I was faint from the loss of blood and lack of food, and I remember dimly of making up my mind to follow this man, who I suspected was going to Merida. He came into the swamp and passed within 100 feet of where I was concealed, and as he passed me I slipped down from my position and dogged his footsteps. I must have followed him with the cunning of an insane man, for the next thing I remembered was five weeks later, when I found myself under the roof of my master, who sits by your side, and who nursed me through a severe attack of brain fever. I have never told this story to any one but my master, for fear of being ridiculed, but, señores," and here the voice of the old man vibrated with intense earnestness, "that is the story of my wound and I will stake the remaining years of my life that the silver city exists and that my eyes have, in truth, beheld it."

IN DIALECT—SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

De Ash-Cake Smack—W. G. Eggleston—Chicago Herald

W'en de waggin is stalled in de hillside rut,
 An' de fiel's is kivered wid winter's snows,
 W'en de squ'el is crackin' de big, fat nut—
 Dat's de time fer setting' an' toastin' yo' toes;
 But soon ez you hyers de chatterin' crows,
 An' de ha'r 'gins ter drap f'um de roan mule's back,
 W'en de mornin'-glories an' dock-weeds grows—
 Dat's de time fer ash-cake an' buttermilk smack.

W'en de barker is stripped an' de back-lorgs cut,
 An' de icicles hang f'um de tip uv yo' nose,
 W'en de gobbler's too cole ter gobble an' strut—
 Dat's de time fer settin' an' toastin' yo' toes;
 But soon ez de win' f'um de southwes' blows,
 An' de bay filly prances in front uv de rack,

An' you hyers dat chune uv de cradles and hose—
 Dat's de time fer ash-cake an' buttermilk smack.

W'en de corn ain' nothin' but nubbins an' smut,
 An' de cows come back kaze de creek's all froze,
 W'en de north win' fin's all de cracks in de hut—
 Dat's de time fer settin' an' toastin' yo' toes;
 But soon ez de rain f'um de May cloud po's
 An' you hyer in de lowgroun' de ploughwhip crack,
 An' de bullfrogs sing an' de ole folks doze—
 Dat's de time fer ash-cake an' buttermilk smack.

All tings in dere season—fer winter, I knows
 Dat's de time fer settin' an' toastin' yo' toes;
 But long in de dorg-days—dis is er fac'—
 Dat's de time fer ash-cake an' buttermilk smack.

Good-by—F. L. Stanton—Atlanta Constitution

There's a kind of chilly feelin' in the blowin' of the breeze,
 An' a sense of sadness stealin' through the tresses of the trees;
 An' it's not the sad September that's slowly drawin' nigh,
 But jes' that I remember I have come to say, "Good-by!"

"Good-by" the wind is wailin'; "Good-by" the trees complain
 As they bend low down to whisper with their green leaves, white with rain;
 "Good-by" the roses murmur, an' the bendin' lilies sigh
 As if they all felt sorry I have come to say to "Good-by!"

I reckon all have said it, some time or other—soft
 An' easy like—with eyes cast down, that dared not look aloft,
 For the tears that trembled in them, for the lips that choked the sigh—
 When it kind o' took holt o' the heart, an' made it beat "Good-by!"

I didn't think 'twas hard to say, but standin' here alone—
 With the pleasant past behin' me, an' the future dim, unknown,
 A gloomin' yonder in the dark, I can't keep back the sigh—
 An' I'm weepin' like a woman as I bid you all "Good-by!"

The work I've done is with you; may be some things went wrong,
 Like a note that mars the music in the sweet flow of a song!
 But, brethren, when you think of me, I only wish you would
 Say as the Master said of one: "He hath done what he could!"

An' when you sit together, in the time as yet to be,
 By your love-encircled fireside in this pleasant land of Lee,
 Let the sweet past come before you, an' with somethin' like a sigh
 Jes' say: "We ain't forgot him since the day he said 'Good-by!'"

My Girl Jinny—Eva W. McGlasson—Pittsburg Dispatch

She had no Maw ner Paw,
 Ner any blood or kin,
 'N thet's hucome it happened
 Thet we-all took her in—
 A poor, peaked little critter
 Red-headed, pale an' thin.
 Six boys thar was o' we-uns,
 An' Pap he used to 'gree
 Thet five of us was likely
 As you would wish to see,
 An' one of us was slowly—
 An' thet thar one was me.
 An' Jinny used to pleg me
 Fer bein' big an' lean,
 All han's an' feet an' freckles
 The thickest ever seen.
 She jedged 'twas only sunburn
 Kep' me from lookin' green.
 First off, I didn't mind it—
 Them funnin' ways o' hern;
 But when she took to growin'
 Like a slim young forest fern,
 An' did her hair up on top—why,
 Her jokes begun to burn.

I knowed I wasn't nothin'
 Set off 'ginst John an' Jim,
 An' but—well: he was sightly,
 An' Ted—I looked at him
 An' sensed his chance with Jinny
 Was big, an' mine was slim.

So I 'lowed to never mention
 How much I keered fer her;
 Cuz I jedge to pine in secret
 Is passels easier
 Then to pine with folks a-knowin'
 Jest what you're pinin' fer.

I aped a friendly manner
 An' talked with her right smart
 About her beaux, an' reckoned
 She hedn't any heart.
 An'—one day when I said so,
 Her eyes flew wide apart,

In a suddint, cuyus fashion,
 An' the blue looked wet, an' she
 Was pink as any rosebush,
 An' I—well, when I see
 Thet blush, I—well, the truth is,
 She's goin' to marry me!

AMONG THE PLANTS—IN GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST

The Girl With the Sweet-Peas—New York Eve. Sun

She isn't quite like other girls—the girl who, these days, fastens a cluster of sweet-peas on her bosom or at her belt. In the first place, she selects these blossoms, not because they are the newest bloom to wear, but just because she loves them best, and as she pins them on she looks down close into the depths of the pale-pink and white and purple mass, and touches them softly and lovingly. She doesn't know it, bless her white soul, but she is just like her own blossoms—fine, and dainty, and unobtrusively sweet. She comes into the horse car—as one did yesterday—so quietly that you are unaware of her presence until by-and-by there creeps upon you a realization of a perfume somewhere that greets you shyly just for an instant and then is gone. Something comes back to you—wait a moment—you are thinking it out! There is a wide, old-fashioned stone porch that looks out toward the West. It has a smooth stone floor, and there are vines climbing all about it. There is a child sitting on the topmost step, eating bread and milk with a small, thin silver spoon. There are tiny rosebuds, with green leaves, sprinkled all over the bowl, and it has a crimped, gilt edge. From the steps there stretches a big garden, with narrow little walks running between the beds, with borders of green and white-striped grass. And sweet-peas—oh, yes, you have it now, your grandmother's garden—and sweet-peas! Where are they? You look about you hastily, and then for the first time you notice the sweet-pea girl. You look at the flowers first that are pinned close up against the dark blue cloth of her gown. Yes, they are just the same. White shading into palest pink, and pink creeping into deep-crimson, and then faint-blue, and a blue that is pink as well; and then the deeper tones that are almost royal-purple. The sweet-peas haven't forgotten how to be beautiful, have they, in all the years that you've been forgetting how beautiful they are? And by-and-by you begin to see how pretty is the face above the blossoms. It looks very like that highest pink and white flower that has climbed up so near it—a very blossom of a face. The white of the forehead and the throat is so very white, and the color in the cheeks just matches the very least shade of pink on the tip of the petals, and the deep blue of the eyes repeats the purple lower down, and the delicate line of the eyebrows isn't unlike the thin pencillings that rise from the base of the flower. Besides, her hair helps to carry out the likeness, for it is the finest, softest, silkiest brown hair that the wind ever kissed into little curls all over a small head. She has to knot it up very closely at the back of her head to keep it in place, but in spite of this, and of the long gold pin that is thrust through it, it will twist itself into little curly tendrils—just like those on the sweet-pea vine—over the white neck and the small ears. And so, you see, it isn't all a fancy that makes the young girl and the flowers seem next of kin. For she is very young, not yet twenty—you are certain of that—and there is an exquisite deference in the way she bends toward the gray-haired lady at her side, whose face indicates the relationship between them. She wears a dark-blue gown, falling in the simplest possible lines down to the tips of her narrow patent-leathers. There

is a dark-blue reefer's coat with brass buttons, over a dark-blue silk blouse fastened loosely at the throat, and showing the soft curves of the chin and the neck. She holds one of her long wrinkled gloves in her hand—a slender hand—patrician down to its firm pink tips, and it tells you, just as the face does, how gentle and tender and womanly-wise and womanly-proud its possessor knows how to be. And, somehow, you feel surer of this than of all the rest; that, no matter how hard the winds of the world may blow about this innocent child, the white hand will never let go its firm hold on everything that is pure and sweet and of good report, and that the young face will never lose the innocent look of its sister-flower, and that the white soul will live through all the days, unspotted to the last. And you thank Heaven for the girl with the sweet-peas.

The Distribution of Seeds—From the Edinburgh Review

Mr. Darwin found that the small portions of earth attaching to the feet of migrating birds contained seed. Nine grains of earth on the leg of a woodcock contained a seed of the toad-rush. From six and a half ounces of earth rolled into a ball and adhering to the leg of a wounded partridge he raised eighty-two separate plants of five species. Migrating birds often frequent the edges of ponds ere their departure, and in six and three-quarter ounces of such mud he raised under glass 537 plants. Seeds furnished with crowns, hooks, or prickles readily stick to the plumage of birds, which all such birds, and especially such wanderers as the albatross, might carry long distances. Applying these facts to the case of the Azores, Mr. Wallace found that most of the plants of the Azorean flora are well-adapted to be carried by the methods just suggested—45 of the 439 flowering plants belonging to genera that have either pappus or winged seeds, 65 to such as have minute seeds, 30 to those with fleshy fruits which are greedily eaten by birds, some have hispid seeds, and 84 are glumaceous plants well-suited to conveyance by winds and currents. The only trees and shrubs of this isolated group are bearers of small berries, such as the Portugal laurel, myrtle, laurustinus, and elder, while those with heavy berries, which could not be conveyed by the means suggested—oaks, chestnuts, hazels, apples, beeches, alders, firs—are absent, common as they are in Europe. The character of the flora is that of the southwestern peninsula of Europe, and, if we assume that one-half of its species is indigenous, the other introduced by European settlers, there is still a rich and varied flora which Mr. Wallace thinks has been recently carried over 900 miles of ocean by the means just indicated. It is believed that the phenomena in question are still in progress, and that 900 miles does not form the limit of the distance to which this same ocean-carrying of plants extends.

Quinine-Hunting in Peru—T. C. H.—Pittsburg Bulletin

The mountains of Peru constitute what might be appropriately called "Quinine Land." There the cinchona reaches perfection when it is not disturbed by the axes of the cascarilleros, or bark-searchers, and there the rich lanceolate leaves of the healing tree reflect the golden beams of a tropical sun. Almost constantly expeditions leave Cuzco and other Peruvian

cities in search of the cinchona tree. The most of these are conducted with great secrecy. Rival discoverers watch one another like hawks. They try to bribe the sepia-colored cascarilleros who have sold their services to others, and very often Peruvian gold brings a whole season's preparation and toil to naught. Nothing makes a more bewitching appearance in forest foliage than a clump of cinchona trees. They are tall and straight, some reaching a height of eighty feet. The glossy green leaves are lanceolate in shape, and have delicate crimson veins; the flowers are of a deep rose color, and hang in clustering pellicles, like lilacs. When in full bloom they fill the whole forest with perfume and attract the attention of the cascarilleros. The keenest bark-hunters, however, have been known to build their ajoupas, or camp sheds, almost against a cinchona giant without knowing its proximity. This is because the profuse vegetation of the Peruvian forest covers the trunk completely with parasitical creepers which race up to the very top. Begonias and air plants take root in cracks in the bark, or wherever they can find a lodgment, and in a short time the cinchona wears a magnificent mantle of leaves and blossoms. The cascarillero, or bark-searcher, is always in demand. He is often a well-muscled Indian of Bolivia, and his eagle eyes read the tangled forest like a book. There are nineteen varieties of cinchonas, according to Dr. Weddell, and the cascarillero who does not know how to separate them by their botanical names catalogues them by colors according to the tinge of the bark. He will tell you that there are yellow, red, orange, violet, gray, and white cinchonas. The yellow is rated highest on account of the alkaloid quinine it contains; the others are less esteemed. Where the forest is rendered dark by the density of the foliage, the cascarillero are sometimes at fault. A storm rushing through the wood takes up the leaves of the cinchona and bears them to spots where the trees do not exist. This deceives the quinine-hunter, who is often obliged to depend on the finding of the leaf to keep him on the trail. Now and then he climbs to the top of a tree taller than its neighbors, and sweeps the landscape with the eye for a group of cinchonas which betray themselves by their foliage. More than once travellers in Peru have come across a lone ajoupa in the forest. Scattered about lie the simple camp-utensils of the bark-searcher, and near them, perchance, a ghastly skeleton. These wrecks of quinine expeditions are numerous in the cinchona kingdom. They tell in silent but unmistakable language how the poor cascarillero became lost in the vast forest, and how he died a lingering death by starvation, perhaps on the very threshold of success. Without this guide, quinine-hunting would result in failure oftener than it does. His father has been a cascarillero before him, and his son, if he has one, will follow the same pursuit. The pay is not great, but it is enough for him, and his life is risked daily for a sum which will not last him long among the drinking-shops of Peru. When an expedition has found a paying clump of cinchona trees, a camp is speedily built. This work is accomplished with merry-making while the axes of the party ring through the forest. White men and Indians work together while the botanist of the band assort the leaves that have been found, and determines the species of trees represented by them. This personage is generally a foreigner—Spanish or French—hired by the cin-

chona merchant, who is not seen in the foreground. After the camping, the party move upon the cinchonas. The tree is first freed from the network of vines and creepers that cover the trunk. This is no easy task, for some of the parasites cling with stubborn tenacity to the bark; but the hatchets of the Indians overcome all obstacles. Next the bark is beaten till it becomes loose, when it is cut into long strips and detached as far as is within the workman's reach. Then the ax is laid at the root of the tree and it is felled. Hardly has the cinchona monarch touched the ground ere it is attacked by the half-naked strippers. The bark of the smaller branches curls as it dries, and is called "quills," while the thicker masses become the "flat" bark of general commerce. For days this work goes on, till the barkless trunks of cinchonas lie in every direction. If the trees have been properly felled, suckers will shoot up from the roots, and in a few years yield another crop of bark. Stripping the tree to the cadence of wild native songs does not end the labors of the quinine hunters. The bark of the main stems has to be pressed into flat pieces called table or plancha; quill bark, or canuto, is left in its original curled state. The two products are next sewn up in coarse canvas with an outer covering of fresh hide, and when the last stitch has been taken it is ready for shipment to the coast. Men and mules are loaded with bark, and on a certain day wild orgies end life in the camp, and the expedition starts back. Sometimes the trail can be kept only by the blazes on the trees. Now and then the expedition is pounced upon by a number of wild natives, who plunder it of everything. Such is the way by which our quinine and its alkaloids start to the markets of the world from the forests of Peru. The cascarillero who searches for the cinchona tree throws his life into the scales with a full knowledge of the dangers before him. Without the product of another tree he could not sustain life while he climbs the mountains; and crosses the swaying bridges that span the roaring torrents that wash away hundreds of feet below the trail. This is the coca-leaf, which he chews for the stimulating qualities it contains. Without it he loses strength, but while it lasts he can go an almost incredible time without food; and but for its assistance many an expedition among the Cordilleras would fail. The cinchona tree has been a known remedial agent since 1638, when, on the recommendation of the corregidor of Lenox, the wife of the Count of Chinchon, Viceroy of Peru, took the powdered bark for tertian ague and was cured. Her cure prevailed upon Linnæus to name all the quinine-bearing trees "chinchona" in her honor. Of late years the first "h" has been dropped from the word, and it is now generally written cinchona. The Jesuit missionaries stationed at Peru sent parcels of the bark to Rome, whence the Cardinal de Lugo distributed it throughout Europe. As long as it lifts its lanceolate leaves for the healing of the nations, so long will the song of the cascarillero be heard on the quinine trail.

Romance of the Rose—The Cosmopolitan Magazine

A traveller passing through Persia, so the story goes, chanced to take into his hand a lump of clay. To his surprise it exhaled a delicate perfume. "Thou art but a poor lump of clay," said he, "yet how sweet thou art. Whence comes this delicious fragrance?" The clay replied: "I have been dwelling with the

rose." The Hindoos have a myth concerning Vishnu, one of the trinity of "bright Aryan gods," that he discovered his wife, Pagoda Siri, in the heart of a rose. The Persian Ghebers say that when Nimrod commanded and their infant prophet Araham was cast into fire, the glowing bed of coals was turned instantly into a bed of roses, "whereon the child sweetly slumbered." The Greeks give the rose a lover in the person of Zephyr, the son of the dawn, who discovered the rose in bud and caressed it when it unclosed to his wooing. The Persians make lovelorn mates of the nightingale and rose—the bulbul and the gul. Originally the rose was white, but according to the Persian poet Jami, the nightingale in the ardor of his love "pressed his breast against the encircling thorns and covered her delicate petals with his flowing blood." Another account is that Venus, fearing for her lover Adonis the vengeance of Mars, hid him in a thicket of roses.

While the enamored queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jealous war-god rushes,
She treads upon a thornéd rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flow'et feels her blood and blushes—

is Moore's translation of a Latin epigram embodying the fable. Bion, in his famous idyl on the death of Adonis, says of Venus, weeping over her dying lover:

Both tears and drops of blood were turned to flowers,
From these in crimson beauty sprang the rose,
Cerulean bright anemones from those.

Thorns are accounted for in an equally fanciful way. Cupid, stooping to kiss a new-blown, dewy rose, was stung by a bee asleep in its heart. To please the petulant boy, Venus strung his bow with captive bees and planted along the stem of the rose the stings torn from them. Hippocrates, the god of silence, carries as his symbol a rose given to him by Cupid. From the idea of secrecy or reserve that associates itself with roses came the old custom recorded by the Greeks. When the people of the North, they say, wished to preserve the most profound secrecy in regard to what was said between themselves at their feasts, a freshly gathered rose was hung from the ceiling above the upper end of the table. It was considered not only dishonorable, but a crime, to reveal that which had been said "sub rosa." Roses were dedicated to Venus as the symbol of beauty, to Cupid as the symbol of love, to Aurora, the rosy-fingered, to signify her office of opening the portal of day, to youth and spring-time. In the exuberance of their love and loyalty she meant to the Greeks all things bright and fresh and fragrant. Vast rose-gardens were planted on the hills near Athens, which supplied the flower-markets of the day. And in the Græco-Roman colonies of Pæstum and Sybaris the culture must have been carried to a very high degree of perfection. Ovid tells us that they were to bloom twice a year by means of hot water, which—from testimony gathered from the literature of the day—must have been carried in pipes, much as is done in our hot-houses to-day. Pliny writes, about the date of the Christian era: "It is a flower known to all nations, equally with wine, myrtle and oil." When the Egyptian Queen, Cleopatra, went to Cilicia to meet, Marc Antony, she celebrated their meeting by daily feasts. During the first three days the richest tapestry and hangings, vessels of gold and silver, adornments of precious stones, all that the wealth and luxury and refinement of the world could supply were lavished upon the en-

tainments. On the fourth day, as the crown and culmination of it all, she gave to him a feast of roses. The floors of the rooms and halls were covered to the depth of eighteen inches with freshly blown roses, held in place by a strong but delicate net stretched above them so that her guests might walk over them. Nero, not many years later, gave a feast where \$100,000 was spent in roses alone. The Romans scattered them through their temples and on their floors and couches, and the petals floated upon the Falernian, which they drank. On the occasion of certain water-parties given at Balæ, the whole lake of Lucina was covered with roses, which parted before the moving boats and closed after them as they passed. Lucius Verus reached a luxury in the use of the rose never surpassed before or after his time. He slept upon a couch covered with cushions made of fine, thin net, and filled with freshly-gathered rose-leaves. The extreme fastidiousness of the young Smindyrides, the Sybarite, whose sleep was disturbed by a crumpled rose leaf, has passed into a familiar proverb. In the third century, when Heliogabalus, the beautiful, long-haired priest of the sun, was called from serving the altars of Baal, in Phœnicia, to the wearing of the imperial purple, his extravagances left behind all those of his predecessors, and drained the resources of the empire. His gorgeous dresses, golden ornaments and precious jewels were thrown aside after a single wearing. His floors were scattered with gold dust and covered with roses. His porticoes and couches and beds were strewn with them. Through the four years of his mad career the pathway that lead to his violent death was literally strewn with roses. The oldest rose-bush in the world is at Hildesheim. It was planted more than 1000 years ago by Charlemagne in commemoration of a visit made by the ambassador of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, of Arabian Nights fame. The rose-plant was, when described a few years ago, still living and blooming profusely, and was twenty-six feet high, covering thirty-two feet of wall, though the stem was only two inches in diameter. In the German Book of Heroes there is a story of a rose garden at Worms surrounded by a single silken thread. The Princess Chrymhilde promised to each knight who should successfully defend it and slay an attacking giant, a chaplet of roses and a kiss. Hildebrandt, one of the knights, took the roses, but declined the kiss. Another, a monk, not only took the kiss, but sued for one apiece for all the members of his fraternity. To this the princess consented, but only after the valiant monk had "fulfilled his tale" of giants, one for each kiss. Attar of roses is sometimes worth eight times its weight in gold. Until the sixteenth century there is no authentic mention of attar. The story of its origin is told in the history of the Mogul Empire. The Sultana Nourmahal, the light of the harem, during a feast which she gave to the Grand Mogul Jehanguir, caused a canal to be filled with rose-water, where they bathed in its perfumed water, and floated about over its surface. After some days a curious substance was observed on the surface. Upon examination it proved to be the essence of the roses, which the heat of the sun had caused to gather on the top of the rose-water, and the delicious fragrance induced them to turn this accidental discovery to account. Since that day roses have been cultivated in Persia, in India and in Turkey for the manufacture of the essence. The price for the pure attar is about four dollars per ounce.

NEWSPAPER VERSE—SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

After the Ball—Sam. M. Peck—Times-Democrat

Amid the merry dancers
 My face is blithe and bright,
 And in the waltz or lancers
 My feet are lithe and light.
 He frowns to see me laughing
 Amid the joyous crew,
 And thinks I do not love him—
 Ah, if he only knew!
 He deems a woman's passion
 The art of a coquette,
 And vows that naught but fashion
 My heart hath stirred as yet.

He only sees the actress
 Be ore the play is through;
 Alas! behind the curtain—
 Ah, if he only knew!

Must women e'er be wearing
 The heart upon the sleeve,
 A mark for idle staring,
 That lovers may believe?
 I am not cold nor fickle,
 Forgetful, nor untrue:
 I love him—I adore him—
 Ah, if he only knew!

The Thunder Spirit—George S. Burleigh—Providence Journal

I am lord of flash and thunder, rider of the tempest-rack,
 When it drives along the firmament, and earth below is black;
 And the four winds are my horses, with their dark manes streaming back!

Under Summer's blue pavilion is the mustering of my clans.
 Slowly, silently they gather, ghost-like on their misty vans,
 Till the weight of stifled thunder chokes the air,—no zephyr fans.

Watchers of my forming bastions, and my cloud-peaks piled on high,
 Seem to see the snowy Andes in mirages climb the sky,
 With their vast, primeval glaciers creeping formidably nigh!

Oh, my palace in the sunlight is a glory of the air!
 Arches upon arches rising, dome by dome in order fair,
 And a hundred towers fantastic jutting out abrupt and bare.

Over every coign and buttress, all the tints of purple lie—
 Deep and dark against their bases, faint and dove-like on the sky—
 And its walls, from tawny copper to pale-gold, lift every dye.

But at eve it stands, an Etna, crags of gloom on heavier glooms;
 Deep within, the uneasy lightnings, flitting, shake their fiery plumes,
 And far back, through glowing corridors, ye see my secret rooms;

Hear the dull roar of the forges and the hammer's throbbing choir,
 Where the jagged bolts of thunder on my anvils drip with fire;
 Ay, half-catch the swarthy demons as they barb red shafts with ire!

Then at midnight, oh! at midnight I fling out my gloomiest flag;
 Then the sleuth-hound of the tempest, baying, leaps from crag to crag,
 Dragging down the oak of centuries as 't were an antlered stag!

And I hurl my volleyed grape-shot where the hamlet sleeps in peace,
 And my yelling, swart Malayans draw the lightning's crooked crease,
 Stabbing through the tent of darkness at their viewless enemies!

O ye mortals, how ye tremble! how ye hide the sleepless head,
 As if rang the Judgment trumpet, thrilling through the quick and dead,
 And I laugh my mocking laughter till the boldest shrink with dread!

But the new day breaks in glory, and no more the mountain reels,
 Though ye hear the far receding of my bickering chariot-wheels.
 All the emerald world is richer for the love my wrath conceals.

For I send my silent lightnings through the veins of grass and fern,
 And my slow innocuous flashes in the cheeks of roses burn,
 And the stately forest garners in broad life the bolt's return.

Thus am I, with all my terrors, all my beauty, raven and dove,
 On my wings of black or purple, bearing messages of love
 From the Ruler of the tempest, and the starry blue above!

Pain—Grace Denio Litchfield—Independent

I am a Mystery that walks the earth
 Since man began to be.
 Sorrow and Sin stood sponsors at my birth,
 And Terror christened me.
 More pitiless than Death, who gathereth
 His victims day by day;
 I doom man daily to desire death,
 And still forbear to slay.
 More merciless than Time, I leave man Youth,
 And suck Life's sweetness out.

More cruel than Despair, I show man Truth,
 And leave him strength to doubt.

I bind the freest in my subtle band,
 I blanch the boldest cheek;
 I hold the hearts of poets in my hand,
 And wring them ere they speak.

I walk in darkness over souls that bleed,
 I shape each as I go
 To something different. I drop the seed
 Whence grapes or thistles grow.

No two that dream me dream the selfsame face,
 No two name me alike.
 A Horror without form I fill all space,
 Across all time I strike.
 Man cries, and cringes to mine unseen rod:
 Kings own my sovereignty;
 Seers may but prove me as they prove a God;
 Yet none denieth me.

In The Library—F. H. Runnels—Boston Beacon

The books of each old love-poet
 Are warm with the touch of your hand;
 Your voice—the Psyche would know it,
 Would feel it and understand,
 And thrill in her marble splendor;
 The harp rich music would render,
 And the walls re-echo yet
 The sweetest of names, Fleurette,
 Fleurette!

This oaken nook where you studied
 Ofttimes I entwined with flowers,
 Here the rose of Hellas budded
 In the deep Homeric bowers,
 But clearer far than Attic Greek
 The name wherewith your heart did speak—
 Whose resonance thrills me yet,
 As dreaming I hear, Fleurette,
 Fleurette!

In your presence, care and aching
 Blossomed to exquisite peace;
 In my young heart heaven awaking
 Bade life's vain doubting cease.
 Love made me a sheltered bower,
 Is it strange I grew like a Tower?
 Ah, the sunlight lingers yet,
 And you say, "My own Fleurette,
 Fleurette!"

O land of the poet's vision,
 What beauty do you bespeak!
 What holds you in fields Elysian
 Thrice fairer than dream of Greek!
 Through me the long vista of the years,
 Only one voice my fancy hears,
 Mine when life's last sun is set,
 Mine to follow the call, "Fleurette—
 Fleurette?"

De Quincy's Deed—Homer Green—Syndicate

The prize-poem of the McClure Syndicate's recent contest.

Red on the morn's rim rose the sun;
 Bright on the field's breast lay the dew;
 Soft fell the light on sabre and gun
 Grasped by the brave and true.
 Death to the many and fame to the one
 Came ere the day was through.
 Loud on the sweet air rang the call—
 Blast from the bugle and quick command;
 Swift to their saddles they vaulted all,
 Sat with the reins in hand,
 Spur to the steed's flank, fears in thrall,
 Eager to sweep the land.

"Straight to the hill-top! Who's there first,
 We or the foe, shall win this day."
 So spake De Quincy; then, like a burst
 Of splendor, he led the way;
 He and his white steed both athirst
 For the mad sport of the fray.

"Charge!" What a wild leap! One bright mass
 Whirls, like a storm cloud, up the hill;
 Hoofs in a fierce beat bruise the grass,
 Clang of the steel rings shrill;
 Eyes of the men flash fire as they pass,
 Hearts in the hot race thrill.
 See! from an open cottage-lane
 Sallies a child, where the meadow dips;

Only a babe, with the last refrain
 Of the mother's song on its lips.
 Straight in the path of the charging train,
 Fearless, the little one trips.
 Under the iron hoofs! Whose the fault?
 Killed? It is naught if the day be won.
 On! to the—"Halt!" How he thunders it! "Halt!"
 What has De Quincy done?
 Checked, in a moment, the quick assault,
 Struck back sabre and gun.
 "Back!" till the horses stand pawing the air,
 Throwing their riders from stirrup to mane.
 Down from his saddle he bends to where
 The little one fronts the train,
 Lifts her with care till her golden hair
 Falls on his cheek like rain.
 Bears her from harm as he would his child,
 Kisses and leaves her with vanquished fears,
 Thunders his "Forward!" and see the wild
 Surge of his troops through tears.
 The fight? Did they win it? Ay! victory smiled
 On him and his men for years.

Modern Love—From the Detroit Free Press

'Twas only a week ago to-night,
 You said "good-by" at the garden gate,
 The wind breathed a laugh to the poplar leaves,
 And a nightingale sang of love to its mate.
 The fireflies gleamed through the meadow dark,
 Where the river ran gayly to meet the sea,
 And every word was a sweet caress,
 Ere you said "good-night" at the gate to me.
 You spoke of life as a "problem dread,"
 And breathed a sigh for your lonely lot
 Then begged a pansy from my hair,
 And a sprig of blue forget-me-not.

You said, 'twas so sad to live unloved—
 That love was love, forever and aye!
 And implied, you never could love but one;
 Your heart would break if I said you nay.
 You spoke so long of men and books,
 That mine eyes grew dim, and brain did reel
 As you quoted of Tennyson many a page,
 And asked "if I didn't dote on 'Lucile?'"
 'Twas only a week, and yet to-night,
 I sit alone in the shadows drear,
 As the moon creeps over the poplar trees,
 And list for a step which I seldom hear.
 But soon a voice—and two shadows pass;
 When I hear once more an old refrain—
 He is quoting "Lucile" and "Locksley Hall,"
 To my pretty neighbor down in the lane.

Small Minds—F. S. Saltus—Pittsburg Bulletin

When will the names of great men rest in peace,
 And be revered as they deserve on earth?
 When will the mongrel horde of cavillers cease
 To soil their memory and denounce their worth?
 Will the Greek symmetry of their perfect thought
 Be ever ravaged by the modern Huns?
 Can naught restrain these lesser beings, fraught
 With bitter hatred for dead, mighty ones?
 Shall impotent, gall-fed critics, balked of fame,
 In envious wrath lay down Neronian law?
 And turn to ridicule some soaring name
 That shows a brilliant diamond's lightest flaw?
 An easy task, forsooth! Delicious themes,
 To scoff at what is grand and pure and fair,
 But to mine eyes their mad persistence seems
 Like some pale fire-fly jealous of a star.
 And when I see these pompous idiots strut,
 And note the paltry mischief they have done,
 I smile and think of some foul Lapland hut
 That might be envious of a Parthenon!

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 Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences: Lippincott's.
 Possibilities of Agriculture: Prince Kropotkin: Forum.
 Sanitary Work in Great Disasters: G. G. Groff: Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Scientific Sensation of the Hour: Henry Blanchard: Arena.
 Some Geology of Chicago and Vicinity: E. B. Bastin: Harp.
 Thunder Storms: Robert H. Scott: Pop. Science Monthly.
 Uses of Animal Color: E. B. Poulton: Pop. Science Monthly.

Sociologic Questions:

A New Race Problem: John H. Keatley: Atlantic Monthly.
 America and Suffrage: Edward Everett Hale: Cosmopolitan.
 Are We a Frivolous People?: Robt. J. Burdette: The Forum.
 Formative Influences: Prof. A. Peabody: The Forum.
 Our Foreign Immigration: "Peri Ander": The Arena.
 Poverty and Plutocracy: Hugh O. Pentecost: The Arena.
 Prohibition: A. B. Rohrbough; E. A. Tuttle: Belford's.
 Prophets of Unrest: Prof. Goldwin Smith: The Forum.
 Public Baths for the Poor: J. B. Walker: Cosmopolitan.
 Rev. R. Heber in the Augean Stables: The Arena.
 The Décolleté in Modern Life: Eliz. S. Phelps: Forum.
 The "Original Package" Decision: B. J. Sage: Belford's.
 The Shadow of the Noose: Ferdinand C. Valentine: Arena.
 Working Girls: Rev. Nehemiah Boynton: The Arena.

Sport and Recreation:

A Summer in Europe a-Wheel: F. M. Farwell: Outing.
 Cricket and Society at "Lord's" England: Outing.
 Driving for Women: Margaret Bisland: Outing.
 Grouse Shooting on American Prairies: E. W. Sandys: Outing.
 Lawn Tennis for Women: Townsend; Ballard: Lippincott's.
 My First Walrus Hunt: Frederick Schwatka: Cosmopolitan.
 Our Horse Races in China: John S. Anderson: Outing.
 Sport Along the Northwestern Border: Outing.
 The Perils and Romance of Whaling: Gustav Kobbé: Cent.
 The Race Horse in America: F. F. Warburton: Belford's.

Travel and Adventure:

A Convent at Rome: Dr. Francis Parkman: Harper's Mag.
 A Flying Trip Around the World: E. Bisland: Cosmop.
 An Artist's Letters from Japan: John La Farge: Century.
 Impressions of Berlin: Theodore Child: Harper's Magazine.
 Street Life in India: Edwin Lord Weeks: Harper's Mag.
 Summer Cruising in English Channel: Lady Arnold: Outing.
 The Treasures of the Yosemite: John Muir: Century.
 The Waning Glories of Versailles: Edw. King: Cosmop.

BRIEF COMMENT—DOINGS OF THE LITERARY WORLD

Stepniak is now editing, in London, *Free Russia*, a penny English weekly devoted to the full exposure of Russian tyranny.—M. D'Haraucourt, author of the *Passion Play*, is a marquis of undoubted nobility; in point of aristocratic height in Lorraine, it was impossible, before it was annexed to France, to get higher than the four nobles who were styled *Les Quatre Chevaux*, of which he was one: when he became poor he dropped his rank.—The manuscript of Max O'Rell's *Jonathan and his Continent* was sold recently, in New York, for \$13.—George Cary Eggleston has finished, in collaboration with Miss Dolores Marbourg, a novel called, *Juggernaut*.—The memoirs of the ex-Empress Eugénie will be first published after her death, and not in the immediate future, as has been stated recently by several Paris dailies.—George Kennan, author of the famous Siberian papers in the *Century Magazine*, says: "I have just learned that my articles have been translated into Bulgarian and published at Rustchuk; they are now out in English, German, Dutch, Polish, Russian, and Bulgarian."—A Russian-Chinese Dictionary has just been produced by the joint efforts of the Archimandrite Palladius and M. Papow, of the Russian legation at Peking.—E. M. Alfriend, of Richmond, Va., has dramatized Howell's *Foregone Conclusion*.

It is reported that Sir Edwin Arnold, who is at present in Japan, at work upon a long poem which is to be a companion to *The Light of Asia*, recently found his long-lost son, who six years ago ran away to sea and kept his whereabouts unknown to his family.—A number of private papers belonging to John Howard Payne, the author of *Home, Sweet Home*, were found not long ago in the garret of a house in Leonard Street, in New York City: Payne lived there in 1847 and 1848, and the papers were hidden away in an antique oak chest.—The Rev. Dr. Geo. Francis Cushman, of Brooklyn, author of *Doctrine and Duty*, *Living Voices of Living Men*, and other books, died recently.—Otto Goldschmidt is busily engaged in writing a life of his wife, the late Jenny Lind.—Stanley says that, one day, while conversing with a friendly tribe during his recent travels, one of the chiefs present inquired how many wives he possessed; upon Stanley innocently replying he had none, all those present stood up and unanimously exclaimed, "What a splendid liar!"—Mme. Bashkirtseff, mother of the erratic genius, Marie, has written a letter of thanks and most cordial appreciation to Mrs. Serrano, the translator of the journal.

Mrs. Eleanor Sherman Thackara, daughter of General Sherman, makes her first literary appearance in the *Cosmopolitan* for July, in a discussion of Three Great Philadelphia Training Schools.—Miss Vida Scudder, a niece of Horace E. Scudder, the new editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is literary lecturer at Vassar College and a well-known contributor to the *Andover Review* and other magazines.—Alexander Dumas has given to the Cluny Museum the sword of the Marquis of Pescara, husband of Vittoria Colonna and hero of the battle of Pavia, in 1525.—Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, now seventy-six years old, is writing another volume of his great *History of Methodism*.—Stuart Merrill, the translator of *Pastels in Prose*, is an American by birth, but

received his education in Paris; he belongs to the "Symbolistes," or, as they are called, the "Décadents," the latest school of French writers; his poems have been reviewed in the *Nouvelle Revue* and other leading journals abroad: he is a contributor to various periodicals in Paris, and a collection of his poems has been published under the title, *Les Gammes*.—An Omaha girl is the heroine of William Black's new romance, *Stand Fast*, Craig-Royston; Gladstone is said to appear in a character named Grandison.—Elizabeth Oakes Smith, who was one of the most prominent of the ante-war writers of novels and miscellanies, is still living, at the age of 84 years, in Holywood, N. C.; her husband was Seba Smith, author of the *Jack Downing Letters*, which were quite popular in their day.—Mrs. Burnett's *Sara Crewe* has just been published in Paris in French, following an adaptation of *Le Petit Lord*.

John Greenleaf Whittier has attended the little Friends' church in Amesbury, Mass., where he lives, for a period of fifty years, but has never been known to "speak in meeting:" it is doubtful if he has ever screwed his courage up to the point of speaking in public: he always puts himself in the background on public occasions, and can never be prevailed upon to read one of his own productions before an audience.—*A Lost Hero*, the story for boys which won the first prize (\$1,000) in last year's competition, is now running as a serial in the *Youth's Companion*: the authors are the Rev. and Mrs. Herbert D. Ward.—The Russian police recently seized all the copies of the memoirs of the Princess Dolgorouki, which has just been published; the book is exceedingly interesting in some parts, on account of the writer's knowledge of some inside facts concerning the imperial family.—Miss Augusta Holmes, the young Irish composer, who has adopted France as her home, has received a letter from Signor Crispi, Italian premier, thanking her for her *Hymn of Love*, which he calls "a remarkable work."

The Boston Herald says, in a recent review of Rudyard Kipling's work: "We do not hesitate to say that *Soldiers Three* is the best reading of its kind in the English language; Anglo-Indian life has its foibles and its soldier is, in the nature of circumstance, unique; Mr. Kipling has seized upon ordinary human nature so masterfully that his characters are startling; his short stories need no illustrations, and every page is a picture combining the action of *Détaille* and the minuteness of *Meissonier*."—In his speech at the Royal Academy banquet in London, recently, John Morley spoke of literature as "the happiest of all callings and the most imperishable of all arts."—The Nathaniel Hawthorne house, at North Stockbridge, Mass., where Hawthorne wrote *The House of the Seven Gables* in 1850-51, was recently destroyed by fire.—Emin Pasha has accepted an offer from the firm of F. A. Brockhaus, in Leipsic, to publish any work which he may write on his experiences in Africa, but fears they will have to wait some time for his manuscript, as he will find little time for the work during his new expedition.—The Marquise Clara Lanza's new book, *A Modern Marriage*, is one of the most successful of recent issues of Lovell's American Authors' Series.—Dr. Carl Lumholtz, the author of

Among Cannibals, an account of life among the primitive savages of Australia, is now organizing an exploring expedition to visit a remnant of the Aztecs believed to be surviving in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Northern Mexico.—Edward Lloyd, who died in London recently, was the founder of Lloyd's News, which is said to be read in nearly every public house and workshop all over England, and has a circulation of over 700,000 copies weekly; Douglass Jerrold edited the paper for some time.—W. H. Doane, the hymn writer, is manager of an iron foundry in Cincinnati.

Of Henry M. Stanley, it is said: "He is thoroughly hardened, hopelessly indifferent, and out of humor with everybody and everything in London; absolutely nothing interests him except the heart of Africa; he does not complain of ill-health, but the elasticity of his nature has departed; he never laughs, and when he smiles it is apparently with a painful effort: his thorough mastery of everything that relates to Africa makes him interesting when he cares to talk of his hobby, but it is like pulling teeth to try to interest him in anything else."—W. H. Anderson of Richmond, Va., is preparing a book about negro authors, with an account of their lives and writings.—William Morris and Belfort Bax are preparing a complete history of Socialism, from its earliest historic and economic developments down to the latest times.—Colombia, within the last five weeks, lost five noted writers: the publicist, Don Adriano Paez; the distinguished lawyer, Dr. Ramon Gomez; the Christian poet, Don Benjamin Pereira Gambody; the writer and poet Don Hermogenes Sarabia, and the diarist, Dr. Florentino Vezga.—The Emperor William calls *Les Misérables* of Victor Hugo, "the nineteenth century supplement of the Gospels."

Miss Katharine Lee Bates, professor of English literature at Wellesley College, U. S., and a well-known writer of verse, is now taking a year's rest in Europe, after which she hopes to enter on a year's study at Oxford, England.—Of the original edition of the sonnets of Shakespeare, published by George Daniel, of London, in 1609, there are but two perfect copies known; one of these is in the British Museum; for the other \$5,000 was paid but a short time ago; as the book is very small, only 7 x 4 inches, and weighing less than ten ounces, it was figured that at that rate each ounce of the precious volume brought \$500.—Prof. P. Schweitzer, author of a History of Scandinavian Literature in three volumes, which was very favorably received in Scandinavia, suddenly died, recently.—The *Conférence du Livre*, which is arranged to be held in Antwerp in August, will be attended by distinguished librarians, publishers, printers, artists, authors and book-lovers of Europe and America.—Some one recently wanted to "write up" Rose Terry Cooke, and forthwith wrote to the author for some points; this is the pen-portrait Mrs. Cooke gave of herself: "I am by no means an angel, I assure you, but a hot-tempered, quick-tongued, friendly old woman; very much of a woman, and just bristling with feminine faults."

Mr. James Payn plays whist, on an average, two hours every day.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* recalls the snub which Carlyle is said to have given to an American university which proffered him the honor of LL.D.: "That you should ask me," he wrote, "to join in leading your long lines of D.D.'s, and LL.D.'s, a line of

pompous little fellows, hobbling down to posterity on the crutches of two or three letters of the alphabet, passing on into the oblivion of all universities and small potatoes, is more than I can bear."—Over one hundred colored men now control newspapers in the United States.—Robert Louis Stevenson is expected in London in October: about that time he will completely wind up his affairs in Scotland, as he intends to sell off his house-furniture, carry his books with him, and fix his home permanently in Samoa: his island estate is said to be "very lovely, with no less than six waterfalls on it."—Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of *Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night*, is giving readings from her works in cities on the Pacific coast.—Six universities, Harvard the latest, have adopted Hannis Taylor's recent work, *The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution*: Mr. Taylor is thirty-eight years of age and has been working on this book since his twenty-fourth year, at his home in Mobile.

Cardinal Manning's wonderful poem, *The Dream of Gerontius*, was rescued from the waste-paper basket; the great doctor had written it as a literary exercise, and had in a fit of discontent thrown it into the yawning basket; it was, it is said, a Catholic dignity, now holding a high position in London, who rescued the poem and preserved it for the world's reading.—164,000 copies of the authorized edition of Herbert Spencer's works have been sold in this country by the Appletons.—Miss Margaret Alford, a niece of Dean Alford, famous for his critical edition of the Greek testament, won first place in the classical tripos at the recent examination of Cambridge University; her father, who is a preacher of much distinction, is also a fine classical scholar.—Carlyle's house in Chelsea has been subdivided for tenants; several of the rooms are said to retain the appearance they had in Carlyle's lifetime.—William Dean Howells pronounces the realistic novel more poetic than the romantic, because of its simplicity and truthfulness, and ranks Miss Mary E. Wilkins, Miss Sarah O. Jewett, and Mr. George Parsons Lathrop among the first of the realists, while he believes that the American short story is the best in the world, and that we have become a nation of rare story-tellers.—W. T. Stead, editor of the successful *Review of Reviews*, is suffering from overwork, and has gone to Ober-Ammergau; in a month or so he will publish a new sixpenny religious magazine, on a novel plan, it is said, and with an attractive title.

Mme. Blavatsky's *Key to Theosophy* has been prohibited in Russia.—Gladstone says: "Lord Beaconsfield was the most interesting political character of this century, not excepting Mr. Pitt."—Miss Helen Leah Reed, of the Harvard Annex, recently captured from sixteen male competitors, the Sargent prize for the best metrical translation of an ode of Horace; in this instance the very difficult Twenty-ninth Ode of the Third Book being chosen.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward is going on a lecture tour this fall; she will read selections from her own books.—A new story by Bret Harte, entitled *Through the Santa Clara Wheat*, was commenced in Archibald Grove's new periodical, *Short Cuts*.—Wm. H. Mallock, author of *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century*, says of Zola's work: "The work of a real artist compared with M. Zola's description of life is as the *Shipwreck*, by Byron, in *Don Juan*, and a shipwreck by M. Zola, which only

describe the retching of the sea-sick passengers and analyses of the contents of the steward's basins."—Mr. Stott's new series of translations is to be styled *Masterpieces of Foreign Authors*, not *Foreign Favorite Series* as announced; that name being claimed as the property of another firm.—Mrs. Caroline Atherton Briggs Mason, who wrote the popular song *Do They Miss Me at Home?* died recently at the Worcester (Mass.) Insane Asylum, at the age of sixty-seven.—Lafcadio Hearn, the Louisiana author who has recently gone to Japan for material for books, was born in Greece, and his father was a surgeon in the British navy.

James Wilton Brooks, editor of *The University Magazine*, has received the degree of LL.D. from St. John's College, Annapolis, the third oldest college in the country; he is said to be the youngest Doctor of Laws in America, being only thirty-six years old.—George W. Childs recently contributed \$100 to the fund for the purchase of Wordsworth's cottage at Grasmere, and expressed a desire to give more in case it should be wanted.—The life and correspondence of Dr. Adam Sedgwick, the famous geologist, a work which has been for seven years in preparation, is to be published shortly by the Cambridge University Press, and is dedicated to the queen.—"Hugh Westbury," author of *Acte*, a new English novel, which has been much praised, is Mr. Farrie, a well-known and brilliant Liverpool journalist, at present editor and proprietor of *The Porcupine*.—Cardinal Manning has written a letter to Wm. O'Brien, M.P., in which he says that his reading of the latter's novel, *When We Were Boys*, has more deeply than ever impressed him with Ireland's inextricable sorrows.—Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness has written a new book on Africa, *The New World of Central Africa*, with a History of the First Christian Mission on the Congo.—Ripley Hitchcock has ceased his art and journalistic labors to become the literary adviser of the Appletons.

Professor F. N. Crouch, composer of Kathleen Mavourneen, is nearly ninety years of age, but was able to march in the procession at the unveiling of the Lee monument.—It costs the nation \$250,000 a year to print the Congressional Record.—Havelock Ellis says that to Diderot, Heine, Whitman, Ibsen, and Tolstoi is chiefly owing what he calls the "new spirit" of the century.—Rider Haggard, the novelist, bears a certain facial resemblance to the young emperor of Germany; he is tall and slim and broad-shouldered, and has the bearing of a practical athlete rather than of an overworked man-of-letters; he has large, full, blue eyes and a light-brownish moustache, and his manner is at once frank, earnest, and unaffected.—The oldest established publishing house in London is that of the Rivingtons, whose name has stood for two hundred years; next in age is the house of Longmans, Green & Co., dating from 1745.—George Kennan has delivered his Siberian lecture more than one hundred and ninety-two times.

Richard Henry Stoddard has in preparation a new volume of verse with the title, *The Lion's Cub*; besides the title poem in blank verse, the volume will contain several shorter pieces.—Senator Evarts, as Chairman of the Committee on Library, recently reported to the Senate a bill appropriating \$20,000 to purchase for the Government the papers and correspondence of Thomas Jefferson, now in the possession of his descendants.—Mudie's great library in London

has put into circulation since its foundation nearly four million books; an annual ticket costs a guinea, and for this sum a diligent reader can peruse books that it would cost him about \$1,000 to buy.—The London edition of the *New York Herald* has been reduced from eight pages to four; it is said the daily edition will be discontinued and the publication limited to a Sunday issue.—Professor Huxley's autograph attached to a letter containing this passage is offered for sale: "I look upon autograph hunters as a progeny of Cain and treat their letters accordingly; heaven forgive you if you are only an unusually ingenious specimen of the same race."—Rudyard Kipling is writing a series of *Barack Room Ballads*.—Astap Veressai, known throughout Russia as "the Bard of the Ukraine," died recently; he used to wander about the country reciting with wonderful effect the legendary ballads, etc., he composed or adapted from the annals of Russian folk-lore; he was such a favorite with the common people that it was thought advisable to extend him imperial patronage, and ten or twelve years ago was invited to court, and recited several times before the czar and czarina.

Washington Moon, the antagonist of Dean Alford on most questions relating to the English language, is to edit the new edition of *Men of the Time*, which is to be called *Men and Women of the Time*.—To the farmer's daughter sending to *The Cosmopolitan* before November 1st, the best article of four thousand words descriptive of farm life, with suggestions as to the best methods of making farm life attractive and happy, \$200 will be paid; and to the farmer sending the best article upon *The Needs of the Farmer, His Hours of Labor*, and the *National Legislation Necessary for his Prosperity*, a similar sum.—Nearly twenty thousand people have visited Shakespeare's birthplace during the past year.—Miss Sophia Raffalovich who was recently married to William O'Brien, author of *When We Were Boys*, is a daughter of one of the richest merchants at Odessa; one of her brothers has had a distinguished career in the Russian diplomatic service, and another is a poet of some ability.—162,987 volumes were added to the college libraries of the United States during the college year 1889-90, making the total number in those collections 2,882,398. The same institutions have received in gifts during that period \$3,625,079, making their aggregate productive endowments \$48,545,499.

Professor C. A. Lyman, recently deceased, of Yale College, had during his life of seventy-six years been the pastor of a church in this country, a missionary in the Sandwich Islands, a land surveyor, a California gold miner, an editor, a teacher, and an astronomer: he helped start the *Yale Literary Magazine*, and years afterward worked on the first unabridged edition of *Webster's Dictionary*.—A precious unknown Caxton has been added to the British Museum collection; the little book dates from 1483 and numbers only twenty-four pages; but it is probably the first publication of diplomatic correspondence in a separate form.—Linley Sambourne of the *London Punch* is about to start on a yachting expedition to Scandinavian waters, and proposes giving the public the result of his observations, recorded with both pen and pencil, on his return.—The *London Star* says, "Bret Harte is now living in a quiet cottage in Grove-end-road, near St. John's-wood; he is getting old, and his hair is white; but the novelist still retains his old fire; his books sell immensely in

England, in fact, more than those of any other American writer."—Somebody has figured out that one journal is published for every 85,000 individuals in the world.—The Honorable John Collier, a foremost man among the younger English artists, is a son-in-law of Professor Huxley; one of his new pictures, called "Study," is painted from his beautiful young wife, and shows a lovely girl fast asleep in a large chair, the book which has sent her to slumber-land lying at her feet, and exhibiting the title, "Lay Sermons by Huxley."

The critic of the New York Tribune calls Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata* "a morbid, coarse and gross view of life," adding, that Tolstoi's arguments, such as they are, are weakened by the fact that the reader perceives clearly that "the murderer who describes his experiences so vividly is not at all the kind of a man to solve social and ethical problems, but is really an extremely narrow-minded, selfish, coarse, ignorant, and jealous person, all of whose marital infelicities were plainly due to his own vices and foibles."—Stopford Brooke and his brother, together with Professor Knight, of St. Andrew's, and others, are making an appeal for the saving of Wordsworth's cottage at Grasmere.—Mrs. Perugini, the second daughter of Charles Dickens, who has some talent as a painter of children's portraits, has undertaken a series of sketches for an English magazine.—Thomas Bailey Aldrich has retired from the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and is succeeded by Horace E. Scudder, for many years associate editor of the magazine.—A tasteful monument has been placed over the grave of Mrs. T. T. Pitman, at Newport, bearing no inscription but "Margery Deane," the name by which she was known in her newspaper work.

Armand Cuzin, of Paris, the bookbinder who received the highest prize of the last Exposition Universelle, died recently, at the age of sixty years.—Dr. H. Vassia, the well-known champion of Hellenic education in Turkey, and the author of works on the geography and epigraphy of Greece, and an edition of the *Olynthiacs* of Demosthenes, died recently.—Lord Tennyson has yielded to a request to recite his *Charge of the Light Brigade* and parts of *The Princess* in an Edison phonograph; his son says the tones of the poet's voice are reproduced with startling fidelity.—Among manuscripts left by Wilkie Collins is the original manuscript of the life of his father; this book appeared when Wilkie Collins was 24 years of age, and concerning it he wrote not long before his death: "My first conscious effort to write good English was stirred in me by the death of my father—the famous painter of the coast-scenery and cottage-life of England; I resolved to write a biography of him; it was the best tribute that I could pay to the memory of the kindest of fathers; the *Life of William Collins, R.A.*, was my first published book."

Messrs. Methuen's new series of short biographies, *English Leaders of Religion*, will begin in October with the publication of R. H. Hutton's monograph on Cardinal Newman; the aim of the series is to give biographical estimates, free from party bias, of the most prominent leaders of religious thought in England in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.—The Brooklyn Standard-Union, of which Murat Halstead recently became the editor, has changed editors thirty-two times in twenty-seven years.—The French

Government has finally granted B. F. Stevens, of London, permission to photograph documents in the national archives relating to American colonial history and the Revolution.—It is said that the only woman in South American journalism is from Wisconsin; she is Mrs. Jose do Patrocinio, wife of a secretary in the Brazilian War Department, and is connected with the *Cidade do Rio*.—Robert E. Francillon, an author half French, half English, who has written in the way of fiction a few uncommonly clever things, has lately appeared as the editor of *The Royalist*, a magazine started to champion the cause of the Stuarts.—Queen Victoria has ordered Professor Angeli to paint a portrait of Stanley.—The greatest man of letters now living in Scotland is probably David Masson, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Edinburgh University. He was acquainted with Douglas Jerrold, Dickens, Thackeray, and Carlyle, and is said to resemble the last-named in personal appearance: he is an effective lecturer and orator, and has made himself prominent as an advocate of woman's right to higher education and participation in the learned professions.

Sir William Frazer is making a collection for publication of anecdotes of Lord Beaconsfield.—The London Athenæum recently printed a hitherto unpublished letter of Samuel Pepys, written to Dr. Charlett, master of University College, Oxford.—The authorship of Mark Rutherford, and the *Revolution in Tanner's Lane* has long been kept secret; the *Pall Mall Budget* now says the author is W. Hale White, a native of Bedford, England; he graduated in 1850 at New College, Edinburgh, and until recently held a prominent position in the Admiralty.—James Payn, the novelist, "is a lank, stoop-shouldered, spectacled man of nervous manner, with a stupendous bulging forehead and abbreviated gray side-whiskers."—A melancholy author went to Dumas and moaned that if he did not raise three hundred francs he was afraid he would have to charcoal-smoke himself and his two children; Dumas rummaged his coffers at once, but could find only two hundred francs: "But I must have three, or I and the little loves are lost," said the author. "Suppose you only suffocate yourself and one of them, then," said Dumas.

T. P. O'Connor recently sold his title and interest in the *London Star* for \$75,000; he contemplates a lecturing tour in this country in the fall.—The index of the *London Times* back to 1844 has just been completed by Mr. Palmer, who has conducted this enormous work, equivalent to indexing two huge volumes daily, for the whole period of forty-six years; he will continue his backward march until the index is completed for the whole period of the *Times'* existence. The *Illustrated London News*, the weekly, which was founded in 1842, pays over 120 per cent on its original capital, and that in spite of the competition of the *Graphic*, which started in 1869, and pays considerably over 100 per cent.—Daudet, it is said, smokes like a furnace, and works like an engine; when working at a book that pleases him he will write straight on through the twenty-four hours, and lock the door against his wife lest she should compel him to go to bed.

See Book List on front advertising pages.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.